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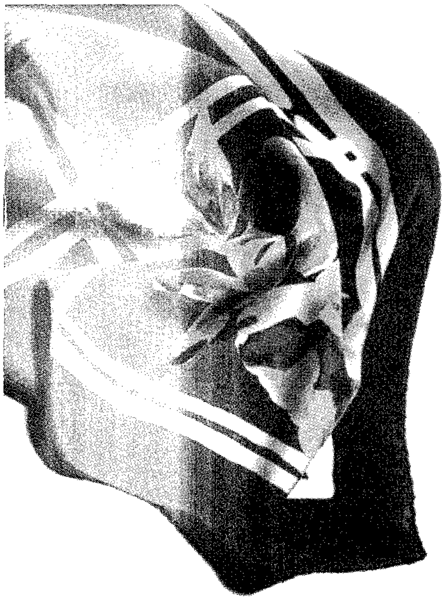
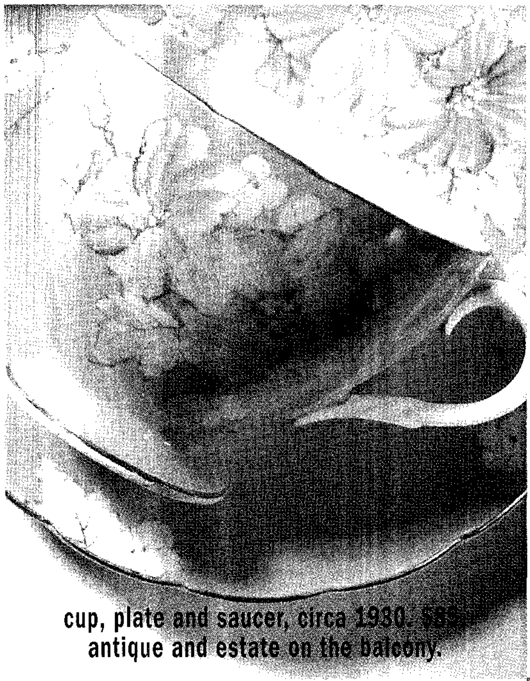


oscar de la renta silk floral
scarf, $40. main floor



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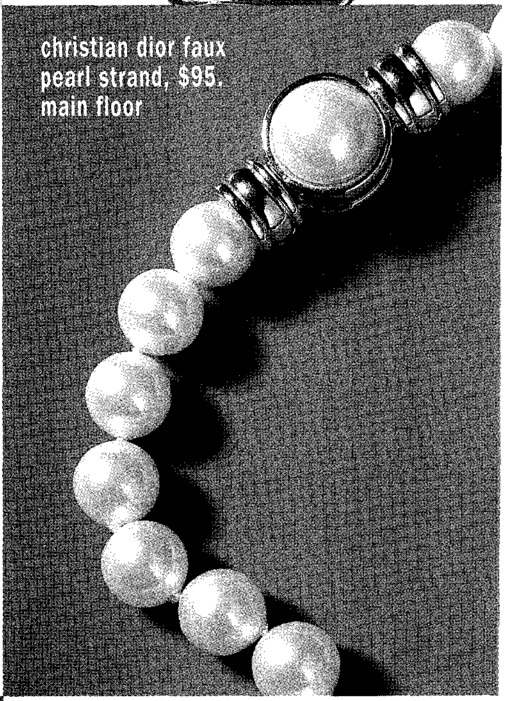
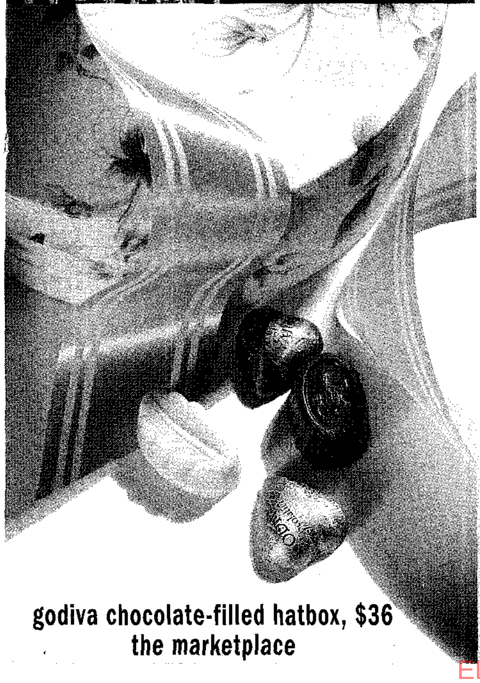
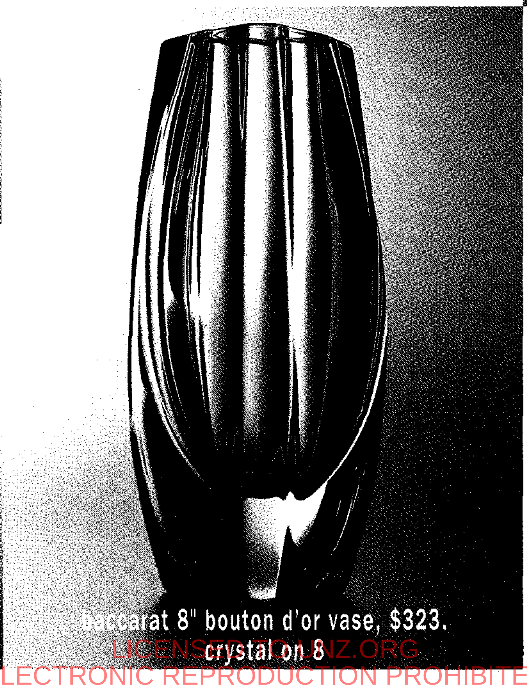


christian dior faux
pearl strand, $95.
main floor



godiva chocolate-filled hatbox, $36
the marketplace



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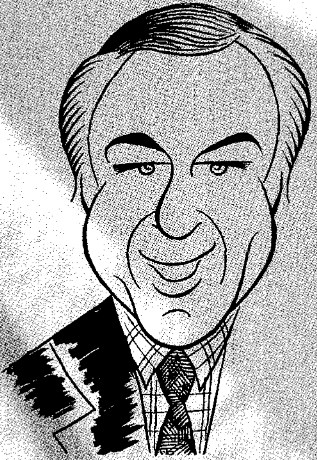

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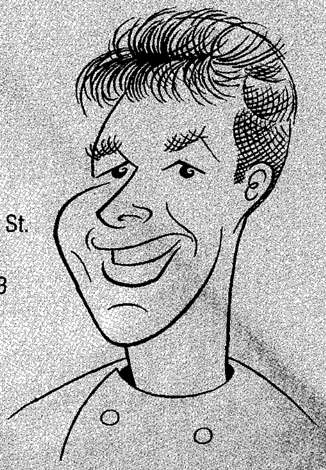

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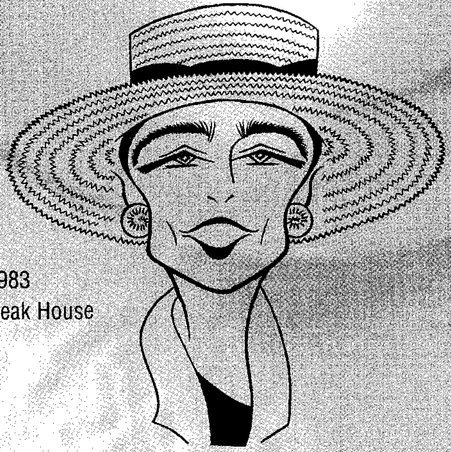

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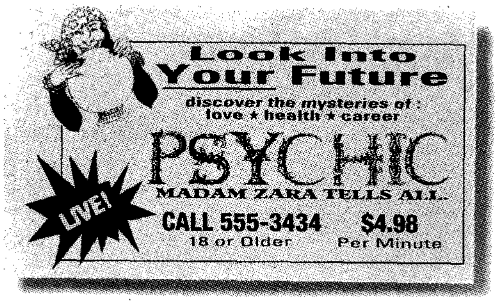
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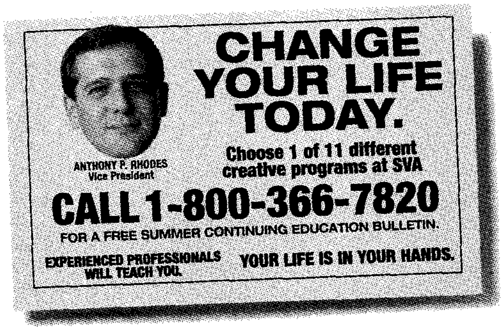
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>
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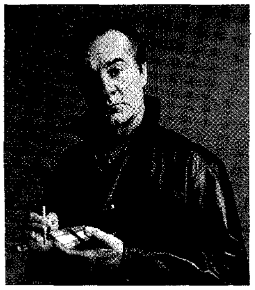

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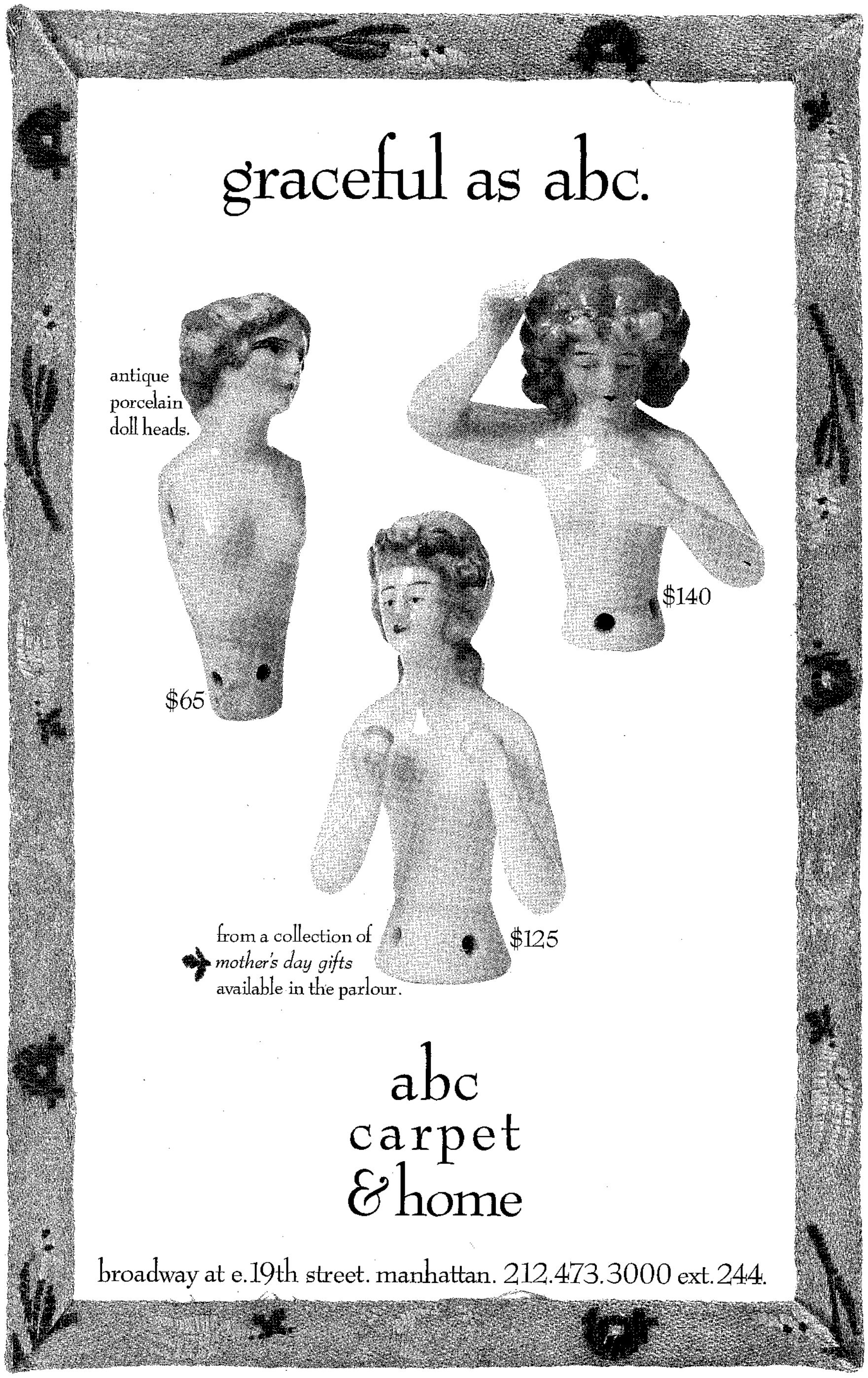
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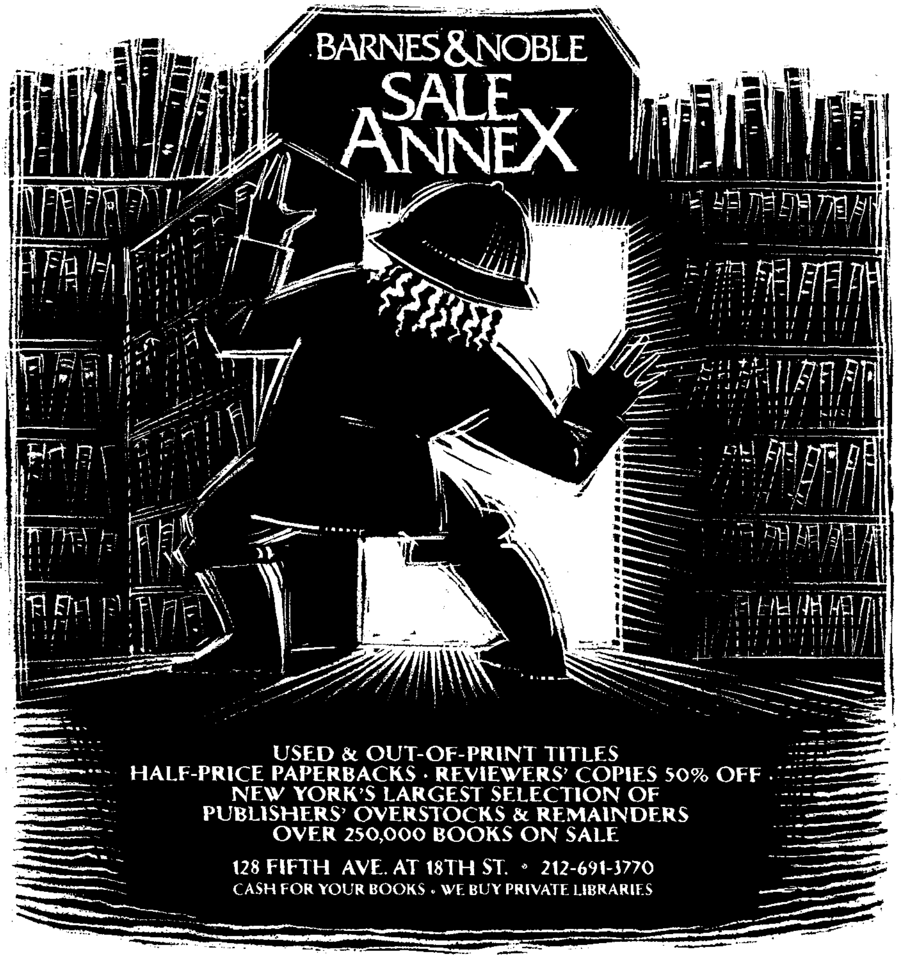
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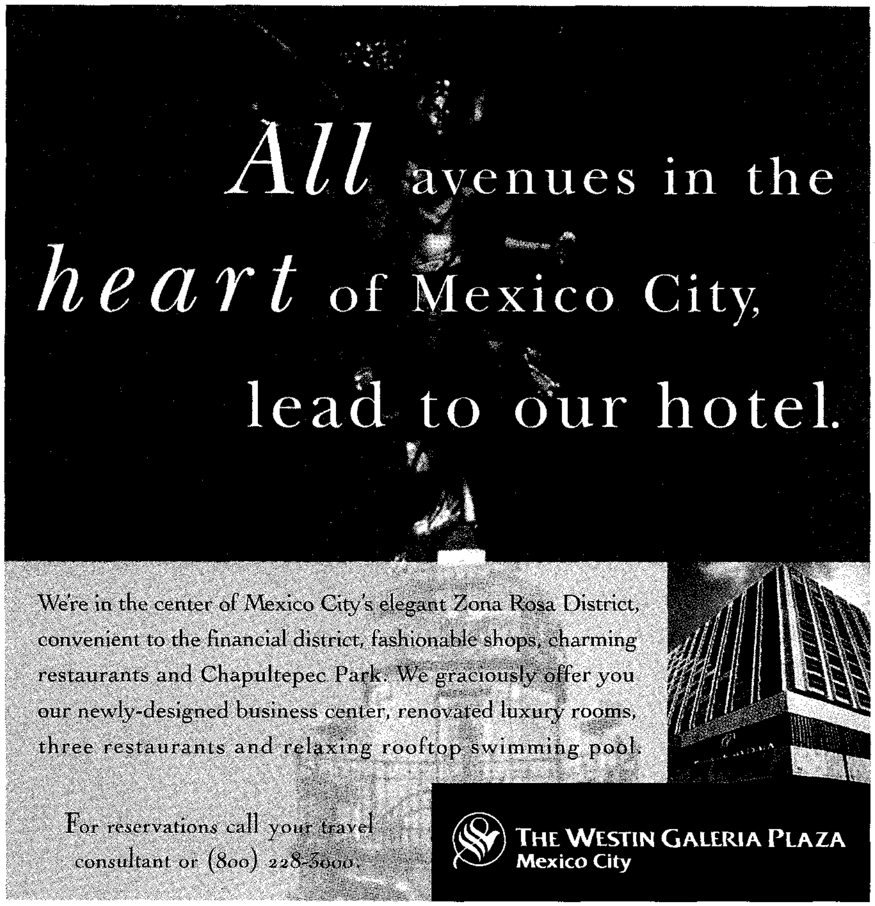

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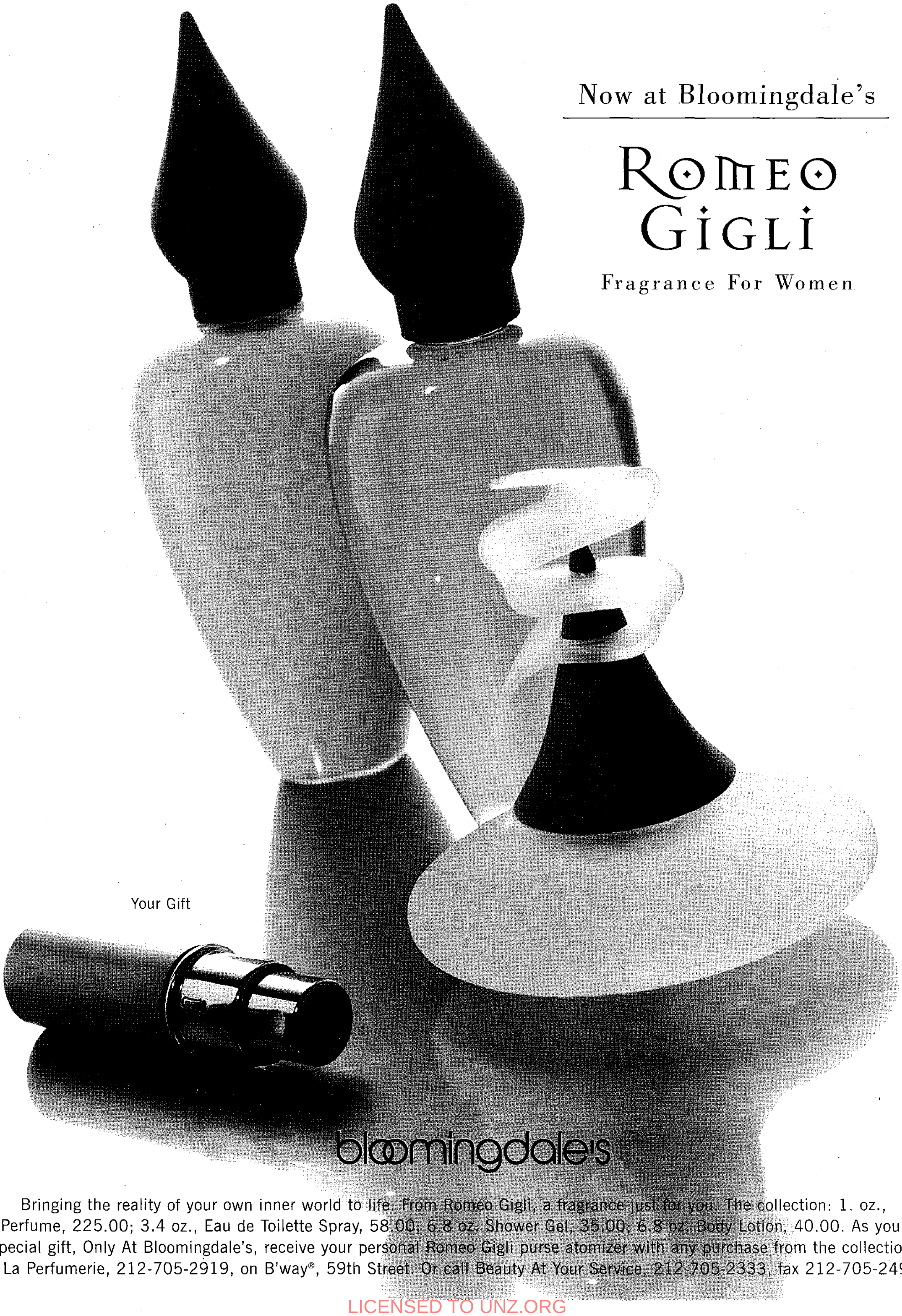

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LETTERS MAY 15, 1995

The State of Affairs

Are boomers having more fun than ever? Is Denby carrying some excess baggage? Does Jann have guts?

COULD IT BE THAT WE BOOMERS IN our forties are not tired at all but simply enjoying the best sex of our lives ["The End of the Affair," by James Kaplan, March 6] with that lifetime partner who won the great serial-monogamy auditions of the seventies? Guiltless, satisfying sex with your true love in a well-appointed bedroom while the 10-year-old is asleep is about as close to perfect as any generation's gonna get.

Janis Settle Murray
St. Louis, Mo.

Crying Foul

IN CHILLING DETAIL, THE CASE OF WANETA Hoyt ["Death Runs in the Family," by Joyce Johnson, April 10] mirrors that of Marybeth Tinning, the Schenectady, New York, mother convicted in 1986 for the suffocation of her ninth baby after the previous eight had also died in infancy. She, too, fooled distinguished pediatric experts into believing that all these children were victims of either crib death or a genetic disorder. When confronted by the police, she, too, confessed to suffocating her babies because she could not stand their crying. And subsequently, she, too, tried to retract her confession.

One marvels at the naïveté of the medical and legal professions. Surely, enough of these cases have now been identified for repetitive infanticide to be recognized as a severe psychiatric disorder: that of an emotionally disturbed woman killing the offspring that was so recently part of her own body as a symbolic form of suicide. When this cry for help goes unrecognized, it seems doomed to be repeated, with the woman gaining the attention she craves from the growing public sympathy over all her lost babies. Yet in such cases, American doctors continue to try to diagnose problems in the babies rather than in the mothers, and the law continues to punish these women as serial killers.

During two years spent researching and writing *From Cradle to Grave: The Short Lives and Strange Deaths of Marybeth Tinning's Nine Children,* I was struck by the more humane approach of the British. In England, where Munchausen syndrome by proxy was first recognized and given its name, these cases are dealt with behind the closed doors of family-court rooms, and the offending mothers are usually sent for psychiatric treatment rather than to prison. Meanwhile, any surviving children are placed in foster care, with no attendant publicity. The aim is to treat and to rehabilitate, not to punish.

Joyce Egginton
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

IN TYPICAL CASES OF THE FORM OF CHILD abuse called Munchausen syndrome by proxy (MSbP), a mother fabricates or actually induces illnesses in one or more of her children in order to accrue emotional satisfaction for herself; in an estimated 9 percent of cases, the children die as a result. Waneta Hoyt sought the attention of medical caregivers, family members, and friends by manufacturing the illnesses of each of her five children—and then relished the solicitude of well-wishers when each died. This pattern is utterly characteristic of MSbP, a mental disorder recognized only recently, and one described in my 1994 book *Patient or Pretender.* I am incredulous that Joyce Johnson, with little explanation, dismisses the MSbP diagnosis.

Marc D. Feldman, M.D.
Center for Psychiatric Medicine
Birmingham, Ala.

Joyce Johnson replies: The final diagnosis of Hoyt has yet to be decided. But Dr. Linda Norton, who has been following this case since 1978, was of the opinion that Hoyt falls into the category of mothers who kill because they are unable to tolerate the crying of their babies. When more information is revealed about the case, it is possible that Dr. Feldman's opinion may be validated.

Big Deals

DAVID DENBY NOTES IN HIS REVIEW OF *Dolores Claiborne* [April 3] that "Kathy Bates has a round, beefy face and heavy legs." Meanwhile, with regard to the "heavyset" title character in *Muriel's Wedding,* he laments how "offensive it is to ask the audience to sympathize with a blob." One wonders what sort of baggage Mr. Denby is carrying around.

Paul Bernasconi
Manhattan

Jann Again

JEANIE RUSSELL KASINDORF'S STORY ABOUT Jann Wenner ["Perception, Reality," March 13] says, "This famous discoverer of talent has also been almost everyone's boss at one point or another." I count myself among them. My experience with Jann tells me he is not passionate about what he does. He is incandescent. And in that incandescent aura that sparks about him, he is able to juggle a variety of business and personal activities and interests that boggles the mind. He does it with great élan, and with more guts than your average slaughterhouse. So when I read about "Wenner Unbound," I say: The perceptions of ordinary folks . . . are not the reality when one is trying to characterize Jann. Let the show go on. One more detail to juggle in his amazing performance.

Henry W. Marks
Managing Director
Playboy International Publishing
Manhattan

Location Specific

THE DESCRIPTION OF INVESTCORP AS "IRAN-based" is incorrect ["The Return of the $100,000 Closet," by Peter Hellman, April 24]. Investcorp is an international investment bank with offices in New York, London, and Bahrain. The firm has no activity at all in Iran. Investcorp acts as a principal and an intermediary, arranging a wide variety of investments through which our clients can participate in the growth of quality corporations and real estate in North America and Europe.

Lawrence B. Kessler
General Counsel, Investcorp
London, England

Corrections McKay Drugs does not carry Avanti polyurethane condoms ["The Best of New York," April 17]. The latex-free condoms are currently distributed only on the West Coast but may be ordered by mail (800-9-CONDOM).

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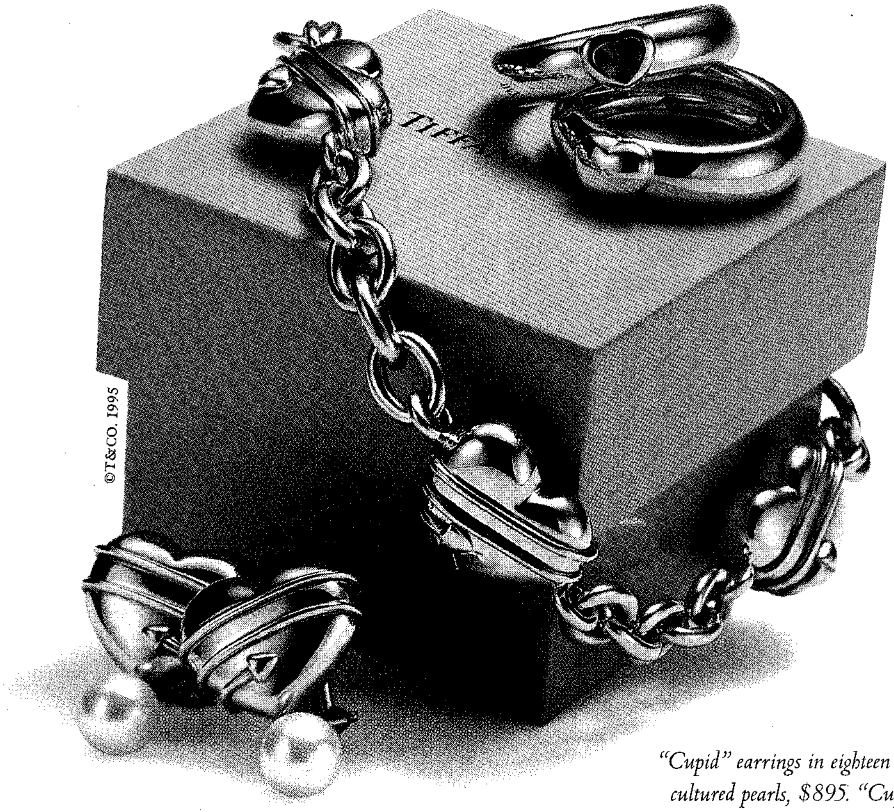

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*"Cupid" earrings in eighteen karat gold with
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BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

INTRODUCING LITTLE MISS CITY HALL

April 27 was Take Our Daughters to Work Day, but **Rudy Giuliani** must have thought it was *Put* Our Daughters to Work Day. Playing a starring role in New York City's budget presentation was 6-year-old **Caroline Giuliani,** and though her script fluctuated from one meeting to the next, her role as winsome comic relief from the bad news of cutbacks and shortfalls stayed the same. Caroline's first star turn came during an early-morning session the mayor hosted for civil servants and members of city agencies—no press allowed. Little Caroline was there, however, sitting beside her pal, and her dad's, **Cristyne Lategano.** After the mayor's spokeswoman leaned over and whispered a cue in Caroline's ear, the wee child was suddenly up and playing hopscotch. Hip, hop. Hip, hop—right up to the podium alongside her dad, the mayor. After creating a disruption in her father's speech—certainly not a new experience for the elder Giuliani—her father bent down and hugged her. "Did you learn that from Andrew?" he quipped to much laughter. The moment passed, and the adults went back to the budget.

But the mayor must have thought the scene went well, because little Caroline was back for the mayor's midday meeting with the press, this time under the direction of Giuliani's secretary Beth Petrone. Minutes into the mayor's monologue on welfare cuts, she hip-hopped up to the podium again, tugged on Daddy's coattails, and interrupted his grim presentation with a few words to the crowd. "Andrew taught her how to do this," the mayor quipped familiarly. Nah—we suspect it was David Garth.

TAKI, TAKI, TAKI NAME CALLING

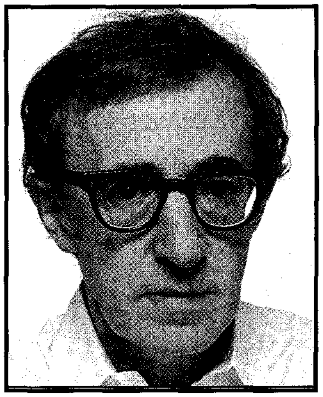
Zillionaire far-right society gossip **Taki Theodoracopulos** has never been one to shy away from bad taste, but his admonishment to political columnist **Terry Golway** to go "back to your urine-stained sawdust barfloor, paddy," in his never-published May 1 column reportedly shocked even his editors at the New York *Post.* Taki's attack on the Irish-American columnist, sources say, was written in response to a Golway column a week earlier that knocked the U.S. media for rushing to pin the Oklahoma City bombing on Arab terrorists. In particular, Golway took Taki to task for a column he wrote bashing Islamic immigrants. After grudgingly conceding that "this time, the perpetrators look to be white supremacists," the Greek-born former prison inmate (a 1984 English cocaine conviction) devoted the rest of his April 24 column to a blistering attack on the "criminal alien element." According to Golway, the enmity between him and Taki dates back to 1993, when the two worked together at the New York *Observer* and Taki wrote a piece attacking the Kennedys and their hangers-on for supporting the Irish Republican Army. "It was not too long after that that Taki was fired, and I think to some extent he blames me," Golway says. Asked about his latest dustup, the garrulous Greek issues a rare no comment. "I don't speak with *New York* Magazine," he sniffs.

The *Post's* Taki, fighting Irish

Caroline Giuliani, politician-in-training

SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH BEARD

Something smells rotten at the James Beard Foundation. Gourmet-food experts who attended Culinary Week in St. Martin not long ago were complaining loudly about the increasingly heavy-handed tactics employed by the foundation, which was founded by Beard's apostles ten years ago. In particular, they charge that the group squeezes restaurants to contribute to its fund-raising efforts in order to be nominated for the James Beard Awards—the Oscars of haute cuisine. Not surprisingly, all of this year's award nominees have thrown charity events for the foundation, including Le Cirque's **Sylvain Portay, Dean Fearing** of Dallas's the Mansion on Turtle Creek, and **Jean-Louis Palladin** of Washington, D.C.'s Palladin restaurant. "No one wants to stare them down," gripes one nominated chef who's critical of the foundation's pervasive influence. Aureole's **Charlie Palmer,** a nominated chef this year, says, "I don't understand what the foundation is all about." Though Palmer has been nominated every year, he says he has never done anything for the group. "I've never won, either," he laughs. "I suppose I'm a decoy." Meanwhile, **Peter Kump,** the group's founder, flatly denies the accusations . . . sort of. "Tell Charlie Palmer, if he wants to win an award, he should do something for the foundation," he says. "It works both ways."



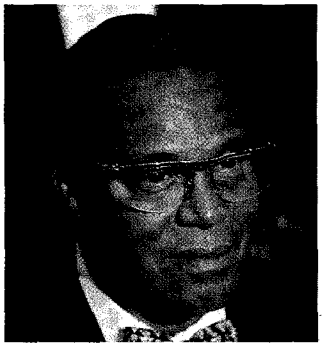
Woody Allen, shopping around

RELATIONSHIPS ARE LIKE SHARKS: WOODY

As he once famously quoted Groucho Marx, **Woody Allen** doesn't want to belong to any club that would have him. Even though *Bullets Over Broadway,* distributed by Miramax, won seven Oscar nominations—the most since *Annie Hall,* in 1978—Allen has decided to shop his new fall project to other distributors. *Mighty Aphrodite,* starring Allen, **Helena Bonham Carter, Peter Weller,** and **Olympia Dukakis,** may wind up at New Line Cinema, Samuel Goldwyn, or even a major studio, according to Allen's producer **Jean Doumanian,** who heads up Allen's company, Sweetland Productions. Doumanian ad-

Photographs: top right, Les Stone/Sygma; center, Dave Benett/Alpha/Globe Photos; center right, Terry O'Neill/Sygma.

Nicole Brown Simpson, 1-800-CASH-IN



Louis Farrakhan stays home

mits she was disappointed that more money didn't pour in after the Oscar nominations were announced, but she doesn't blame Miramax. "**Harvey** [**Weinstein,** co-chairman of Miramax] gave us the moon and the sun last time. Maybe he'll give us the stars next time." The "moon and the sun" was reportedly a cool $4 million advance, which Miramax forked over for the U.S. rights to *Bullets*. In addition to a hefty sum up front, any new player would have to agree to Allen's strict terms ceding him control of advertising and marketing, and give up its right to approve an advance screening of the film. If Allen and Doumanian move on, though, it won't be a first for Miramax: **Mike Newell** and **Hal Hartley** are among the directors who have departed to other studios recently. **Robert Altman** is still undecided.

NICOLE BROWN SIMPSON TURNS A PROFIT

Is **Nicole Brown'**s family making money from her death? *A Current Affair* recently paid the Browns an undisclosed sum for an exclusive interview to air along with their daughter's wedding video. And on Mother's Day, the Browns and a video pirate named Gary Stauffer will start marketing *A Tribute to Nicole Brown Simpson,* a video biography of Nicole, through an 800 number. The Brown family will share in those profits as well. Though O. J. Simpson continues to send his children a monthly support check, the Browns claim their commercialism is justified. "You can't count on O.J.," says their attorney. "And you don't know how much money he'll have left after this trial." But how did the wedding tapes become public? Margo Kravis would sure like to know. Diamond Productions, the company she's owned for four years, shot the video in 1985. A week after Nicole's murder, Kravis says, the tapes disappeared from her library. "I immediately called the police and O. J. Simpson's lawyers," she says. "But they ignored me." When Stauffer surfaced with the tapes, Kravis demanded that he return them. He refused; she reluctantly sold out to him. Stauffer went on to "license" the video to *A Current Affair* for roughly $250,000. Kravis says she never thought of selling Nicole's memories to anyone. "It was my understanding," she insists, "that no one had the right to market those tapes without the Simpsons' consent."

NATURAL BORN DEALMAKERS WED

After a lengthy courtship, two New York moviemakers are about to be joined in a corporate marriage. Sort of. **Ed Pressman**—who has produced movies by **Oliver Stone** and **Brian De Palma**—has decided to formalize his once-casual producing relationship with screenwriter **Ken Lipper,** a Wall Street investment banker and former deputy mayor. But even though the two are joining forces to launch Pressman-Lipper Productions, they're both holding on to their own companies as well—which may cause some fireworks down the road. Asked about the division of duties in their new company, Pressman says: "Any director-initiated movies will be done by me. Any writer-initiated movies will be done by the new company." Lipper, on the other hand, has a somewhat different understanding of the ground rules: "Ed will continue to do action-adventure films. The new company will be doing dramas, thrillers, and comedies." Though Lipper says Stone will probably be involved in the new company, he balks when asked if he would have produced the director's *Natural Born Killers.* "I'd rather not comment on the past," Lipper says diplomatically. Meanwhile, the two producers have just wrapped up *City Hall,* a thriller starring **Al Pacino** as the mayor of New York, during which Lipper added yet another notch to his careerist reputation. Though veteran screen writer **Bo Goldman** wrote the script, Lipper managed to snag a screenwriting credit—over Goldman's—simply for dreaming up the idea.

TINA BROWN AIN'T BUYING IT

After spending six months writing—and relentlessly flogging—his "definitive" magazine piece on **Bill Clinton,** author **Richard Reeves** found himself with a 25,000-word manuscript and no place to publish it. The author of the critically acclaimed *President Kennedy: Profile of Power* was assigned to write the article by *The New Yorker,* which went on to reject it without offering him a reason. (A sharply whittled-down version of the piece made it into the New York *Observer* last month.) "We couldn't come together," says Reeves of his ill-fated encounter with editrix **Tina Brown.** "They just didn't share my rather pessimistic view of the Clinton presidency. As I see it, after the midterm elections, Clinton surrendered to people who take no prisoners."

Tina Brown takes a pass

N.Y. DANGEROUS TO FARRAKHAN'S HEALTH?

Is New York is too dangerous for **Louis Farrakhan?** So says New York Supreme Court judge **Carol Arber.** Though the minister frequently comes to the city to deliver speeches—and was scheduled to be here last Saturday for a benefit at the Apollo Theater—Arber recently ruled that Farrakhan doesn't have to come to New York to be deposed in the Nation of Islam's $4.4 billion libel suit against **Rupert Murdoch,** columnist **Jack Newfield,** and the New York *Post,* claiming the city's mean streets may pose a safety risk to the controversial black muslim. Instead, **Howard Squadron,** senior partner at Squadron, Ellenoff, Plesent, Sheinfeld & Sorkin (the firm represents *New York*), will have to travel to the Nation's headquarters in Chicago, a prospect the lawyer—a prominent Jewish leader—does not relish. Squadron is appealing the ruling. Farrakhan filed suit against the *Post* last year after the tabloid published a Jack Newfield column that—quoting Malcolm X's widow, **Betty Shabazz**—accused Farrakhan of having a hand in the murder of the black leader. Farrakhan's lawyers have argued that the minister shouldn't have to be deposed at all in the case because the *Post* has a "history of malicious attacks against the plaintiffs."

Photographs: top left, A. Berliner/Gamma-Liaison; center left, Ralf-Finn Hestoft/Saba; center right, Kelly Jordan/Sygma.

Value. It seems to be a popular buzzword these days. However, we'd like to point out one instance where this new cliché actually means something. The Mercedes E-Class. With an engineering and safety tradition that spans decades and an unmatched level of comfort and refinement, the E-Class represents a pedigree not to be found anywhere else. And all at a price that would suggest far less. See your local authorized Mercedes dealer for a closer look. Mercedes-Benz

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

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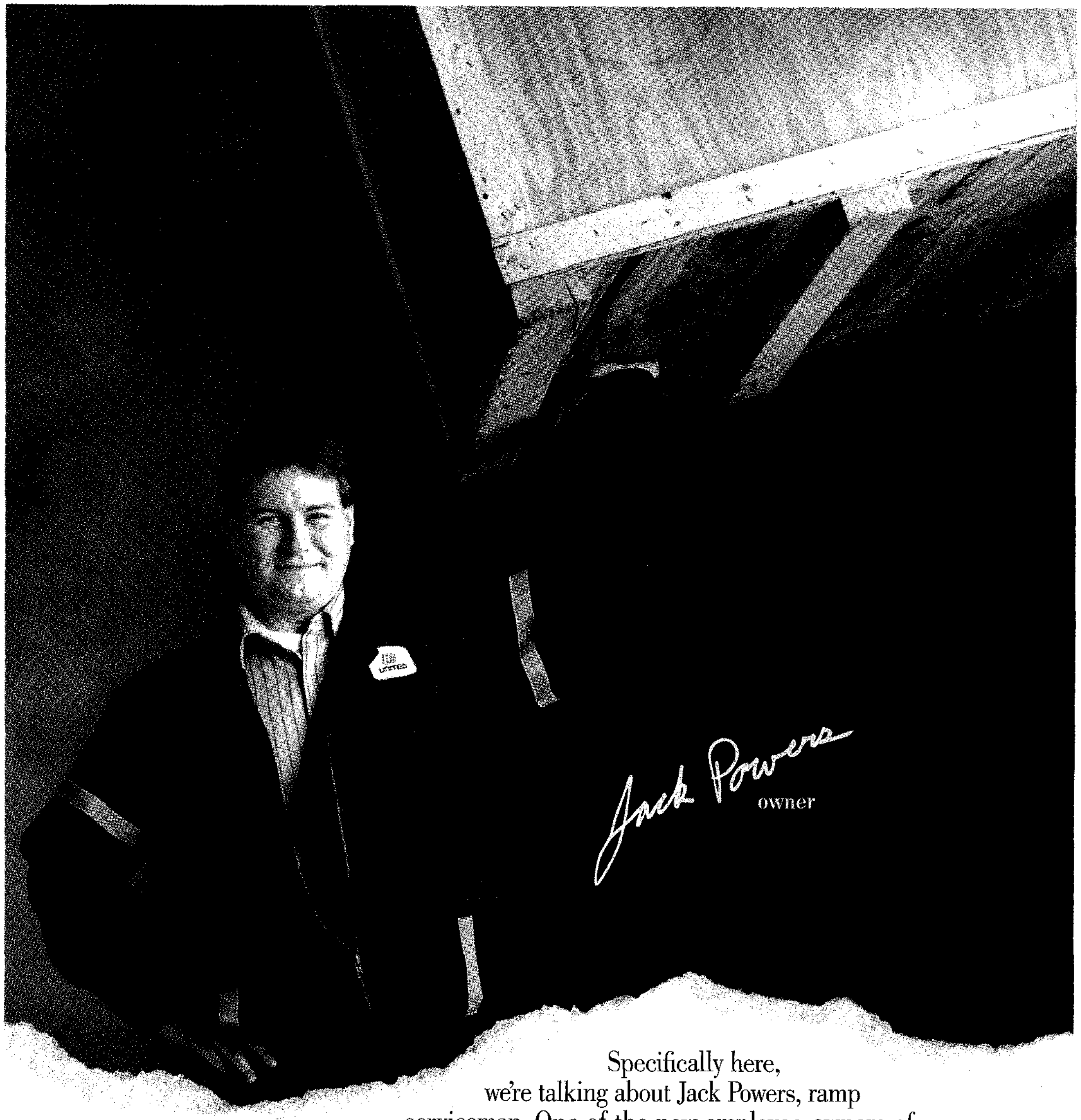

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UNITED AIRLINES

GOTHAM

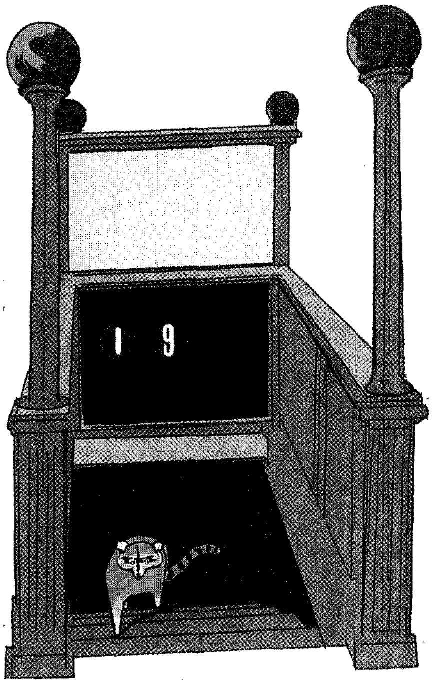
Traffic signals in New York are just rough guidelines—***David Letterman***

THE FRONT PAGE

Cops and Raccoons

Not all the news was bad last week; one raccoon was saved.

Put aside, for the moment, the rubble, the dead still buried, the count that climbs ineluctably and undramatically toward 174, the whereabouts of John Doe No. 2, who's to blame for this particular act of human brutality, who hates whom, how much hate we can tolerate and what specific legislative measures need to be taken to assure its proper expression, how many of our cops are beating and robbing us, how many of our district attorneys are conducting kinky extramarital affairs on our time using our money, what makes a person mug an 85-year-old priest in a Brooklyn confessional, how we're winning the war against the poor, how New York City's previous welfare policy was "cruel" and how ending home relief will make us a city that "loves people more and cares for people more," where the homeless will go, where the Haitians will go, what makes the Cubans different from the Haitians, which party's turn it is to present an unworkable health-care-reform package, what Dr. Henry Foster aborted and when he aborted it, what kind of person would shove a five-months-pregnant woman in the trunk of her own car and then drive around Long Island for seven hours guzzling beer and taunting her, the TA cuts, the CUNY cuts, the Medicare adjustments, whether the Met discriminates against heterosexuals, for whom O.J. wept, how serving on that jury didn't turn out to be such a great gig after all, whether Madonna's video contains heroin imagery, and whither Patrick Ewing's hamstring—forget *all that* and turn your attention instead to The Raccoon Who Came to the Big City.



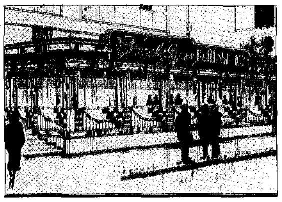
LOOK WHO SHOWED UP AT THE SUBWAY was one of two headlines on the front page of the *Daily News* last Tuesday. The other—HATES ARABS, KILLS CABBIES—was in larger type, but it didn't have the picture: that bandit face, its brow furry and furrowed, looking down through elevated train tracks, seeming to say, in a raspy little cartoon voice, UH-OH!, which, naturally, was the headline to the story on page seven.

The raccoon—which, amazingly, went un-nicknamed—had wandered onto the tracks of the No. 1 train at 231st Street during rush hour. This being New York, transit workers reacted by assuming the animal was rabid and calling the police. "He was probably chased out of [Van Cortlandt] park by a coyote," one officer speculated, putting no one at ease. "They have them there, too." A two-block chase down the tracks ensued, the raccoon scurrying with tranquilizer-dart-wielding cops in hot pursuit. "The raccoon laughed off the first shot and pulled the dart out," the *News* reported. "But the second dart wiped the grin off his face." The animal was captured unharmed, the police did their jobs professionally without beating anyone up or stealing anyone's cocaine, the rush-hour commute was not adversely affected, and for that single moment last week, the world did not seem such a horrible place after all.

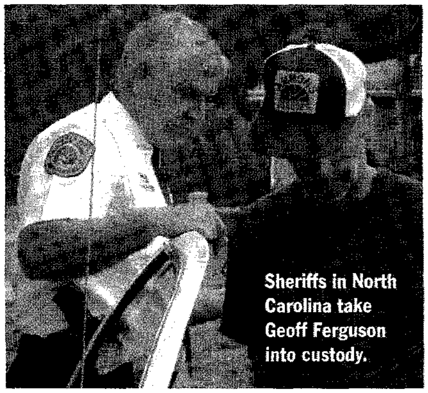
SPIN CONTROL **Following the death-while-Rollerblading of 79-year-old Angier Biddle Duke in Southampton on April 30, the International In-Line Skating Association happily pointed out: Of the 12.4 million people who went in-line skating in 1993, only 30,863, or 0.25 percent, ended up in the emergency room because of it, while rollerskaters (92,963 out of 15.3 million, or 0.61 percent) and skateboarders (34,938 out of 5.6 million, or 0.62 percent) had to be treated for injuries more than twice as often.**

THE THIN YELLOW LINE **"I can tell you he works here, but I'm not going to tell you what route he's on. I have to protect the security of our employees," a Transit Authority dispatcher told *New York* last week after a jury awarded almost $3 million in damages to a woman who claimed she was beaten up by an M15 bus driver in 1988 after asking for a transfer. The driver is still employed by the TA.**

HALF-CAFF EGG CREAM, PLEASE **Asked to comment on the origins of the Brooklyn Diner USA, a theme restaurant opening next month on West 57th Street in Manhattan, Kevin Rosen, an owner of Junior's diner on Flatbush Avenue, told *New York,* "Let's put it this way: The principals involved have been here on many occasions, and they ordered many more things than they could eat."**



Photograph: top, Renato Rotolo/Gamma-Liaison; illustration by Istvan Banyai.


Sheriffs in North Carolina take Geoff Ferguson into custody.

Crime

DEATHS IN A SMALL TOWN

GEORGETOWN, CONNECTICUT—IT'S NOT really a town at all but a fire district—five square miles where the exurbs of Weston, Wilton, Redding, and Ridgefield intersect. Not all that long ago it had five churches, the world's leading wire factory, and a railroad stop but no library, bank, drugstore, or police station. It now has four churches and a temple but no library, police station, railroad stop, or factory. Swedes and Finns immigrated here at the turn of the century to work at the Gilbert & Bennett mill, and many of their descendants have never left. Its post office was once on the cover of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

"We're a small town; we're small-town people," Edwin Grecious says. "We shouldn't be written about in New York City."

What happened at 166 Portland Avenue has changed that. Three young men who lived there, who washed with a garden hose and were obliged to use an outhouse, were found shot to death along with two friends following an April 18 fire that destroyed their rented apartment. The man who allegedly threw out their toilet, ripped out their phone, removed $2,000 worth of personal property, and at one point boarded up the apartment was their landlord, Geoff K. Ferguson. And it was Ferguson, a nearly lifelong resident of Westport—twelve miles and several tax brackets away—whom police charged with arson and five counts of murder.

They do not want to talk about Ferguson in Georgetown, and call him simply "that man" when they talk about him at all. There are no lessons here, as there perhaps are for Westport residents, who watched Ferguson grow from a 6-year-old who once demanded of a teacher on the playground, "Do you think you're the boss here?" to an 11-year-old suspected of setting a neighbor's house on fire to an adult who reportedly threatened tenants that he would come back with a gun if they made any trouble. (At the time of their deaths, the young men were behind in their rent and had reported eight health-code violations.) The only Fergusoniana Georgetown locals were willing to talk about was the cinder-block wall he'd built between his property and that of a synagogue. "It certainly wasn't your normal picket-type thing," a neighbor said.

A "picket-type thing" is how Georgetown was presented to the world in the aftermath of the crime. It is also how Westport resident Paul Newman presented the town in *Rachel, Rachel* and how Norman Jewison shot it in *Other People's Money*, and it is an image that made for an especially effective contrast with the events at 166 Portland. But all that is commonly held to go with what one resident called a "dwarfed village" setting—small-mindedness, narrowness, all-purpose naïveté—is absent.

"It seems like they're always attempting to say something about the values set," a neighbor remarks about coverage of the murder. The values are made to seem distinctly musty, but observable detail doesn't match. Down the road from 166 Portland Avenue, amid two-family houses built by the defunct factory, is Bread & Roses, an AIDS hospice. Boys on Harleys drive into the village on weekends and park in front of the Georgetown Saloon. The mother of one of the murdered men talks about the tragedy in a shirt that says PLANET HOLLYWOOD. None of the murdered men had graduated from college, all seemed to have as a main preoccupation playing or listening or aspiring to rock, and four of the five were members of the Georgetown volunteer fire department.

166 Portland Avenue.

Georgetowners, on the whole, met the media with equal parts modesty and aggressive indifference, a combination unfamiliar in current press conventions. Portland Avenue in the days after the murder/arson began to resemble Brentwood's South Bundy Drive—streets were blocked off for days, every passerby was stopped for questioning, police guarded the gutted house, television crews came and stayed—although you could find few people who believed in the ameliorative power of public talk, or who perceived in it any economic advantage.

"The memory of that day needs to be let go—talking about it won't help. What can I say about the boys? I heard them play their music sometimes," says a Georgetowner. "This thing struck close to home," says one of the few residents who had an acquaintance with the landlord. "Talking about it would just bring it back." "We don't want to 'deal with' it," says someone else. "We want it to go away."

"It," in Georgetown, can mean the journalism almost as much as April 18. "The reporting has been horrific," says a neighbor. "There was a reporter there harassing people as someone was dying. The police did an excellent job of not feeding the media anything. That's the reason people have been 'interpreting' stuff."

One interpreter, a young local woman who believed that the murder was the result of a love triangle and who implicated one of the dead men, was the cause of a Redding *Pilot* story that particularly incensed the town. The *Pilot* printed six letters to the editor and an apology, and given that Geoff Ferguson is being held in another state and fighting extradition, things are temporarily quiet. The trial may not happen for a year. A woman who attended all five funerals and had largely stopped reading the papers

Photographs by AP/Wide World Photos.

admitted she had reluctantly picked them up in the wake of the *Pilot* fiasco. "There was nothing in any of them about anything. I just thought, thank God. Thank God, finally." LINDA HALL

The Law

KING OF THE FINKS

"IT'S ABSOLUTELY STAGGERING WHAT HE has accomplished," says one of Alphonse "Little Al" D'Arco's many admirers in the judicial system. D'Arco's accomplishments thus far:

Vittorio "Vic" Amuso, Lucchese crime boss, convicted of racketeering and murder, 1992.

Victor Orena, Colombo-family boss, racketeering and murder, 1992.

Vincent "Kojak" Giattino, Lucchese- and Bonanno-family associate, racketeering and murder, 1992.

Pasquale "Patty" Amato, Colombo-family underboss, racketeering and murder, 1993.

Joseph "Joey Bang Bang" Massaro, Lucchese-family capo, murder, loan-sharking, and arson, 1993.

Anthony "Tumac" Accetturo, Lucchese-family capo, racketeering and murder, 1993.

Little Al may lack the hot media profile and burly *nom de Mafia* of a Sammy "The Bull" Gravano, but he's a superior rat. Seven trials. Six convictions. And a seventh guilty verdict is expected this week, as a federal jury in White Plains begins deliberations in a racketeering case that marks the latest stop on the former Lucchese crime boss's "traveling road show," as another observer put it.

"I think he was the most effective witness from the ranks of the LCN [La Cosa Nostra] in recent memory, bar none," effuses Gregory J. O'Connell, the former federal prosecutor, now defense attorney, who was the first to put D'Arco on the witness stand for the government. "Juries found him so credible they were able to convict on the basis of his testimony alone."

"Look at the number of cases in which he's testified and the number in which juries have returned verdicts of guilty," says a more circumspect David N. Kelley, the assistant United States attorney who serves as deputy chief of the organized-crime unit in New York's southern district. "Draw your own conclusions."

D'Arco went to work for the government nearly four years ago after learning that he had been targeted for execution when a murder he had ordered failed. Ironically, the victim of the botched hit, former Lucchese capo Peter Chiodo, also testified for the prosecution in the White Plains case that saw D'Arco's return to the courtroom after a nearly two-year absence.

At the uptown Match party for Martin Amis's book *The Information:* Grove/Atlantic's Morgan Entrekin, Amis, and Patrick McGrath. Right: *On the Waterfront*'s Penelope Ann Miller and Ron Eldard. Below: At the Italian Trade Commission, David Rabe and wife Jill Clayburgh attend the *GQ*/Armani party benefiting the Civita Arts Festival.

The One-Way Ticket

Opening-night party for Broadway's 'On the Waterfront,' the Sony Plaza, May 1.

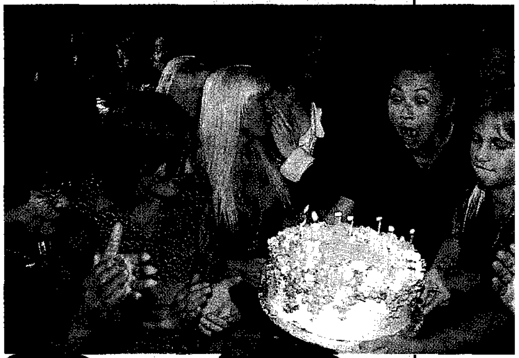
By Alex Williams

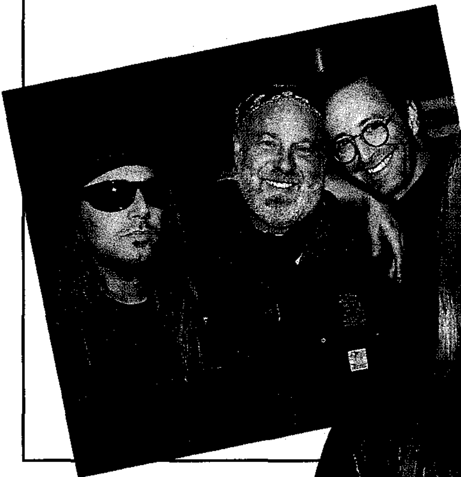
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

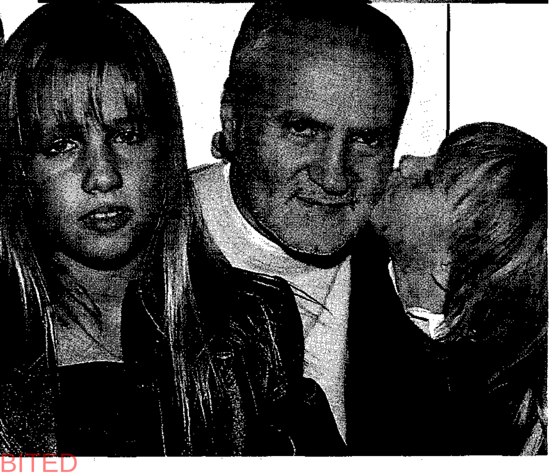
THERE'S NO JOY DARKER THAN THE opening-night celebration of a play destined to run eight performances. *On the Waterfront* required $2.5 million, two directors, two Father Barrys, and an ambulance to make it to the New York stage. The turmoil inspired female lead Penelope Ann Miller—klieg-light glamorous in maroon velvet—to conclude pertly, "That's what the play is about, coming together at a point of tragedy."

Under grayish light beamed from seven stories up, no one knew the show would close in a week. But its writer, Budd Schulberg, offered the moral of both the play and, perhaps, the production: "Trials and tribulations do actually challenge you. They make you stronger."

At Bowery Bar: Ingrid Sischy (rear) throws a birthday party for Donatella Versace (with platinum hair) with (from left) Eartha Kitt, Evan Dando, Joe McKenna, Bowery Bar's Judi Wong, Allegra Beck, and Bruce Weber. Below: Allegra (left) and Daniel Beck with their uncle Gianni Versace. Bottom left: Steven Meisel, Weber, and Herb Ritts.

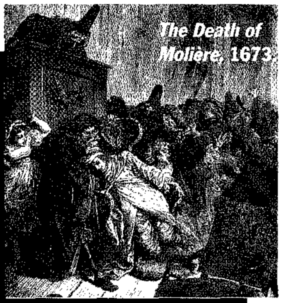






THEATER

Exit, Center Stage


The Death of Molière, 1673

"It was very exciting," says theater agent John Springer, recalling the moment during last week's night-before-opening performance of *On the Waterfront* at the Brooks Atkinson when actor Jerry Grayson, in the role of a union thug, suffered a heart attack and collapsed onstage. *"I kept saying, 'I don't remember this in the movie.'"* True to tradition, another actor actually called out, *"Is there a doctor in the house?"* (Luckily, there were at least two.) Grayson's understudy and the rest of the cast continued the production (though not for long: see "The Scene"), proving to be an exception in a long history of theatrical mishaps after which the show did *not* go on. NORMAN VANAMEE

February 17, 1673	Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid*	**While playing the hypochondriac Argan, Jean-Baptiste Molière was seized by *"a mortal coughing fit,"* and died later that evening. The show did not go on.**
March 12, 1971	Kander & Ebb's *70, Girls, 70*	**During a performance in Philadelphia, actor David Burns suffered a massive heart attack. *"He said his punch line and got this wonderful big laugh. Then he had a heart attack and keeled over on the floor,"* said Carol Channing, adding, *"Oh, I wish I could go that way."***
November 25, 1977	*Side by Side by Sondheim*	**While narrating the show in Chicago, Cyril Ritchard collapsed from a heart attack. He lay in a coma for three weeks before he died. The stage manager finished the narration.**
October 1989	Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Aspects of Love*	**During a London matinee performance, actress Ann Crumb's left foot was caught and severely mangled in a scenery conveyor belt. *"I heard this huge screaming over the orchestra, and it was me,"* she recalled. The show did not go on.**
November 13, 1990	*Shogun: The Musical*	**Actor Philip Casnoff was hit by a giant shoji screen at a press preview and knocked out cold. A doctor at the preview attended to him. The show did not go on, but Casnoff returned 48 hours later for the Broadway opening.**
May 2, 1991	Paul Rudnick's *I Hate Hamlet*	**After co-star Nicol Williamson screamed *"put some life into it"* and struck him with a sword during Act One, Evan Handler walked off the stage, never to return. Handler's understudy took over for the rest of the run.**

In two days on the witness stand, the 62-year-old D'Arco backed prosecutors' claims and fingered many of the eleven defendants on trial as having a hand in the $3 million operation of two illegal landfills, one in Pennsylvania and the other upstate. O'Connell says the one-two punch of D'Arco and Chiodo created a "synergistic kind of thing" that has given authorities "pretty much a sweep in their efforts to shatter the Lucchese family."

O'Connell praises D'Arco's "savantlike" ability to recount events in "exquisite detail." In the most recent case, for example, D'Arco offered the jury charming asides about such matters as one Mob associate's inability to keep an eye on the landfill ("He was complaining that he was sick and dizzy and that he couldn't take the smell and the mountain air").

Impressive as D'Arco's trial-to-conviction ratio is, Kelley and others say it's only part of the story. "There have been cases where we either expected or planned to use Mr. D'Arco as a witness, but never had to because the defendants pled out before getting to trial," Kelley says.

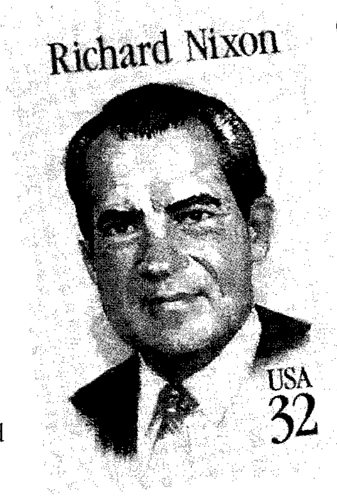
Indications are that D'Arco's stint as the government's king fink is not over. He has not yet been scheduled for sentencing in connection with the crime he admitted to upon surrendering to authorities, Kelley notes.

Top-notch snitches aren't cheap, though. So far, it has cost the federal government $750,000 to support D'Arco and his family, according to testimony in the White Plains case. But bear in mind, as one law-enforcement fan says, "He's the best there ever was."

ED SHANAHAN

Culture

STICKY DICK



RICHARD NIXON, OUR nation's thirty-seventh president, whose statesmanship and mastery of domestic policy were overshadowed by his shameful resignation and generally shifty appearance, was commemorated on a stamp on the first anniversary of his death, in keeping with tradition.

People just don't respect tradition anymore.

"They don't want to lick him," a postal clerk reported last week. "They don't want to take him home."

The 32-cent Nixon, an informal *New York* survey suggests, has been selling unevenly, at best. "When I say 'Nixon,' they just laugh," says Agustina Benoit, a clerk at the Prince Street Post Office who says she only had three buyers among the 90-some people she served on a busy Monday. "People say they'd like to get him postmarked, stamped on his face; that's what they want."

Comments from weary SoHo customers waiting in line ranged from the blunt "I'm not going to spend my money to put a crook on a piece of postage" to the more aesthetic "It's awfully boring. The background is austere."

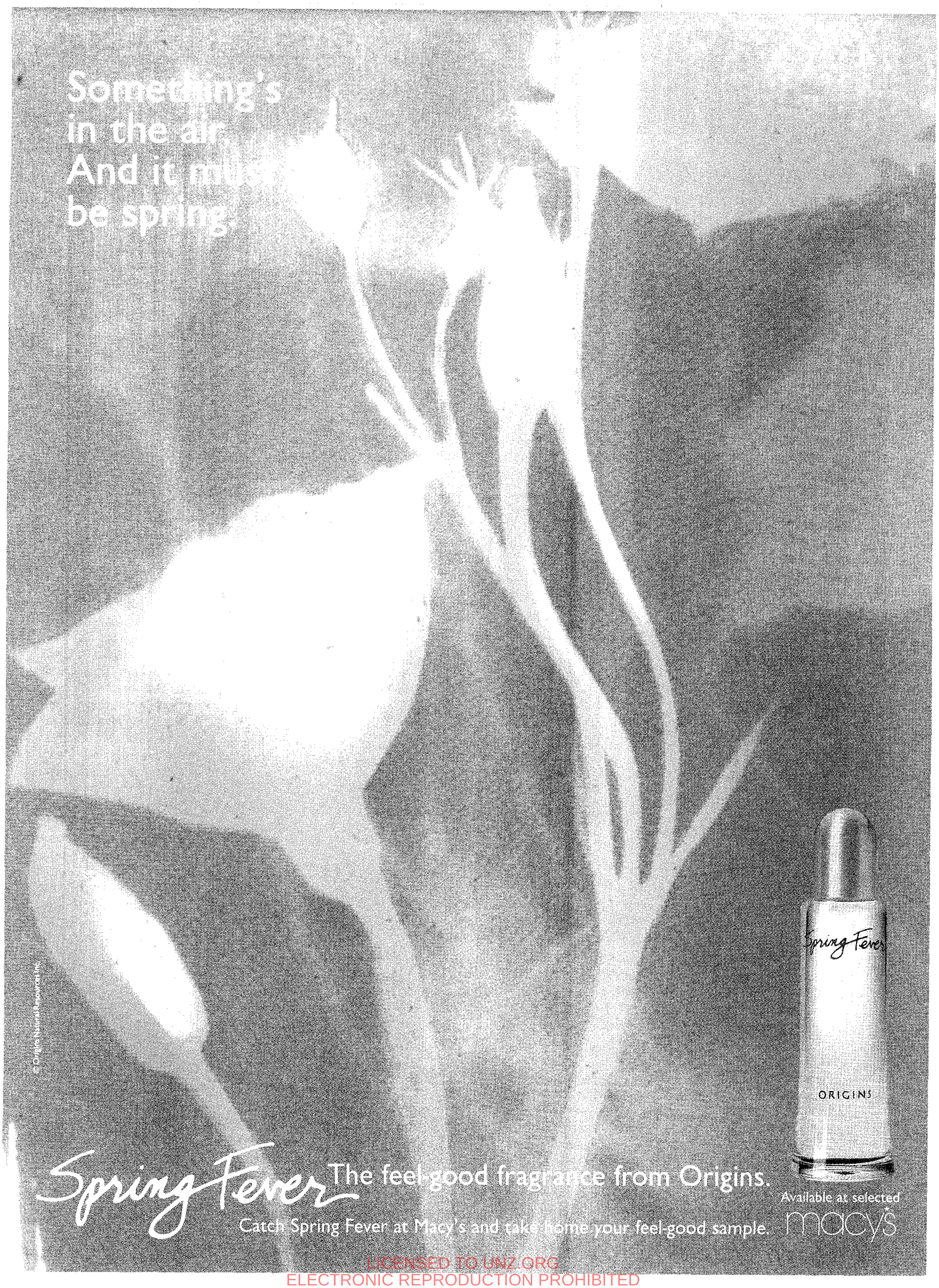
Tom Healey, a supervisor at the Canal Street branch, suggested that portrait stamps are not big sellers in general, but Alan Kaplan, one of his clerks, countered, "the difference is that most people don't *reject* other stamps because of the person depicted."

That hasn't stopped Kaplan from trying. "A lot of people say they don't want the flag stamp. Usually I offer something more colorful. Now I say, 'Oh, you want something more interesting than the flag? How about Nixon?'" Does that approach work? Uh, no. "It doesn't sell the stamp any better."

The shame of it, Kaplan says, is that Nixon "looks better in that stamp than he ever looked in real life. He looks clean-shaven, rested, happy, and smiling."

"The Nixon stamp has a stigma attached to it," clerk Mark Keys acknowledged, while expressing his personal respect for the late president. The problem, he thinks, is premature commemoration. "His stamp is not for our time." LESLIE CAMHI

Photograph by Culver Pictures.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MEDIA RICHARD TURNER

The CBS Mess

Ratings are plummeting. Anchors are complaining. Competitors are proliferating. Larry Tisch is still waiting and cost-cutting. Is this any way to run a network?

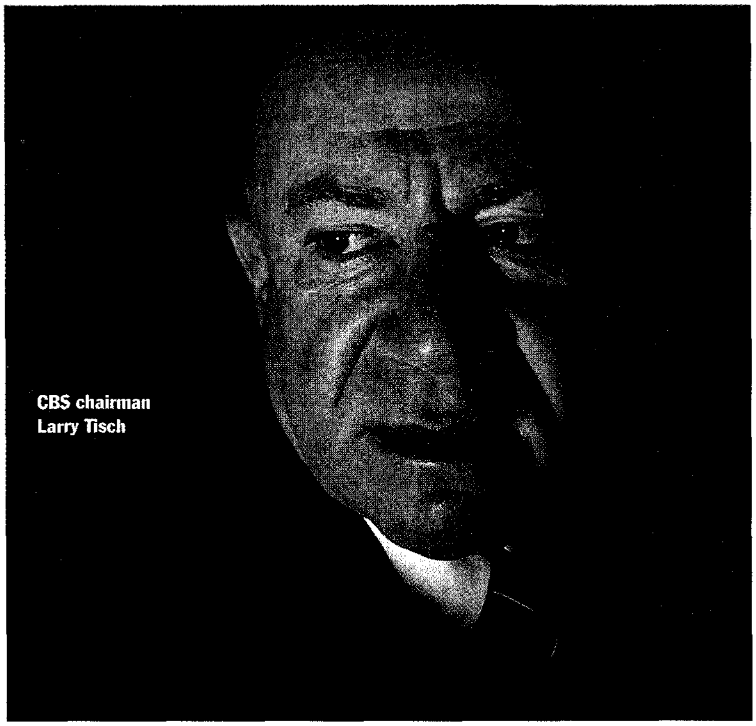
LIKE A BLACK-AND-WHITE RERUN of *Gunsmoke* on a Mitsubishi big-screen, the tribulations of CBS follow the same old themes while the world around it has completely changed.

It was nearly a decade ago that Andy Rooney attacked then-new chairman and dominant shareholder Larry Tisch over budget cuts, and Dan Rather stalked off the news set when a tennis match ate into his newscast. Morale was said to be terrible. Tisch wasn't diversifying the business, and he sold the record company to Sony—missing most of the CD boom. He already was being compared unfavorably with ABC's new management as clueless when it comes to understanding "broadcasting."

Now CBS-bashing is in full force again. The television season that ended last month was a debacle: The network plunged from first to third in the ratings this year and fell humiliatingly below demi-player Fox in the 18–49 age group advertisers crave. The network's loss of football and some of its strongest affiliated stations to Rupert Murdoch's Fox dragged down the ratings of CBS's two priceless franchises, *60 Minutes* and *David Letterman* (whose CBS-joke roster expands daily; privately, though, he's said by colleagues to find nothing funny about the network's troubles). It lost the services of Barry Diller in a failed merger attempt that damaged morale. Profits are drastically down, the network-owned stations are hurting, and the popular No. 2 executive, Howard Stringer, fled the company. The term *free fall* gets bandied about a lot.

Meanwhile, what should be the most respectable part of the network continues to be the loopiest: The news team of Dan Rather and Connie Chung now seems merely tabloid fodder. Rather is said to be enraged because they wouldn't let him cover the Oklahoma bombing story. Andy Rooney criticizes the pairing publicly (him again). Newsroom employees feel degraded by all the turmoil and are praying for a return to just Dan.

CBS executives feel unfairly targeted. "The glass is thinner in our fishbowl," complains one executive. They accuse the New York *Times*'s Bill Carter of being tougher with them after the notoriously press-friendly, spin-controlling Stringer left (Carter denies it).



CBS chairman Larry Tisch

The underlying issue here is the quasi-philosophical one of what a network *is* in the coming infinite-channel millennium. Networks have traditionally been three things: They are distribution systems of loyal affiliated stations airing programs to deliver a mass audience to advertisers; they are national news organizations; and they are brand names. A network isn't what it was fifteen years ago, one of three monoliths with a self-serious attitude and too many limos. Vast shifts in the business, a little late-eighties cost cutting, and CNN's emergence as the worldwide TV news of record changed all that.

The new television order still is rocking CBS. Newspeople, lately so demoralized that one staffer described the current mood as "open contempt," think there are too many unserious newsmagazines. And Tisch is the same old single-minded cost-cutter. Dropping in on the CBS London bureau a few weeks back, he restlessly prowled work cubicles, asking if he could eliminate any positions, commenting that a top producer visiting from the U.S. could have availed himself of the telephone instead, according to several individuals involved. With the mood at such rock bottom, senior newspeople were astonished at how impolitic it seemed. "He can't help himself," said one.

Hollywood show-makers complain that there's too much market research and fear of risk-taking. Managers of CBS-affiliated stations bitch that the brass in New York mistreat them. Wall Street players who want to see a stock-price windfall rail at Larry Tisch for not pricing the network for sale.

And on and on. It's true that all these people tend to be chronic complainers about the whole industry, and the Tiffany network has always attracted gibes like shaggy iron filings to a magnet, probably because CBS embodied what was supposed to be classy about the medium. Search the database for "Edward R. Murrow." Then search the phrase "turning in his grave."

But who beyond a few retired TV executives is still reverent about networks and their sacred public trust? Young people who spurned the movie *Quiz Show* didn't find it crushing, or even interesting, that the networks were corrupt. People presumably understand that these are just three companies among a dozen media and entertainment giants, and they have to be run as businesses.

And business is surprisingly good. An advertising boomlet continues, and net-

Photograph by Brian Smale/Onyx.

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work-unfriendly federal regulations are expiring. Meanwhile, huge, infobahn-obsessed buyers roam the earth, making networks more valuable (and Larry Tisch perhaps more dead-set on getting $5 billion). Later this month, CBS unveils its new fall schedule, ripe as ever with blue-sky promise. The *Buffalo Girls* mini-series got good ratings last week.

But CBS may already have lost some of its appeal for potential buyers. With so much new competition, the fear is that CBS is in danger of becoming merely a brief stop on the dial between Lifetime and the Sci-Fi Channel. "In a universe of three, when you fell out of the game, you could get back in," says analyst Christopher Dixon of PaineWebber. "It's different this time around—you've got to crawl over more people." CBS has said it will trade in its older, rural demographic for young, urban viewers: It hired the creator of *Melrose Place* to produce *Central Park West,* for example. But ABC, NBC, and Fox have had their claws deep into this market for a decade, and new "networks" from Time Warner and Viacom/Paramount are pursuing the same viewers.

CBS led the ratings race in total households from 1991 to 1994, but it was helped by the Olympics, movies, football, and only two hit shows, the fast-fading *Northern Exposure* and *Murphy Brown.* "It's like a man in the hospital," says one top studio executive. "You get dehydrated, your mind goes, and you die. CBS hasn't been hydrated in seven years. Structurally, it's on the brink of collapse."

Betsy Frank, a top ad executive and executive vice-president of Cordiant's Zenith Media Services, uses faint praise: "I still believe CBS isn't a dead brand, but I don't know if anyone's ever had to deal with something of the sheer magnitude of what CBS is facing."

Old hands scoff at such apocalyptic murmurings. "They have two hits and everybody will be calling them geniuses," says a Hollywood producer. He points to NBC's instant resurrection last year, largely on the strength of *E.R.* The No. 3 network always comes back, because it has more slots on its schedule to fill and therefore more opportunities to take risks and find nirvana with new hits. Also, No. 1 networks tend to get bogged down keeping their powerful stars and producers happy.

But the every-dog-has-his-day argument only goes so far, and some wonder whether CBS might finally have broken the cycle. Good, stable management matters: NBC ruled the ratings for much of the eighties because its executives were better at scheduling and program development than their rivals. ABC News has been dominant for years, as has CBS's daytime soap-opera lineup. Moreover, prime-time success is self-feeding because promotional spots that air during hit shows can direct viewers to new shows.

CBS lacks such building blocks—its schedule is relentlessly low-rated from Tuesday to Friday, and football is gone. After last year's affiliate wars, CBS is on Channel 62 in Detroit. This tends to confuse viewers. "What Murdoch has done to CBS is just merciless," says Alan Bell, president of the broadcast division of Freedom Communications, which owns four CBS affiliates. "He's shredded it. The loss of football adds to the feeling of a network adrift, and everyone knows it. Tisch has no vision but his own bank account."

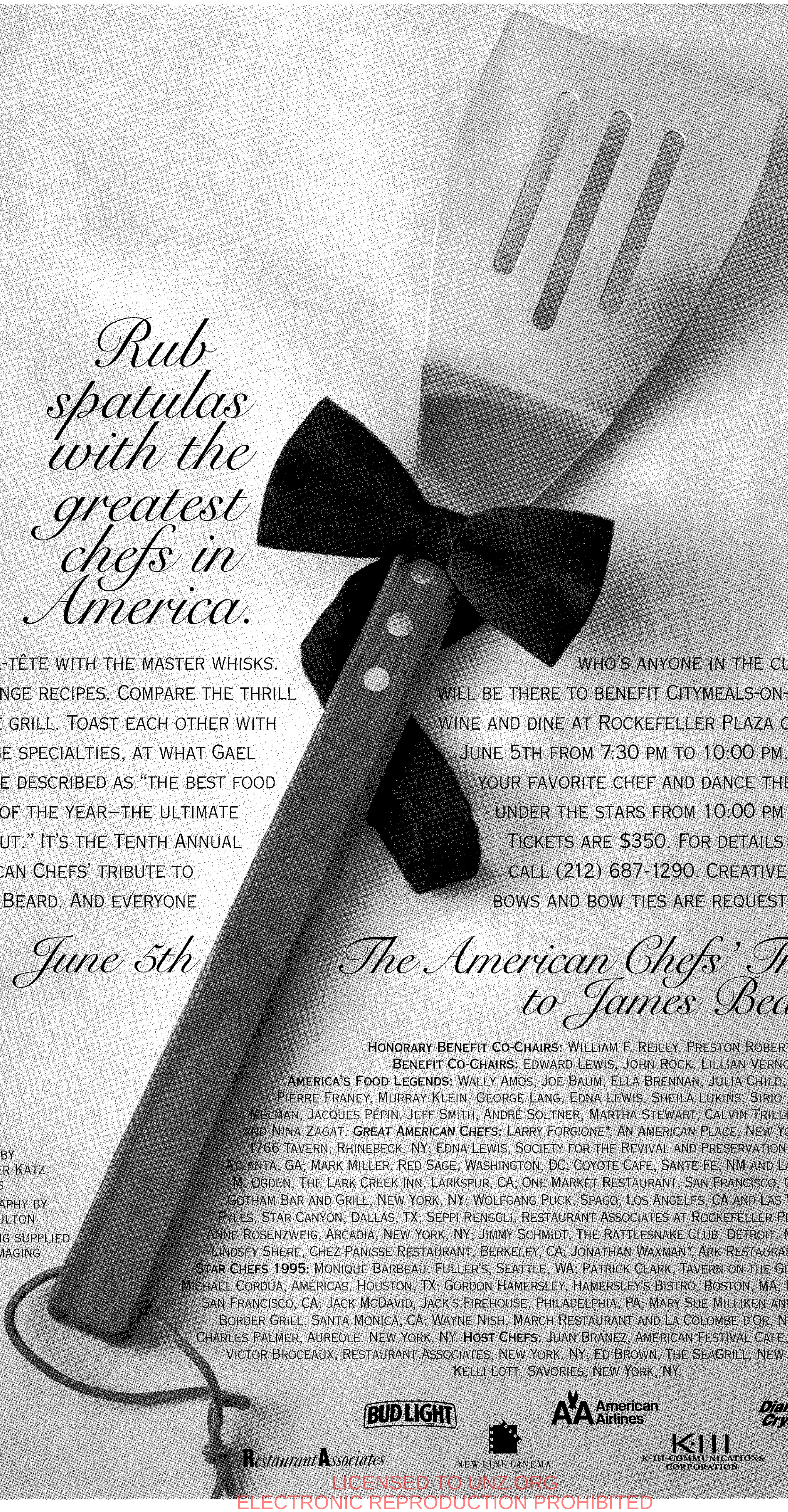
Being sentimental about the legacy of William Paley seems fruitlessly corny today, not unlike wringing one's hands over the dismantling of *The New Yorker.* Or MGM. After all, why shouldn't Tisch cut the news division? Except for *60 Minutes,* the division has never made much money anyway. From Tisch's point of view, nine years of chronic but relatively low-level public vilification may have been unpleasant, but it hasn't killed the value of the asset. CBS stock is fairly obese with arbitrage money betting on a sale, and it's a testimony to the incredible power of media-and-entertainment hype that with all the network's operating problems, the Street still believes Tisch can sell the company and get a decent price from a strategic buyer. Some tire-kickers have been waiting for the CBS stock to tank so they could make their move. Rumors about a Westinghouse bid sent the stock running just a few trading days ago.

But there remains the question of the name. The irony of the decade-long drumbeat about the ruination of CBS is that it proves how powerful the three initials still are. People continue vestigially to hold CBS to a higher standard. The power of the name comes from history and myth, and from the news division. Everything else is ultimately disposable. And with phone and cable wires abounding, who can be sure how long four traditional networks will survive? "Look at Hughes," says analyst Dixon of the new eighteen-inch satellite-dish venture, DirectTV. "They sold a *million dishes* in nine months."

The news division is a rarer resource. But this, too, could be traded away, just as John Madden and CBS's football crew simply migrated to Fox. The notion even arose recently of Murdoch trying to buy *60 Minutes.*

Yikes. *60 Minutes* stands for something, and its strength remains a phenomenon. They've actually never done an O.J. story, and the kickoff show this past season was about . . . Rwanda. It's still CBS's top show.

This is why CBS has a name, and this, after all, is what Larry Tisch will be selling. If it still means anything by then. ■



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Citymeals-on-Wheels

June 5th

The American Chefs' Tribute to James Beard

Honorary Benefit Co-Chairs: William F. Reilly, Preston Robert Tisch.
Benefit Co-Chairs: Edward Lewis, John Rock, Lillian Vernon.
America's Food Legends: Wally Amos, Joe Baum, Ella Brennan, Julia Child, Craig Claiborne, Pierre Franey, Murray Klein, George Lang, Edna Lewis, Sheila Lukins, Sirio Maccioni, Richard Melman, Jacques Pépin, Jeff Smith, André Soltner, Martha Stewart, Calvin Trillin, Sylvia Woods, Tim and Nina Zagat. ***Great American Chefs:*** Larry *Forgione**, An American Place, New York, NY; The Beekman 1766 Tavern, Rhinebeck, NY; Edna Lewis, Society for the Revival and Preservation of Southern Food, Atlanta, GA; Mark Miller, Red Sage, Washington, DC; Coyote Cafe, Sante Fe, NM and Las Vegas, NV; Bradley M. Ogden, The Lark Creek Inn, Larkspur, CA; One Market Restaurant, San Francisco, CA; Alfred Portale, Gotham Bar and Grill, New York, NY; Wolfgang Puck, Spago, Los Angeles, CA and Las Vegas, NV; Stephan Pyles, Star Canyon, Dallas, TX; Seppi Renggli, Restaurant Associates at Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY; Anne Rosenzweig, Arcadia, New York, NY; Jimmy Schmidt, The Rattlesnake Club, Detroit, MI; Alice Waters and Lindsey Shere, Chez Panisse Restaurant, Berkeley, CA; Jonathan Waxman*, Ark Restaurants, New York, NY.
Star Chefs 1995: Monique Barbeau, Fuller's, Seattle, WA; Patrick Clark, Tavern on the Green, New York, NY; Michael Cordúa, Américas, Houston, TX; Gordon Hamersley, Hamersley's Bistro, Boston, MA; Reed Hearon, Lulu's, San Francisco, CA; Jack McDavid, Jack's Firehouse, Philadelphia, PA; Mary Sue Milliken and Susan Feniger, Border Grill, Santa Monica, CA; Wayne Nish, March Restaurant and La Colombe d'Or, New York, NY; Charles Palmer, Aureole, New York, NY. **Host Chefs:** Juan Branez, American Festival Cafe, New York, NY; Victor Broceaux, Restaurant Associates, New York, NY; Ed Brown, The SeaGrill, New York, NY; Kelli Lott, Savories, New York, NY.

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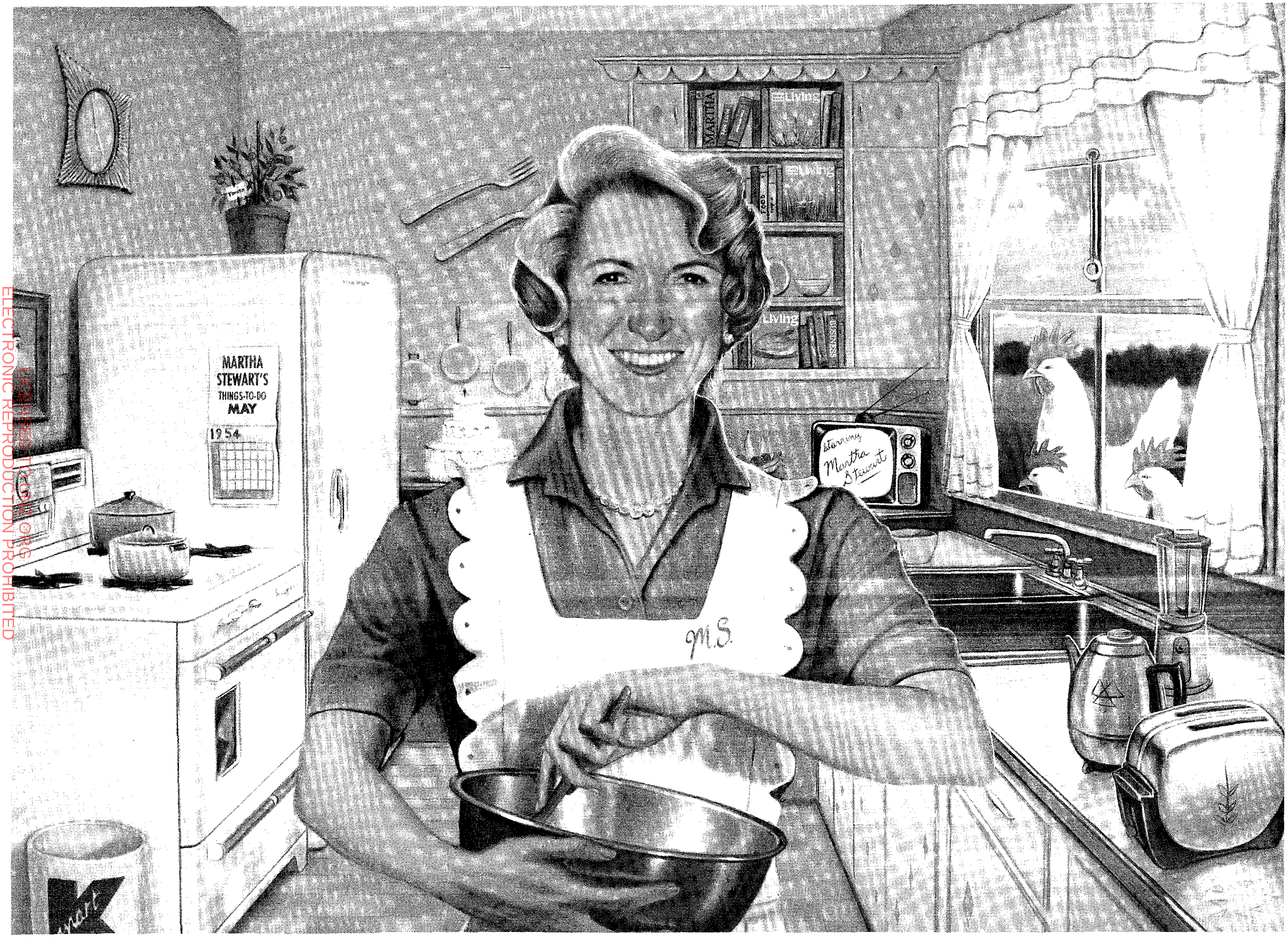
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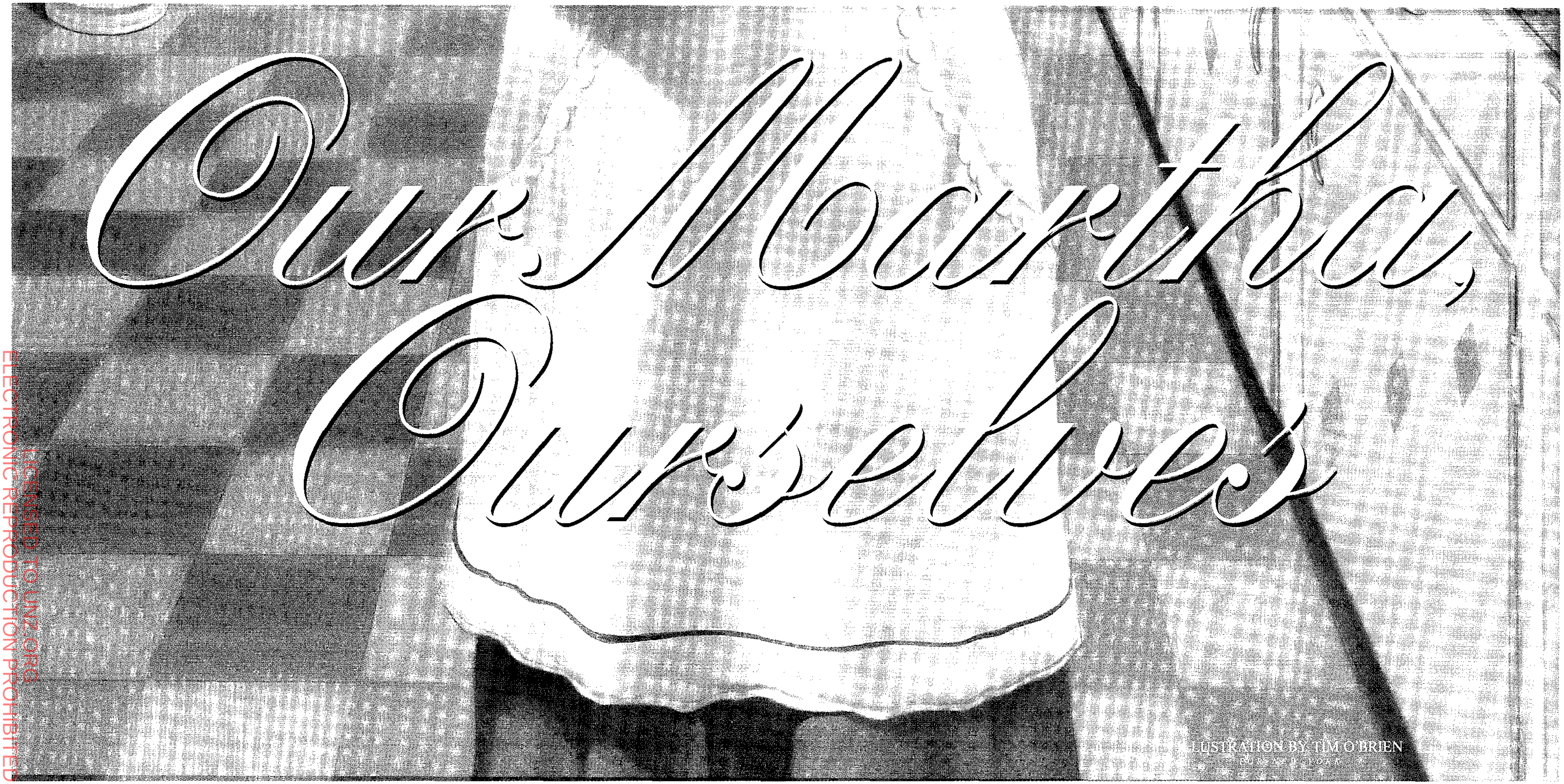


ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN

Our Martha, Ourselves

It's no longer sufficient to dismiss Martha Stewart as a control-freakish middlebrow tastemaker. She's bigger, much bigger. Coming to terms with an emblematic figure of our times.

If you've noticed lately that the radiant presence of Martha Stewart seems to be infinite, like that of the Almighty, or of Starbucks, you're right. Martha has advanced way beyond the Kmart deals and coffee-table books to achieve the highest state of marketing grace there is. More than a franchise, more than a "lifestyle," more than an attitude, *she's a living trademark.* That means that the sun never sets on brand Martha. Every appearance or publication or bit of publicity works to sell the ever-growing—yet controlled and coherent—brand identity. For example, if she's seen at the bottom of an empty pool on an American Express commercial,

By Barbara Lippert

cutting up charge cards to form another goddess, Venus, or even if she's being dissed on *Letterman,* the shock of watching her late at night, making fun of her poignant taskmaster self, reinforces the rest of the empire. And it is building: She just renegotiated her unique deal as chairman of Martha Stewart Living Enterprises, the only Time Warner venture based on a living personality.

Martha the living brand has conquered books, magazines, television, and is now into new media. Within Time Warner, this gives her the real clout that even sister Time Warnerite Madonna cannot have. (The otherwise submerged Time Inc. culture lives on in Martha—the blonde salesperson from Fairfield County with the supernormal range of energy.)

Martha Stewart Living magazine, which last month won a National Magazine Award for design, is up to ten issues a year and a circulation of 1.2 million; the half-hour syndicated TV show now reaches 5.3 million viewers. Starting next month, repeats will run on Lifetime as often as three times a day, followed by Martha infomercials for her new line of products. There's even talk of Barbara Walters–like network specials or perhaps a 24-hour cable station. All Martha, all the time.

As Martha herself tells it, on her car phone, heading down from her Edenic home base in Westport, the growth has "really been strong in the last two years. I first started with books, and if you can sell 500,000 copies, you're doing really well. A magazine has four or five times that number of readers. The television did the rest."

Martha and her teaching disciples at Enterprises maintain that what she relays is "hands-on information and inspiration." "Our belief [is] that America is a nation of doers interested in how-to," Martha says in a recent press release. Indeed, when it comes to goers, doers, or how-toers, no one comes close to the domestic goddess herself. But her persona is more complex than that. Tall, blonde, and handsome, she is at an age, 53, when her male counterparts become chief executive officer or president. Five years or so ago, she shed the Breck-girl hair and fussy country-caterer wardrobe. And now that chairman Martha is seen in either Eddie Bauer or Armani, she's a contradictory figure, a walking Rorschach test of dissonance for contemporary women: a powerhouse workaholic insomniac divorcée (and mother of a grown daughter) getting a message out about the need for balance, the sacredness of family rituals and holidays, and the importance of "homekeeping" and "garden keeping."

artha
ewart
Living
rice decorating with '40s furniture hydrangeas
children's parties collecting wire a farm stand dinner

Those delicate, rosebud-y words are uniquely Martha: They hint at her particular genius for taking quotidian activities that have been tedious for centuries and transforming them into opportunities for excellence. That's the Martha Stewart golden spin. Only she could name one of her books *Martha Stewart's New Old House.* It was only 32 years ago that Betty Friedan wrote *The Feminine Mystique,* the book that investigated "the problem that had no name": the unhappy lives of educated, middle-class, suburban housewives who devoted themselves solely to *Kinder* and *Küche.* Two decades of social change later, Friedan endorsed what she called the Second Stage, a broader model of values that took into account the compromises of working and family life. But even this more family-friendly vision was still an entire pendulum swing away from the Martha people of the nineties: armies of glue-gun-wielding groupies ecstatic about the transformative power of a lamp shade.

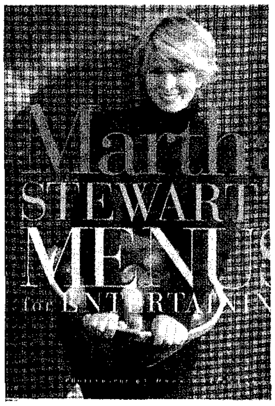
No wonder Martha touches cultural hot buttons. Nothing if not an extreme figure—equally revered and reviled—she embodies a direct threat to three decades of received ideas about motherhood, wifehood, home, career, comfort, nature itself. And this time of backlash is the perfect moment for her contradictory brand of cold nurture.

There are any number of explanations for the cult of Stewart: the democratizing effect of television (people who would otherwise avoid her, can't); the long and noble American tradition of embracing any smart entrepreneur who sells the masses a tasteful way to exhibit class and wealth; and the fact that her standards are so exacting that *almost anything she says* is hilarious.

But Martha Stewart has become an icon largely by headmistressing a vision of old-school female control at a time when much seems explosive and vulgar. That's the moral dimension of Martha: imposing domestic order against the chaos outside. "She's a Puritan," says social critic and author Benjamin DeMott. "She believes in hard work and stuff that is well made. Practically anything that human beings make is better if they work harder. . . . One of her functions in a world where less and less has given meaning is to take the pieces and make something that is not loaded with significance on the face of it, and give it value."

And while many women hate her or feel ambivalent toward her (depending on how perfectionistic their own mothers were), she is offering information that skipped at least one generation. "I was never raised to wash a floor," says Susan Wyland, the editor of *Martha Stewart Living.* "I did homework. My mother did the dishes. There was not a lot of training going on, because it was assumed that our lives would be different. My mother thought I'd have more important things to do."

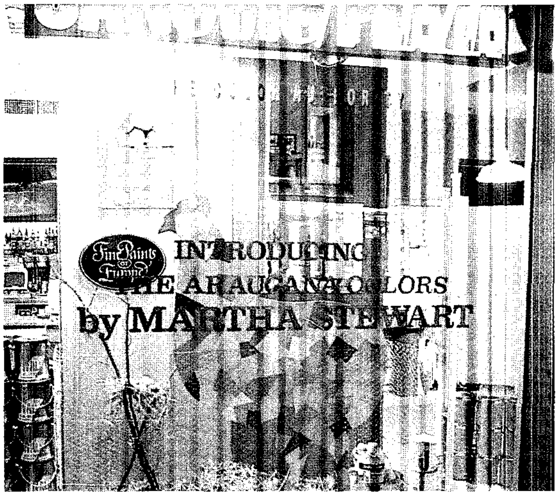
Children of the seventies—whose mothers worked and brought home Chicken Delight and were taught by a newly liberated *McCall's* magazine to make friends with their dust balls—are perversely drawn to Martha and what she represents. In art schools now, crafts and needlework have become subversive media. As seventies feminist artist Faith Wilding told M. G. Lord in an interview in the New York *Times,* "My students are begging me to teach them crocheting, embroidery, and knitting. It's a rebellion."



Above: Her latest book. Right: A 1992 Barneys window parodying Martha. Far right: Martha parodying Martha in a still from her American Express television commercial.

"She's a combination of Amazonian strength, Olympian omnipotence, and Emersonian s

HERS IS A CLASSIC STORY OF AMERICAN transformation. She was born Martha Kostyra, the oldest daughter of six children in a Polish Catholic family. Her salesman father loved to garden; her hard-sewing, hard-cooking, hard-baking mom later returned to work as a teacher. To judge from reading her "Remembering" column in the magazine, life in the solid thirties Kostyra house in Nutley, New Jersey, was a harder-working version of Andy Hardy. In her introduction to *Martha Stewart's Pies & Tarts,* she writes with surprising eloquence: "I was the only one of my father's children who took naturally to the garden—I never minded the hours in the blaz-



Far left: A tense standoff with Letterman. Left: chicken-egg-inspired paints designed by Martha. Right; Fan-club president Alice Probst on 'Oprah.' Below right: An issue of the fan-club newsletter.

ALICE PROBST
MARTHA STEWART FAN CLUB

CHRISTMAS
GARDENING

Martha Stewart
Fan Club
Newsletter

ing sun, weeding and cultivating. My father sent for every garden catalogue available, and we pored over them together, choosing what we would like to have on an imaginary estate, as well as what we could actually afford to have and take care of."

Well, of course, Martha now has that estate. And that's probably because even while growing up in the fifties, she introduced eighties-style junior-mogul values to the neighborhood: By 10, she was running local birthday parties for pay; she started modeling at 12, continuing through her last year at Barnard. Meanwhile, student Martha cooked and cleaned for two old ladies in their twelve-room apartment on Fifth Avenue. At college, she also met Diane Love (an early home-design guru), the sister of her future husband, Yale Law School student Andy Stewart. She married Stewart in 1961, during her sophomore year. Shortly after she graduated, she had their daughter, Alexis Stewart. Martha then went to work on Wall Street as a go-go stockbroker, earning more than $100,000 a year by the early seventies. She left before the 1974 recession, and soon decamped full-time to Westport (the same place Lucy and Ricky moved), where she and Andy restored their 1805 house on the fabled Turkey Hill. By Martha's account, Andy also helped a lot with the gardening. "Andy and I have planted an orchard of 122 trees," she wrote in her book *Pies & Tarts.* "It's fun, and I have Andy to prune the trees." (In her introduction to *Entertaining,* her first landmark book, published in 1982, she thanks Andy "for his untiring help. I appreciate so much the long hours of photographing, cooking, and gardening that we did together for the book, and the planning, carpentry, painting, and homesteading that is the real basis for our lifestyle.")

The home-commando stuff grows in intensity. In a "Remembering" column about baking cakes, Martha writes, "Alexis . . . recalls the very plain Bundt cake I made at the last minute for her seventh birthday. She says I stuck a fat candle in the center and didn't make frosting because I was too busy shingling the garage roof."

The intensely confessional nature of Martha's reminiscences is at odds with her public image, which is bloodless. But while she is not exactly gushy during an interview, she takes questions seriously. "I'm less mother than teacher," she tells me. "Hardly anybody I know thinks of me as a mother. Everybody loves their mothers, but not everybody likes their teachers. Teachers can be too hard on them. The love-hate stuff comes because of the teaching."

This teacher's sense of control makes her Sunday-morning TV show strangely transporting—it's a sort of alternative church service for those seeking aesthetic self-help. The brilliance of the show is not in how-to; it's actually in how well it crosses over to the exhausted non-do market. This audience is composed of busy working women (and some men) who previously bristled or laughed at what they saw as Stewart's relentlessly perfectionist class- and status-ridden standards, her assumption that everyone has the leisure and acreage and desire to do what she does. These are tasks that appear unthinkable to your basic Door Store couch potato. But there's something about watching her tireless quest that gives the show a narcotic buzz.

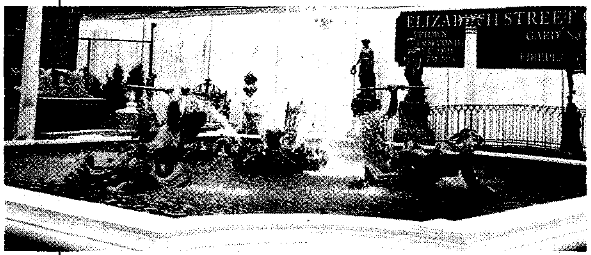
iance," says Mark Leyner. "Soon she's going to branch into nuclear weaponry, cold fusion, and voodoo."

Photographs: top center, Wayne Simpson; bottom left, courtesy of Barneys New York.

Nouveau Gardening

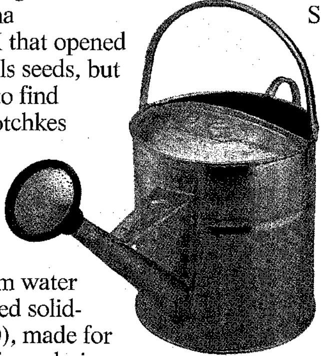
The most innocent of pastimes has suddenly been caught up in consumerist hysteria.

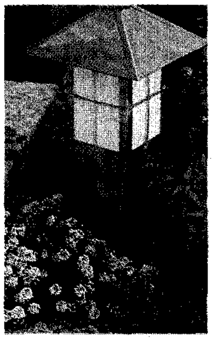
IT'S P.C. IT'S THE PERFECT TONIC TO a decade of unabashed greed. It's quite literally down-to-earth. But don't think you can become part of the new gardening vogue armed only with a Garden Weasel and a package of marigold seeds. The currently faddish *nostalgie de la boue* is the latest offshoot of the holistic, get-in-touch-with-what's-real vibe afoot in the land. But, characteristically, one can't fully enter into this bit of upper-middle-class devolution without spending huge gobs of money. You're going to need supplies, lots of supplies. And not from the hardware store, either.



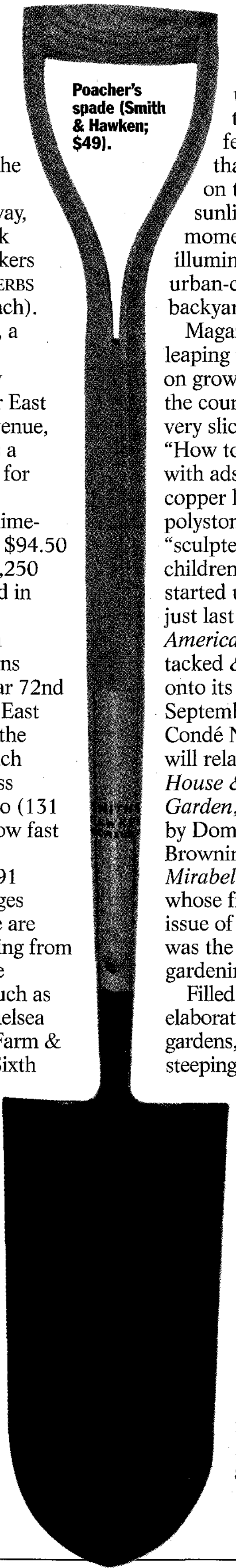
Turn-of-the-century fountain (Elizabeth Street; $2.2 million).

Smith & Hawken (394 West Broadway, near Spring Street), the perfect-world Martha Stewart–friendly PX that opened in SoHo last fall, sells seeds, but they're rather hard to find among the luxe tchotchkes dear to a nouveau gardener's heart, like the enormous limited-edition Victorian galvanized-aluminum water carts with sand-casted solid-iron wheels ($1,500), made for catching rainwater from drain spouts. A sign near the fountain department sums up the store's philosophy: THERE IS SOMETHING UNFINISHED ABOUT A GARDEN WITHOUT ORNAMENT RATHER LIKE A SENTENCE THAT LACKS PUNCTUATION. What self-respecting nineties gardener could bear to live out her or his days unpunctuated by a cast-stone sundial with a brass gnomon ($185), modeled after those on the townhouses that line Florence's Ponte Vecchio? Then there are the rose trellises copied from Sissinghurst's white garden, the seven kinds of gardening gloves, the stainless-steel hand tools from four countries, and the polished black landscaping pebbles that cost as much as dinner ($3.50 a pound).


Galvanized-steel watering can (Smith & Hawken; $39).


Sonoma-style garden lantern (by mail from Copper Craft Lighting; $192).

Nouveau gardening is certainly a boon for those in the rock-selling business: ABC Carpet & Home (888 Broadway, at 19th Street) is doing a brisk trade in decorative stone markers with words like THYME and HERBS chiseled into them ($22.50 each). The Gardener's Touch, a year-and-a-half-old horticultural-accessory boutique on the Upper East Side (1545 Second Avenue, near 80th Street), sells a jumbo WELCOME stone for only $97.50. Besides engraved rocks, the chime-filled shop also carries $94.50 stone gargoyles and $1,250 granite garden lanterns carved in China. Still not satisfied? Try Treillage, Ltd. (418 East 75th Street), and Lexington Gardens (1011 Lexington Avenue, near 72nd Street), both on the Upper East Side; Salt Water Pool in the Village (123A Greenwich Avenue); and the Grass Roots Garden in SoHo (131 Spring Street). Just how fast are gardening stores proliferating? The 1991 Manhattan Yellow Pages listed eight; now there are eighteen. Also benefiting from the boom are longtime gardening resources such as the twelve-year-old Chelsea Garden Center and Farm & Garden Nursery (2 Sixth Avenue, near Walker Street), a TriBeCa landmark since 1939.


Poacher's spade (Smith & Hawken; $49).

The city's gardening industry has always been supported by the country-house/penthouse set. But the new surge includes many New Yorkers with little *boue* to speak of; they balance boxes of edible flowers on their windowsills and snap up the understory trees, shrubs, ferns, and ivy that can thrive on the sliver of sunlight that momentarily illuminates the typical urban-canyon backyard.

Magazine publishers, meanwhile, are leaping into the fray, eager to capitalize on growing interest in both the city and the country markets. *Garden Design*, a very slick bimonthly that advises you on "How to Dream a Garden," is packed with ads that sell rubber pond liners, copper landscape lights, and "durable polystone" garden sprites "sculpted from actual children." *Home Garden* started up in March, and just last month, *American HomeStyle* tacked *& Gardening* onto its name. In September 1996, Condé Nast will relaunch *House & Garden*, edited by Dominique Browning, the ill-fated *Mirabella* editor whose first and last issue of that magazine was the May gardening spectacular.

GARDEN DESIGN

How to Dream a Garden

***Garden Design* magazine.**

Pigskin gloves (Smith & Hawken; $19).

Filled with photographs of insanely elaborate, almost pornographically fecund gardens, these magazines are assiduously steeping readers in the same kind of status anxiety that gripped the gourmet-food and interior-design worlds in the eighties. At the Upper East Side outdoor showroom of Elizabeth Street Gardens & Gallery (1190 Second Avenue, at 63rd Street), a purveyor of antique garden ornaments and statuary, a turn-of-the-century French fountain stands waiting to be claimed for the ultimate nouveau gardener's country idyll. In the center of a large pool, bronze mermaids and -men surround a hippo head that spouts water twenty feet into the air. All yours, for just $2.2 million.

SARAH FERGUSON

"I never liked Martha Stewart until I started watching her on Sunday mornings," says Barbara Bergman, a media executive who lives in a one-bedroom apartment in an Upper West Side high-rise. "I turn on the TV, and I'm in my pajamas, still in this place between sleep and reality. And she's showing you how to roll your tablecloths in parchment paper. She's like a character when she does her crafts. It reminds me of watching Mr. Green Jeans on *Captain Kangaroo.* I remember he had a shoebox he took out that was filled with craft things. There would be a close-up on his hands with his buffed nails. And when he showed you how to cut on oaktag with a scissor, or when he folded paper, he'd say, 'There you go, boys and girls,' and it was very quiet. It's like she brings this great meditative focus and calm."

Indeed, it's always a beautiful day in Martha Stewart's neighborhood. Would you be her neighbor? That means a backyard in Westport and a front porch in East Hampton, a considerable improvement over Mister Rogers's modest cabin on the set in Pittsburgh. An ever-posing figure on the go, Martha, like Mister Rogers, wears a sweater, and sometimes sneakers, and visits local artisans.

Mister Rogers might take us on a trip to show us how pencils, say, or giant pieces of vinyl luggage are mass-made in the factory. Martha introduces us to locals like Johan van Achterberg, a grower of fancy turkeys. This was for a Thanksgiving show. "Hi, Johan," she chirps, standing in front of her henhouse. "He brought some of his turkey friends."

"Yes," Johan responds, doing a *Wild Kingdom* take on the usual host-guest mutual-appreciation patter. "Your birds are beautiful, too."

One of the great strengths of the TV show is that it's not shot in some sterile, seventies-looking studio but instead takes place largely at the Westport compound (where neighbors sick of the constant traffic and disruptions tried to convince town officials to cancel her permit to videotape). It is here that we get to see firsthand the discipline and virtues of a more orderly age, where each week the chickens are tended, the eggs are collected, the fields are tilled, the trees and flowers are planted, the bounteous fruits and veggies are harvested, and the bulk of the cooking, baking, renovating, redecorating, and serving is done. With the vast amount of activity around the Federal-era place (don't forget candle-making, and tree transplanting), it's like visiting Colonial Williamsburg, except that our telegenic guide has forsaken Dolly Madison–wear for Frederic Fekkai–cut hair and a denim shirt and leggings.

The show was much improved, and started doing better in the ratings, when she established a production company last year and brought in her own people (Enterprises!) to transplant the magazine's visual standards to TV. In its original incarnation, the show opened with classical music and a collage of *PM Magazine*–style shots of Martha bicycling, laughing, and, kookily enough, juggling a small orange. The new opening uses shots of the garden accompanied by Andean pan-flute music. It's interesting to see how much looser she is on her own show—where she has total control—than she is out in the non-Martha-produced world.

On the *Today* show, for example, she's wedged into *Today*'s studio kitchen, and its short time frame, working with an anxious, Mary Richards–like Katie (who only brings out the Sue Ann Nivens in Martha) or a Bryant who makes fun of the upper-crusty way she says "herbs." "I'm there to play a role," Martha explains with typical self-remove. "The hosts are serious newspeople, so in the beginning, for Bryant, making heart-shaped cookies could be a little trying. But he has gotten to like me, and we're friends now."

She's a real survivor, that Martha. And it's just this indomitable completeness that makes her so oddly compelling. Who else, on a trek up Mount Kilimanjaro, would announce that she could make a chocolate soufflé at 15,000 feet? "All I need," she reportedly said, "is a bunch of peeled, cleaned twigs to use as a whisk."

"Martha Stewart represents a unique wing of the survivalist movement," jokes Mark Leyner, the avant-pop novelist and all-purpose culture deconstructor. "She's a combination of Amazonian strength, Olympian omnipotence, and Emersonian self-reliance. Home decorating is just the beginning. Soon she's going to branch into nuclear weaponry, cold fusion, and voodoo. There's nothing this woman can't do."

Including helping to sell one of Leyner's books. Martha was one of about 45,000 famous people mentioned in *Et Tu, Babe,* his comic novel about celebrity culture. But they share a publisher (Crown), and Martha, ever a team player, met him for coffee and then helped at a sales meeting by reading the part of the book that made fun of her. Leyner was Stewart's sometime escort at New York parties, where he says he met "Bianca and the Pittmans."

"The appeal of Martha is really not that much about surface and image," Leyner explains. "It's about self-transformation. Like in bodybuilding, you tend to think you can make changes from outside in. When I'm working out, I find myself becoming right-wing. You feel, If I can do this, and have this discipline to transform myself, why can't other people?"

The Ayn Rand–ian link keeps surfacing. "To me, she is Arnold," says Margaret Roach, the *Martha Stewart Living* garden editor. "You always cover the bases, you always build an empire. I interviewed [Schwarzenegger] for a story when *Pumping Iron* first came out, in 1977. He was an oddball in polyester with halting English. He said, 'I am going to make $1 million a movie. I am going to be a Hollywood star.' Meanwhile, he went to business school and bought up half of Santa Monica and did it. They're both so clear-minded. They were born with that passion. They came out of the womb focused."

SHE IS OLYMPIA, SHE IS ARNOLD, SHE IS NOT your mother, she is not your sister, she is, according to motormouth gender contrarian Camille Paglia, "one of the most important forces at a time of crisis in America of the female sex role. She is someone who has done an enormous service for ordinary women—women who identify with the roles of mother, wife, and homemaker. A lot of my specialty is talking about artists and the whole history of art, whether it's Michelangelo, Donatello, Emily Dickinson, etc., and popular-culture artists, whether it's Madonna, Raquel Welch, or Keith Richards. That's how I look at Martha Stewart. She has all of the marks of an artist. She has all of the tyranny and all of the monstrous energy; she's like an idea factory."

Paglia goes on about a seminal *Oprah* broadcast last winter. (Oprah loves Martha—they like to talk multi-conglomerate to multi-conglomerate.) The show pitted "Martha wannabes" against "Martha wannanots." It featured Martha and the president of the Martha Stewart fan club. (There was a video tour of the president's house, in a sort of sad-sack subdivision mixing ersatz Levitz and sub–Ethan Allen, where she showed off her Kmart lace bedding, her drying rosebuds, and her seasonal decorations.) The audience was filled with swooning Martha followers. But Paglia was taken with how Martha presided "like a guru" from the stage. "She has star quality. She got rid of the husband. She cut her hair. Now she's a self-complete man/woman on her estate, run by the invisible serfs. She exudes something sexually ambiguous. And the president of the fan club was a wife and mother, okay, but her appearance seemed just a touch dikey. And the husbands in the audience are all complaining that they've lost their wives to Martha. It seems there's this huge homoerotic cult of Martha."

Actually, Martha's own husband opted out of the cult in 1987. And the fact that she's made an ever more successful, autonomous life since he left—during her promotional tour for her *Weddings* book, yet—is something that seems to strike chords. (Martha poignantly still calls him "my husband" in her "Remembering" column though they no longer speak. He is remarried.)

Will Ameringer, an art dealer in New York City who serves on the council of the Parrish Art Museum in Southampton (Martha is on the gardening committee), points out that "she's a divorced, single woman not buying into Newt Gingrich family values. She herself has an alternative kind of family. I think the reason why gays find her interesting is that she's a total control freak and everything's perfect. The magazine is very pretty, and she's showing this perfect visual aesthetic existence."

Says Steven Overman, an assistant at *Wired* magazine in San Francisco, "The first time I looked at *[Martha Stewart Living]*, I knew I was in love. It portrayed a whole world that I wanted to live in. It was the apotheosis of what my whole design education and life was about."

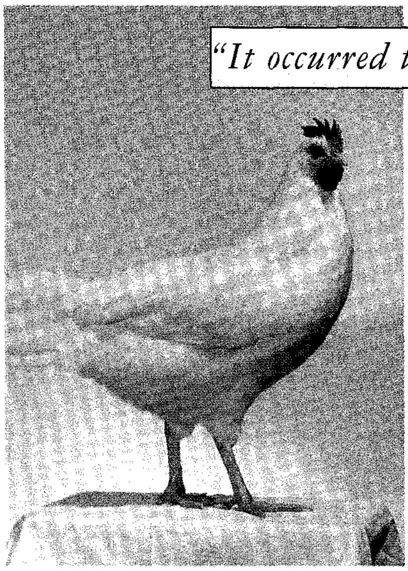
But Overman does find God, and Martha, in the details: "See, I'm a total Christmas-tree queen. My dream is to run a Christmas-tree farm. When I was a child, I used to drag Christmas trees home off the street. So when I saw a picture of three Christmas trees in her living room, that spoke to me. I thought, *It's okay to be obsessed. Martha is.*"

Overman adds, "There's a camp element to what she'd doing. It's like dressing up household objects in drag. Instead of buying the really expensive thing, you dress it up with little bits of pearls and silver and gold ribbon and glue, and masquerade it as something else."

That sensibility extends to nature as well, where Martha shows a penchant for fetishizing vegetables. There *is* something genuinely campy about, say, placing a giant flowering kale, or a huge Bermuda onion, on the table as a centerpiece. One of Martha's visual trademarks, which has become standard caterer style, is the almost steroidal bounty of her offerings—as if the entire produce section of Balducci's were plopped table-top. And even though Martha's magazine mostly shows hetero-looking white people sitting down at dinner, her tableaux all seem to be exercises in dress-up. "As a gay person, you are re-creating and reinventing institutions like marriage and family holidays," Overman says admiringly. "You see through institutions, and tweak them, and co-opt them and use them for what you want. That's what *Martha Stewart Living* does."

The magazine is indeed lush and gorgeous, with fine-art-quality photography, sophisticated typography, and Shaker-clean graphics. The creative director, Gael Towey, comes from an illustrated-books background (and worked on Martha's food and gardening books). Many of the stylists come from the world of catalogues or design. The magazine's penchant for spending eight elegantly photographed pages on, say, rice has been widely copied; instead of the canned, loud look of women's service magazines, the grace and sensuality of the photography sometimes recalls Edward Weston in the way it uses nature's imperfection as an object of reverential focus.

"It occurred to us at 'Martha Stewart Living' that we had never really focused on t



This reverence serves as a visual analog to one of Martha's recurring themes: respect. She doesn't reserve that respect only for institutions and people; she is willing to extend it to the homeliest of God's comestibles. Like pickles. "When I was growing up, there was always an informal pickle competition in our house," she wrote in her "Remembering" column in the October 1994 issue, which has since become a classic for other reasons we'll get to shortly. The "competition" between Grandma Ruszkowski's bread and butters, and Babcia Helen's dills "made family life more interesting and kept alive the art of pickling. . . . I still love pickles and try them whenever I see them—in the bazaars of Morocco . . . Japan . . . or in the warmth of friends' kitchens . . . where pickles garner the respect I was taught as a child."

As a hazy window into Martha's soul, the magazine makes for weirdly fascinating reading. Martha's monthly calendar, listing her regular *Today*-show appearances and such chores as "clean the canoe," "plant nasturtiums," and "begin excavation for new road," is probably the most-read page in it, but it is also found comedy, Martha at her most self-parodic.

Then there's the chicken issue. Most people find Martha's Perdue-like absorption in chickens eccentric, to say the least. The legendary October 1994 issue of the magazine pictured Martha on the cover, standing outside her Westport henhouse (she calls it the "Palais du poulet") in jeans, her socks falling into her shoes, holding one of her prized birds. "It occurred to us at *Martha Stewart Living* that we had never really focused on the pleasures of raising backyard livestock," she writes in an opening letter that may set the standard for homekeeping monomania. "I developed my penchant for animal husbandry," she continues, "after I married and had a home of my own." That must be meant without irony, since she married at 19 and discovered a great many things after that.

Martha's followers know that she collects fresh eggs from the Palais every morning, and viewers of the morning show also know that she pastes eggshells in her Filofax so that she can match the 22 colors—ranging from yellow to blue to alabaster to ecru—with furniture and fabric that she comes upon when she travels. (One recent product line designed by Martha is a group of exquisite paints in an array of colors based on her eggshells that sell for upwards of $110 a gallon.) Martha describes herself as "openly enthusiastic about her chickens." She keeps more than 100 birds—every variety from the Bearded Golden Polish Bantam to the Silver Sebright—and a "smattering of roosters." Victor Schrager photographs of these chickens that ran in the October issue—taken in the traditional stance of old poultry books (against a slitted backdrop that allows only the bird and the human hands holding it to show)—were recently exhibited at the Pace/MacGill Gallery.

Martha is naturally defensive about a tale that *Spy* magazine floated years ago. (As with many people who seem too relentless in their pursuit of power, Stewart is the focus of scores of jealous stories, many of them no doubt apocryphal.) Like the hell-hath-no-fury tale of Hillary Clinton supposedly throwing a lamp at Bill in the back rooms of the White House, the *Spy* item gave us the enduring exurban legend—and image—of Stewart running over a bag of baby chicks in her driveway with her Mercedes. "That's ridiculous and totally untrue," Martha tells me. "Most people would love to come back as my chicken."

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE MEETS AN IMMOVABLE talk-show host:

Dave [*standing before two hot plates, waving a ladle around like a golf club*]: Our next guest is the hardest—yeow! [*burns himself on the bottom of the ladle*] Ow, man is that hot. . . . Yikes, she had it here on this little burner unbeknownst to me. That's like a third-degree burn. That's going to blister up like hell in a matter of minutes, folks. Our next guest is the hardest-working woman in the world. She has magazines, TV shows, videos, and her own Kmart deal. This is her new book, it's called *Menus for Entertaining.* Please welcome back the James Brown of home entertaining [*band plays James Brown tune*], Martha Stewart. [*Applause*] How've you been? Happy New Year. Tell us about the pig; you have a cute little pig there.

Martha [*indicating piglet in cage*]: Well, it's the year of the pig, Dave.

Dave: Yes, it is.

Dave: Making your own dumplings, huh?

Martha: In Chinese lore, the new year, you want to eat as many different dishes as possible, everything means something—

Dave: How's that Kmart deal going?

Martha: Fabulous. It's fabulous.

Dave: Have you ever actually been in a Kmart?

Martha: I go to Kmart all the time. . . .

Dave: What the hell? It smells like hair is burning. What is that?

Martha: No, you're burning eggs.

Photograph by Superstock.

Triumphant Martha with soufflé from 'Martha Stewart Living.'

Dave: Somebody was telling me earlier today, and I find this hard to believe, that you've been alive and enjoying and experiencing American culture all your life and you've never eaten anything from McDonald's. . . . Why is that?

Martha: I don't know why. It just doesn't interest me.

Dave [*looking at yellow gunk in a ladle*]: And this does?

Martha: These are symbols of wealth, Dave. That's what going on here.

Dave: Martha, let's finish this up. Some people have to park their cars by the hour, and it's very expensive, and they need to get home. Are we ready to go?

Martha [*keeps reaching for, but gives up on, recalcitrant pig*]: You can do whatever you want, Dave.

Dave: Oh, I guess I'm . . .

Martha [*cryptically*]: Press that, press that.

Dave [*pushes a button and a small display of white fireworks sputters upward to huge applause*]: Wow. Martha Stewart. Wow. Martha Stewart. Thank you, Martha, excellent job.

LIKE LETTERMAN, STEWART CAN BE quite competitive with guests on her own show. She kept upping the ante while making "mahogany" chicken with her friend Salli LaGrone, and there was a tense moment at the end when both pullets were subjected to a taste test. She had a rugelach bake-off with the show's writer. Hers predictably left his in the dust. He looked at her glowing results and capitulated to his boss: "Yours look . . . more like gifts. Mine look . . . like you'd have to have a family to forgive them."

Seeing the headmistress in action with her own mom is also quite instructive. Perhaps one of her most enjoyable shows ever was when she brought on Big Martha. Big Martha, as she is known in the family, is at least half a foot shorter than her five-foot-nine daughter. (Mom, apparently a hyperpatriot of sorts, named Martha's brother George.) Martha credits her mom, and the bakers next door to her childhood house in Nutley (who were named Maus, but not in the Spiegelman sense), with teaching her how to bake. And when Big Martha (who's now 80) started pounding and rolling the stollen on TV, it was heart-stopping. Truly, despite her tiny size and advanced age, Big Martha has the power of ten men. Smiling over at the sumo goings-on, Little Martha said, "You see where I get my strength from." Later, when the baking was done, Martha turned to her mom and said, "I'll give you a big, fat slice of your own stollen."

asures of raising backyard livestock," Stewart wrote in a recent letter to her readers.

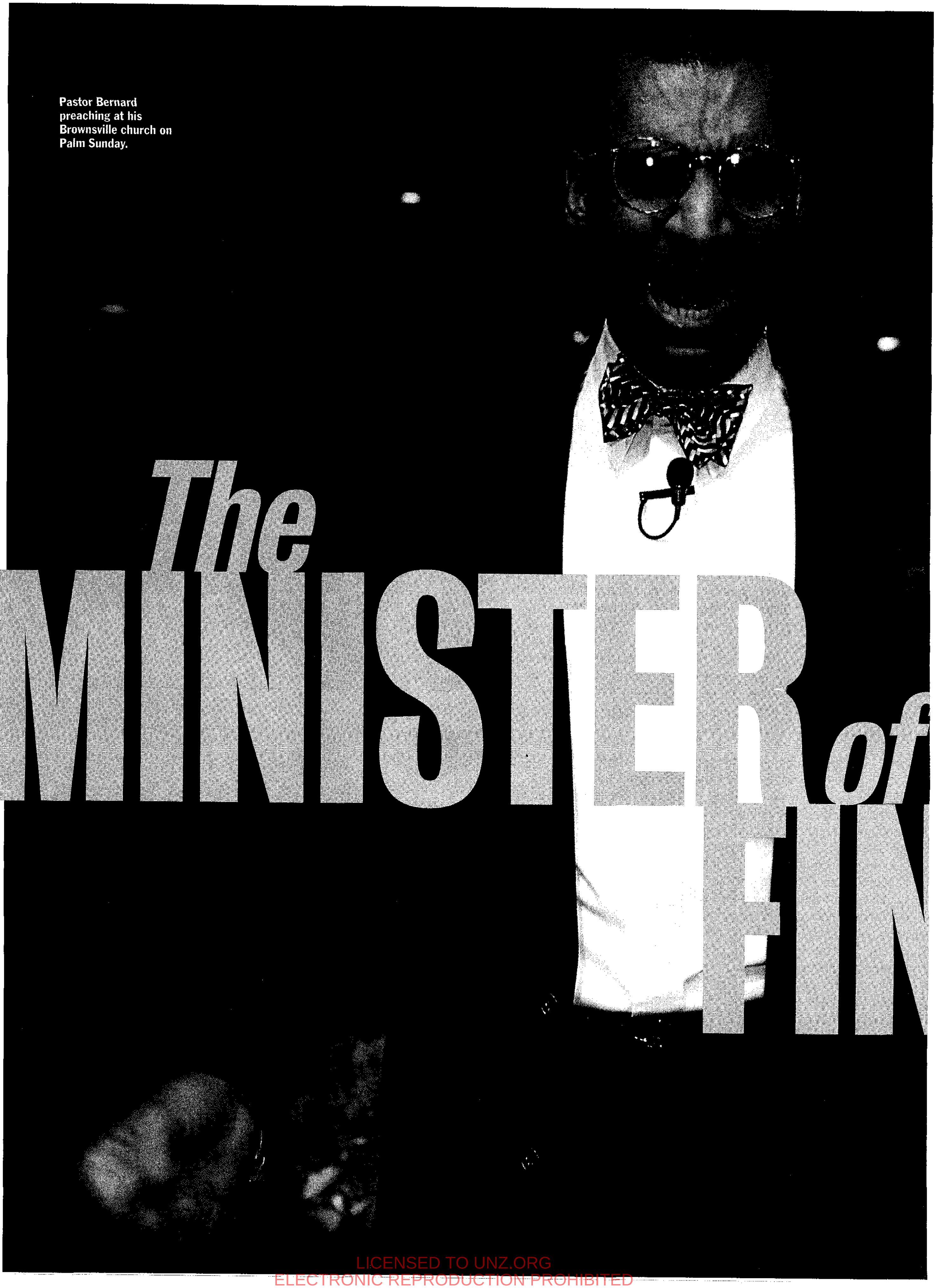
Martha talks a lot about her own daughter, Alexis, who has a Gen-X version of her looks and sensibility, owns a modish motel in Bridgehampton, and also does some interior design. She's tall, gorgeous, and hell-on-clogs. (As a little kid, she apparently asked her parents, "Who decided that polyester was ugly?") The work she did in the apartment of Susan Magrino (Martha's longtime publicist), featuring machine-made blond forties furniture, spurred a boom for Heywood-Wakefield dealers after it was featured in the magazine. "Our differences make life interesting," the publicity-squeamish daughter, who was once stalked, told the New York *Observer*. "It sounds like she's my husband."

THE ATTEMPTS TO EXPLAIN MARTHA PROLIFERATE, BUT ONE THING IS clear: She taps into a very obvious longing for lost ritual and tradition in this country. One can make fun of the increasingly competitive mood at flea markets, Williams-Sonoma outlets, and Smith & Hawken garden-accessories stores. But the people who have turned these pursuits into contact sports are seeking to replace a sense of lost familial order. Martha is the ritual healer. Her poultices are crisp linens, delicious tarts, and a beautiful mosaic of turkey and infused oils. She seems to be saying, Forget the wretched refuse of your screwed-up or nonexistent families (and never mind about the world's problems); concentrate instead on your own higher aesthetic, your own commodified style. Why let old Aunt Gladys bother you. She doesn't even know what a Roman shade is. Just as Calvin Klein revolutionized images of sex in America in the eighties by introducing the newly buffed homoerotic object of beauty, the male nude, Martha has blown the nuclear family off its old, poky moorings and replaced it with a hyper-idealized version of itself, a chilly but impeccable autocracy of style.

Meanwhile, Martha keeps hinting that she's moving on. She's now into minimalism, having bought a modernist gem of a house in East Hampton designed by the architect Gordon Bunshaft. For the Martha people, such strict Miesian spareness would seem to be antithetical to everything she's taught. "My daughter, Alexis, is very different [from me]," she wrote by way of indirect explanation in the current issue of *Living*. "She loves the art of the deal. She can collect, but she can also sell. She doesn't get attached to things, as I do. That is probably why I have too many houses and too much stuff. . . ."

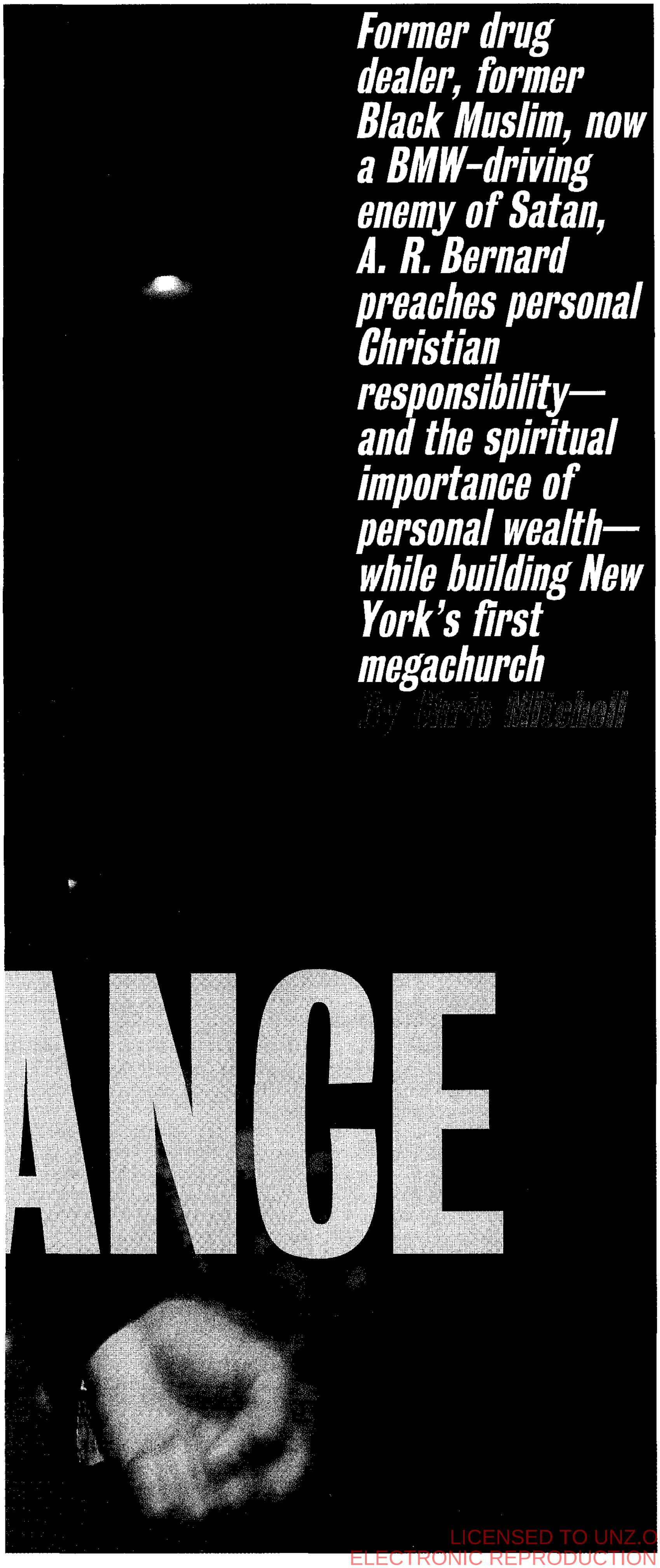
Maybe the Bunshaft travertine-and-glass box is the most poignant gesture a mother could make—a $3 million way of bonding with her daughter. It will no doubt set Martha apart from her followers. But in the end, as any Martha person knows, an empty house is just another stage set for improvement, another machine for Martha Stewart living. ■

Photograph by Guzman/*Martha Stewart Living.*



Pastor Bernard preaching at his Brownsville church on Palm Sunday.

The MINISTER of FIN


Saba

ANCE

Former drug dealer, former Black Muslim, now a BMW-driving enemy of Satan, A. R. Bernard preaches personal Christian responsibility—and the spiritual importance of personal wealth—while building New York's first megachurch

By Chris Mitchell

ANYWHERE ELSE IN NEW YORK CITY, 5:35 ON A wet Sunday morning would be considered an ungodly hour, but along a Brownsville sidewalk, a crowd of worshipers is already trading embraces and blessings as they fall into line for a service that begins in two and a half hours. In upper Manhattan, a 32-year-old Columbia University graduate student boards a Brooklyn-bound train with two hours still to spare. This morning, that won't be good enough. A capacity crowd of 1,100 will beat her to the upholstered seats inside a converted Key Food supermarket known as the Christian Life Centre.

They come each week, Bibles and notepads in hand, to absorb the stirring self-help theology of Pastor A. R. Bernard Sr., a bow-tied 41-year-old black minister whose muscular Christ is engaged in open battle with Satan for the soul of a city. Already the magnet for one of the largest and fastest-growing congregations in the metropolitan area, the former Bankers Trust careerist has become the man most likely to bring New York into the era of the modern American Christian megachurch, complete with arena-size crowds, video-age production values, and the star power of a charismatic founder.

"White America doesn't understand the black experience, especially the black church," Bernard says. "We're not a bunch of guys whooping and hollering and saying everything's going to be okay when you get to Heaven. We cannot continue to serve God in a song and a dance and expect to change our society, change our own community. We have to start thinking, with some biblical wisdom.

"I have a very strong indictment against the preachers who continue to pacify the people, giving them what they want to hear, tickling their ears, singing a song to them. It promotes magical thinking, a magical God where it demands no discipline and responsibility on our part but we just kind of leave everything to God."

Bernard's innovation was to translate the sinewy self-reliance ideology of Malcolm X into a Christian context. In the old debate between Malcolm and Martin, he says, the time for Martin's turn-the-other-cheek brand of courage has passed. "King was saying, 'Let's lay down arms and come together.' I think that was great initially, but now it's time to rise up in strength, and I'm not talking about militancy, except militancy of the mind—which is knowledge."

Bernard's church aims to compete directly with the Nation of Islam by addressing "the socioeconomic plight of the black man in America." His promise of prosperity and power, suited to the city's fiscal difficulties and the nationwide emphasis on personal responsibility, is spreading quickly. "Pastor Bernard has broken a barrier in New York City, and that's miraculous," says the Reverend John Carter, a white pastor and Bernard protégé who's building an 87-acre

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RON HAVIV
FOR *NEW YORK*

On line: Outside the Christian Life Centre.

"THE BLACK CHURCH CANNOT CONTINUE TO SERVE GOD IN A SONG AND DANCE AND EXPECT TO CHANGE OUR CHANGE OUR COMMUNITY.

campus for his own multiracial church in East Syracuse.

"I've said for 30 years that if a preacher could reach the young people—18 to 35—he could become very rich," says high-school teacher Ron Hughes, a Christian Life Centre worshiper. "He was smart enough to do it."

Thus far, Bernard has worked beneath the media's radar, for the most part. But his ambitions are as grand as those of any religious leader in the black community who has sought a moral authority beyond the reach of his pulpit. Where the Reverend Al Sharpton taps the rage of the city's dispossessed and packages it in a bloated victimization politics made for TV, Bernard—whose close-cropped beard, conservative suits, and gold-rimmed Gandhi glasses lend him the look of a boardroom prophet—has built a middle-class flock by promising prosperity for the righteous while sharply criticizing central tenets of the liberal faith, including welfare, multiculturalism, and a woman's right to choose abortion.

BY THE TIME BERNARD PULLS his BMW through the gate on Linden Boulevard, shortly after the first service begins, he has been up for four hours, praying, studying, and meditating.

Outside the sanctuary, a patrol force helps herd the crowds through a warehouse-and-circus-tent waiting area. Inside, security guards with radio microphones inside their suit sleeves command a web of ushers who hustle worshipers to their straight-backed seats.

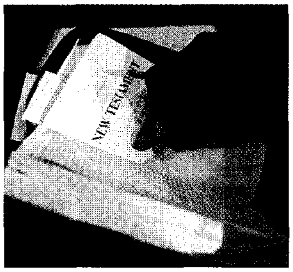
Possessed at times by the spirit of a college lecturer, Bernard frequently jots key words onto a nearby flip pad when he teaches his born-again believers that Jesus came not to start a religion but to topple the worldly works of Satan by arming his faithful with the Word, with "truth."

Bernard's teachings have attracted 5,000 official members whose demographics would be the envy of black churches a tenth the size. An unheard-of 52 percent of the church's members are men, many of them young achievers approaching their peak earning years. The average age of a member, Bernard says, with characteristic marketing-savvy precision, is 32 years 5 months.

"What I like about the church is the fact that he teaches," says New York Knicks forward Charles Smith, one of several young celebrities—including pop stars Salt-N-Pepa, Gloria Gaynor, and the Play half of Kid N' Play—who've found a spiritual home at Christian Life Centre. "You're coming in for a sole purpose—to learn."

By next spring, the church is hoping to open an expandable 3,000-seat sanctuary, the $8 million first phase of a "Christian cultural center" planned for a fourteen-acre site near Brooklyn's Starrett City.

ALFONSO BERNARD FELT THE FIRST LIGHTNING bolt of truth at the age of 21. He arrived in Brooklyn at age 4, the only child of a single mother from Panama whose dreams had been crushed by his birth. A world-class sprinter at 19, she lost a full scholarship to Tuskegee Institute and a place on the Panama national team when a brief liaison with an older man resulted in pregnancy. Rejected by Bernard's father, his mother finally accepted a small gift from her family and tried to start anew in a one-room apartment in Bed-Stuy, Brooklyn.



Bernard was 11 when Malcolm X was assassinated at the Audubon Ballroom on February 21, 1965, but the fifth-grader's mind was already attuned to the Harlem leader's struggle. A year earlier, the boy's eyes had been opened to racism's subtler shades when he was bused to a program in Ridgewood, Queens, and felt himself treated "like an experiment." On weekends in those days, he and his mother would often ride the subway to visit an aunt in upper Manhattan, where Malcolm's following was visible everywhere.

"You couldn't go up to Harlem in those days without being aware of the power of the Nation," Bernard says. "I was always fascinated by their strength."

At 16, Bernard began what he now calls "a five-year flirtation" with the Nation of Islam. He became a regular visitor at a Bedford Avenue mosque, adopted the Islamic discipline of fasting, and began poring over the books of Elijah Muhammad. By 19, he had married his high-school sweetheart, taken a full-time job at Bankers Trust, and given up all thoughts of college.

Still, his spiritual research devoured him, leading him on a journey through Eastern philosophies, transcendental meditation, the occult, even drugs. By 1974, he had branched into dealing marijuana but could recite long passages of Scripture when he harangued his friends with questions undermining the logic of biblical teachings.

Then God spoke to him for the first time. It was January 11, 1975, and Bernard had accepted an invitation to a gospel meeting headlined by evangelist Nicky Cruz, the gang member whose conversion to a Christian life became Hollywood grist in *The Cross and the Switchblade*. At the meeting, Bernard says, he envisioned before him two doorways—one lighted, one dark. Choosing the lighted one, he heard an inner voice. "I am the God you have been looking for," it said.

When Cruz called him to the altar, Bernard accepted Christ into his heart. "I felt like somebody had put a blowtorch to my chest and blew a hole right through it. I began to weep like a baby. I knew, whatever I was looking for—I found it."

Twice more Bernard would hear what he believes was the Lord's voice, the final time while he was doing household chores in his Williamsburg apartment. From behind an empty cross, a backlit figure stepped forward. "Teach my people that I am no longer on this cross," the apparition said. Two years later, in 1977, Bernard launched his own ministry in a friend's kitchen.

The Christ of Bernard's visions bore little resemblance to the sufferer he'd heard praised in his mother's churches. Jesus in his new conception was muscular, active, concerned more with this world than with the next. His ministry on earth focused more on teaching than on the cleansing power of his blood. And he used blowtorches.

For Bernard, this Christ was the truth Malcolm X had been seeking when his life was cut short. This Christ wanted his people to seize the means of their own earthly salvation, and lessons learned from Wall Street were swords suited to his battle. "He is the epitome of manhood," says Bernard. "He is the essence and full expression of the character of God in human form. He's the greatest example of leadership. He's a revolutionary, in that his ideas and concepts are antithetical to this society in which we live."

This Christ was no military leader, Bernard points out, but neither was he the devout pacifist personified in King's marches. "He [King] said put away arms. I say take them up," Bernard declares. A smile plays on his lips. "I believe a man has a right to defend himself."

Then violence has a place in Christ's plan? "I never say at what point it becomes necessary, a necessary evil," the pastor says. "But conditions are coming to a point that there has to be a realization that a different course of action must be taken."

Citing a theory advanced by Newt Gingrich's guru, Alvin Toffler, Bernard says force is a "last resort," the third "system of power" in a triumvirate in which money is better and knowledge supreme. "That's what I teach these people," he says.

AND MONEY THE CHURCH HAS IN abundance. Just by passing the basket, the church brings in more than it can reasonably spend on its 54 full-time staff members; its growing preschool and literacy programs; and its nascent outreach ministries to prisons, the homeless, substance abusers, and hospital patients. Three thousand of its members give at least 10 percent of their household or business income to the church "on a regular basis," says director of operations Michael Hickson, helping create $5.3 million in revenues to overwhelm operating expenses of $3.2 million in 1994.

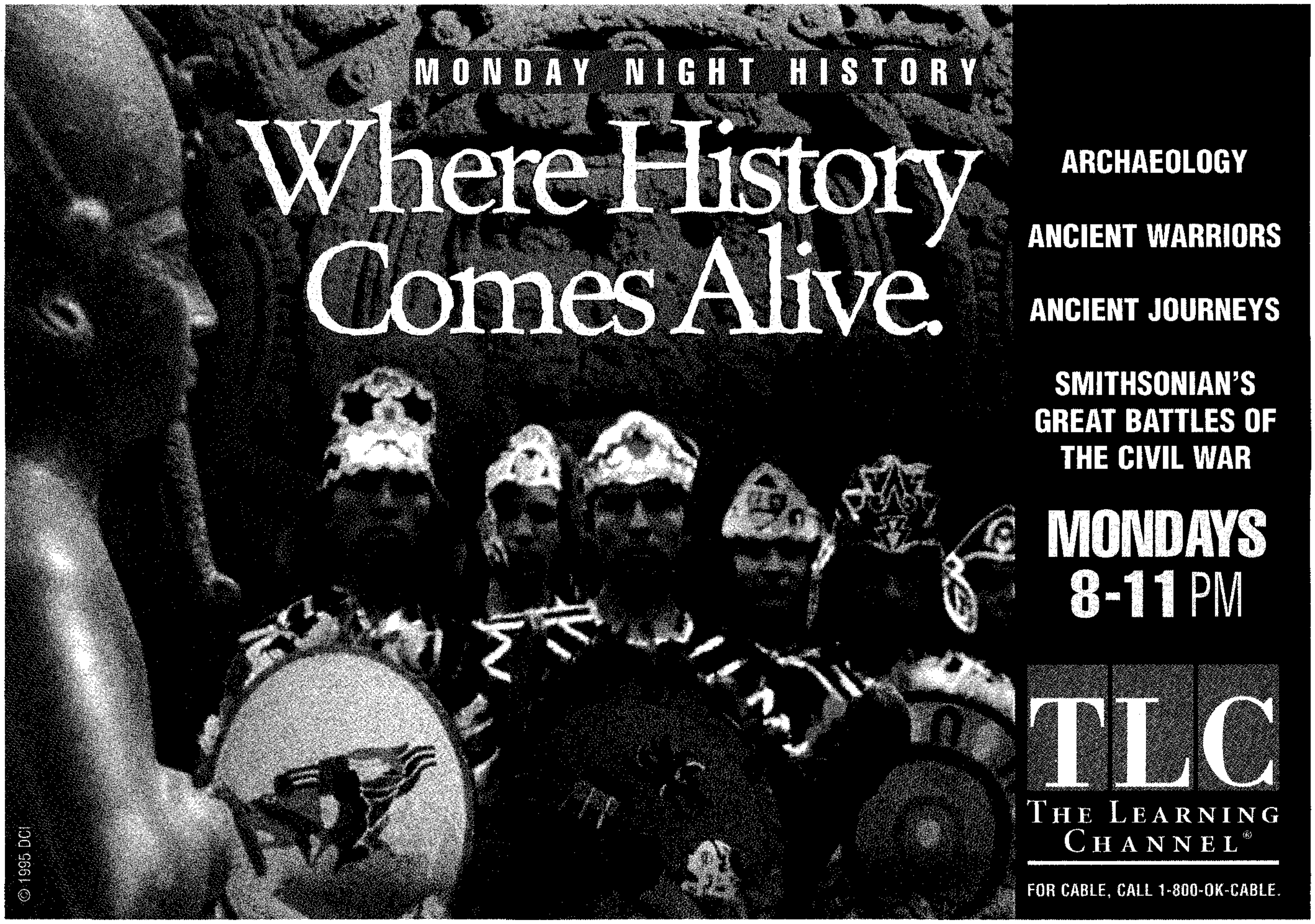
But this church wouldn't simply give its excess cash away. Bernard routinely lambastes soup kitchens and other church "handouts" for teaming with federal assistance programs to perpetuate a dependent welfare class. When it does engage in charity, Bernard's church leaves the messy business of distribution to more established organizations like Brownsville's 73rd Precinct. Last Christmas, officers expecting garbage bags full of discarded clothes and bedding arrived at the Christian Life Centre to find factory cartons loaded with 400 new blankets and enough new clothes to serve up to 500 needy families.

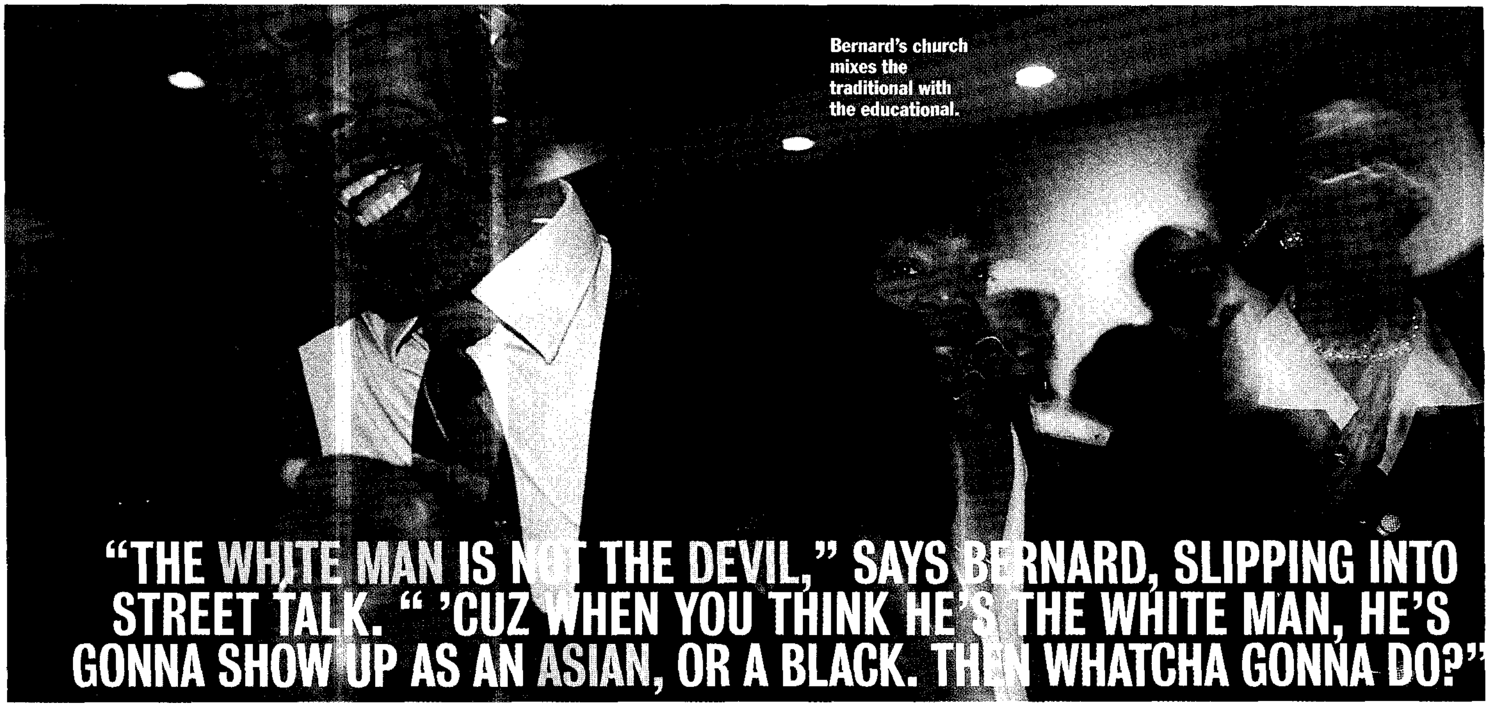
Bernard asks the police to find recipients who'll invest pride in their new possessions, not those who'll be back asking for another handout. "When I say 'handout,' I mean there should not be a dependence on the church. Like the old adage goes, If you give a man a fish, he eats for a day; but if I teach you how to fish, you eat for a lifetime. I'm looking for people to take responsibility for their lives, but most people don't believe right, so they don't act right."

Bernard himself says he tries to adopt a style of living that's inspirational of success but not extravagant. He won't disclose his salary but says it puts him on a level with nonprofit CEOs and the pastors of other large churches nationwide. "The man's lifestyle must match the message," he says.

He cautions that material possessions are not themselves a measure of spirituality. Instead, he teaches that "the children of light" are blessed with material and spiritual gifts according to how well they manage what they have. In a typical response to Bernard's Sunday guidance, a 29-year-old father with one child said he and his wife had recently sold off their 1986 Nissan Stanza after concluding it was an unaffordable luxury—for now.

In Bernard's church, however, the age-old equation of spirituality and poverty is heresy. "This is a lie from the pits of hell,"





Bernard's church mixes the traditional with the educational.

"THE WHITE MAN IS NOT THE DEVIL," SAYS BERNARD, SLIPPING INTO STREET TALK. " 'CUZ WHEN YOU THINK HE'S THE WHITE MAN, HE'S GONNA SHOW UP AS AN ASIAN, OR A BLACK. THEN WHATCHA GONNA DO?"

Bernard roared in a 1993 sermon on household finances that's now sold in a two-cassette package. "It's satanically inspired, because if the devil keeps us poor, then the devil can keep the Gospel from getting out. It takes money to get the Gospel out."

Rivals in some traditional denominations find Bernard's focus on personal wealth troubling. "What concerns me most of all is the message of prosperity, which is pretty prevalent today," says the Reverend Lawrence Taylor, associate pastor at the 2,000-member Berean Missionary Baptist Church in Bedford-Stuyvesant. "It sends the wrong message. It sends a message that is more materialistic and less spiritual."

THE CROWD IS ON ITS FEET, SINGING, CLAPping, and dancing in place as Bernard slips through a rear door, two personal security guards watching his back.

Though he's equipped with only the props of a classroom teacher, Bernard himself is a multimedia experience, mimicking sinners, reenacting Jesus' dude-walk on the water, and cuing his congregation when to look up from their Bibles, shout "Amen," or finish his sentences.

Some of his sermons weave a handful of Bible passages into a broad moral lesson in the traditional style, but more often Bernard calls upon the thunderclaps of Scripture to bolster a practical lesson on "principled living." Such lessons are likely to yield instructions on mundane subjects like child discipline, the importance of watches and calendar books, and the right number of checking accounts (three) for most families. In these talks, Christ came to earth as a no-nonsense life trainer, sort of a divine Filofax.

In Bernard's more political lectures, Satan occupies center stage—a cunning, omnipresent destroyer who makes a difficult opponent for Bernard's congregation. At times, Satan manifests his works in false prophets (like Louis Farrakhan), compelling "lies" (multiculturalism), or an oppressive race (white America).

"Now listen up: The white man is *not* the devil," Bernard clarified at the tail end of a recent sermon, slipping into street dialect. " 'Cuz when you think he's the white man, he's gonna show up as an Asian, or as a black. Then whatcha gonna do?"

FOR MORE THAN TWO YEARS, BERnard has been laying plans for the construction of a multiracial megachurch. His lawyers are now negotiating a purchase contract for the fourteen-acre lot. The $8 million facility would rank second only to Saint John the Divine in seating capacity among the city's churches, but Bernard's architects were asked to place it in such a way that it could be torn down if a bigger church were later built beside it.

In Bernard's most grandiose vision, the sanctuary, a natural venue for itinerant preachers touching down at nearby Kennedy International Airport, would anchor a complex of shops, restaurants, video- and music-production studios, an elementary school, and a museum offering evidence to support biblical teachings on creationism, the great flood, and the development of the races.

As a speaker of growing reputation on the international Christian circuit, Bernard has taken under his counsel the pastors of several other fast-growing multiracial churches, including Bishop Eddie Long, whose Baptist church in Decatur, Georgia, now claims a membership of more than 10,000. Promise Keepers, a Colorado-based group that each summer fills stadiums around the country with prayer rallies for Christian men, is said to be scouting Bernard as its potential point man for a 1996 New York–area stadium event.

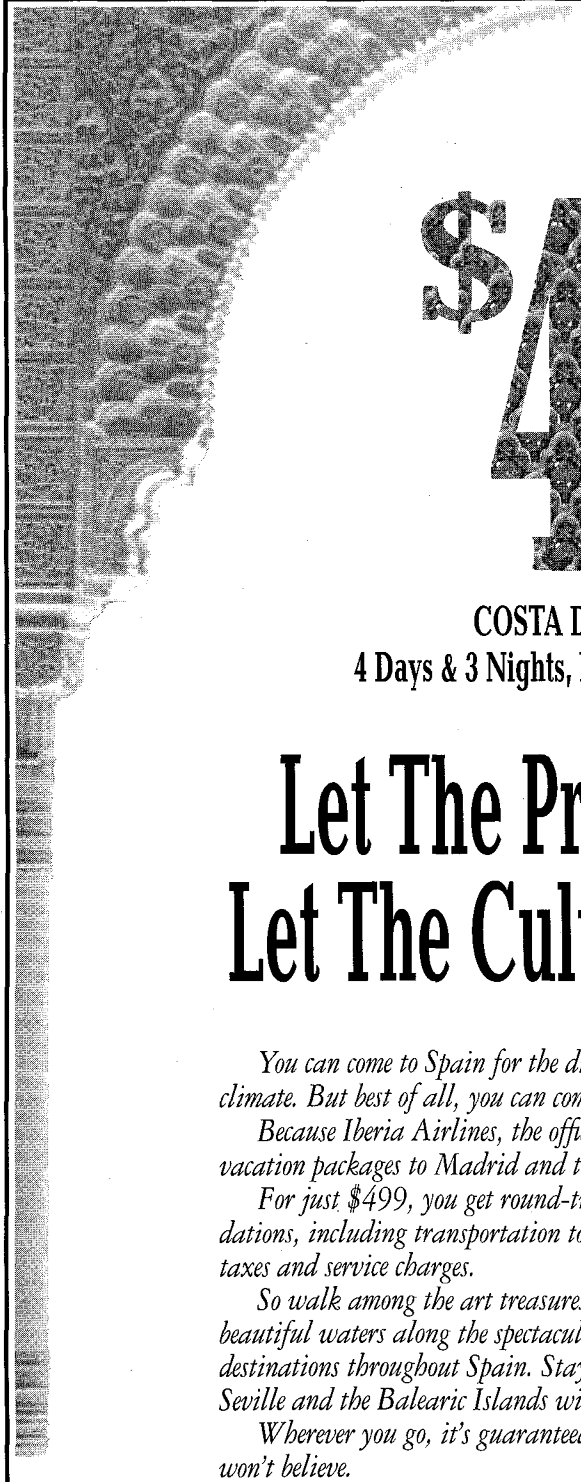
BERNARD'S GROWING CELEBRITY HAS ALSO attracted attention of a very different kind. At 1 A.M. on January 4, a rifle shot pierced the bedroom window a foot above the heads of Bernard and his wife, Karen. Diving for the floor, they counted the gun's reports—seven in all—as the blind wail of their house alarm filled the intervals.

The phone was already ringing in a call from the security company as Bernard scrambled to his feet and began counting sons. All seven were accounted for, shaken but none harmed. Suffolk County police eventually recovered five bullets and a shell casing from a .22-caliber rifle. Bernard told detectives he often spoke out against "hate groups" in his church. He also told them his 16-year-old son had two weeks earlier punched out a high-school rival who'd vowed revenge: "Nigger, I'm gonna kill you." But the police haven't yet arrested a suspect.

Bernard's near-brush with martyrdom slips kindling beneath his more incendiary Sunday teachings, adding a scent of sulfur to his suggestions that the Nation of Islam might not appreciate his denunciations of its ministry. Conrad Muhammad, Louis Farrakhan's New York City spokesman, dismisses the pastor's hints that Black Muslims can't be ruled out as potential suspects in the Dix Hills shooting or in various threats received at the Christian Life Centre. "Certainly the Nation of Islam isn't responsible for anything that's ever happened to this fellow," Muhammad says.

Bernard says it doesn't matter who fired the shots: They taught him how Satan ranks him as a rival. "I have a conviction that what I'm doing, what I live for, is right. And convictions grow stronger under pressure.

"You're tempted according to your value in the Kingdom, and to see these kinds of things happen"—Bernard pauses—"is an indication to me of my value in the work of God." ■



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MOTHERS *of* INVENTION

In New York, the only one you can trust is your agent—
and *possibly* your mother.

KADEEM HARDISON
actor

BETHANN HARDISON
founder, Bethann Management modeling agency

Photographed by
BARRON CLAIBORNE

This page: Bethann's sweater by Tse Cashmere. Kadeem's sweater by Benetton.

Opposite, clockwise from top left: Lorraine's pants and silk shirt by Linda Allard for Ellen Tracy, at Lord & Taylor; shoes at Cole-Haan. Michael's shirt by Dolce & Gabbana at Barneys New York. Sandals by J. Fenestrier at Barneys New York; wool pants at Paul Smith.

Liv and Bebe's marabou boleros by Jeanette Kastenberg, to order at Henri Bendel and Bloomingdale's.

George's suit by Dolce & Gabbana at Barneys New York and Bergdorf Goodman; cotton shirt by Polo/Ralph Lauren at Lord & Taylor. Anna's dress, jacket, and raincoat by Bill Blass at Lord & Taylor; shoes at Salvatore Ferragamo.

Brooke's suit by Dolce & Gabbana at Barneys New York.

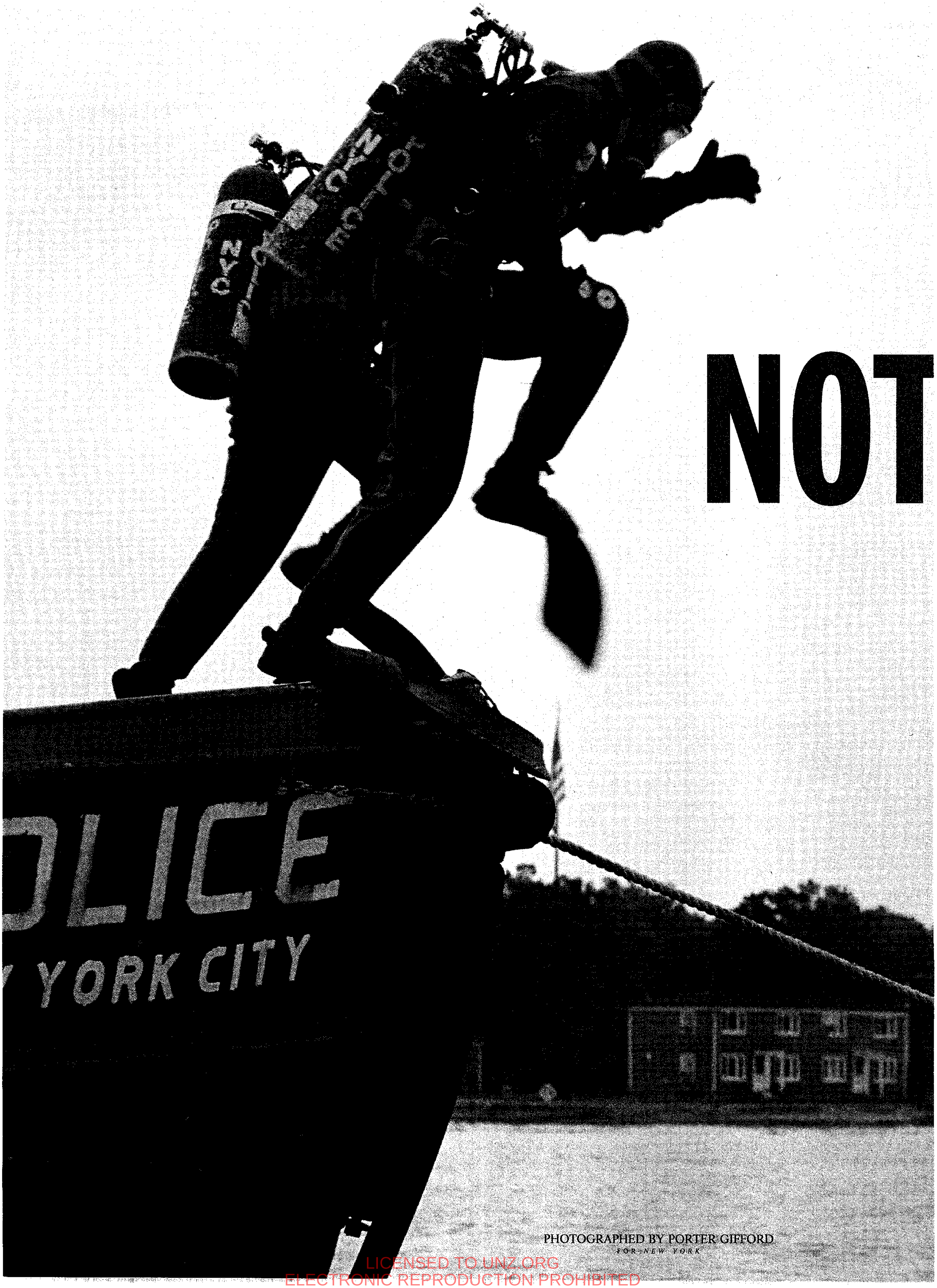
Styled by Elizabeth Shepherd
Hair: Chuck Amos
Makeup: Shade
Tailoring: Ramón Díaz
Fashion assistant: G. K. Reid

LORRAINE BERGIN
hairstylist
MICHAEL BERGIN
actor-model

LIV TYLER
actress
BEBE BUELL
singer and professional manager

LOIS SMITH
partner, PMK Public Relations
BROOKE SMITH
actress

GEORGE C. WOLFE
producer, New York Shakespeare Festival
ANNA WOLFE
former elementary-school principal


NYC
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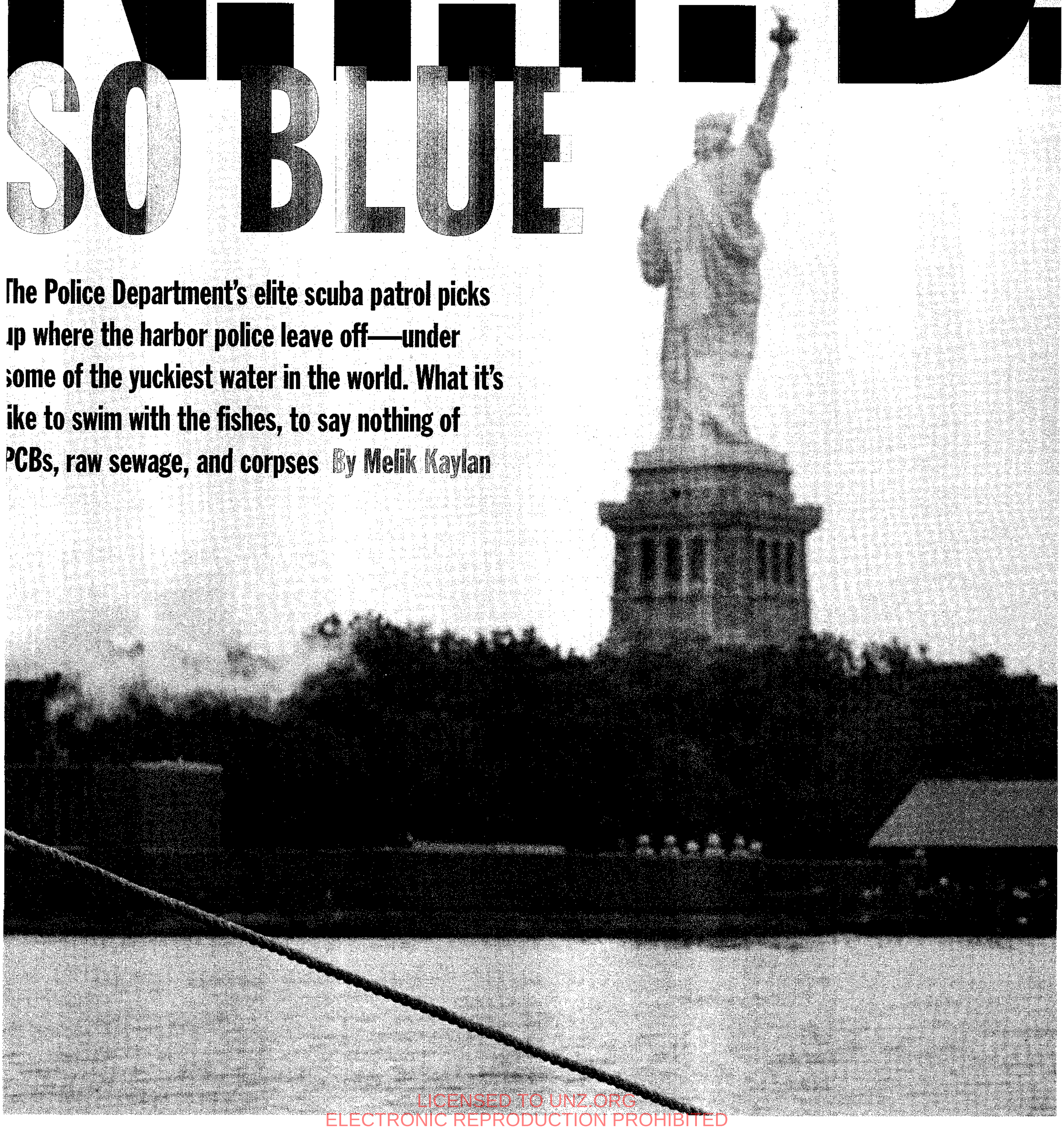
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PORTER GIFFORD
FOR NEW YORK

N.Y.P.D.

SO BLUE

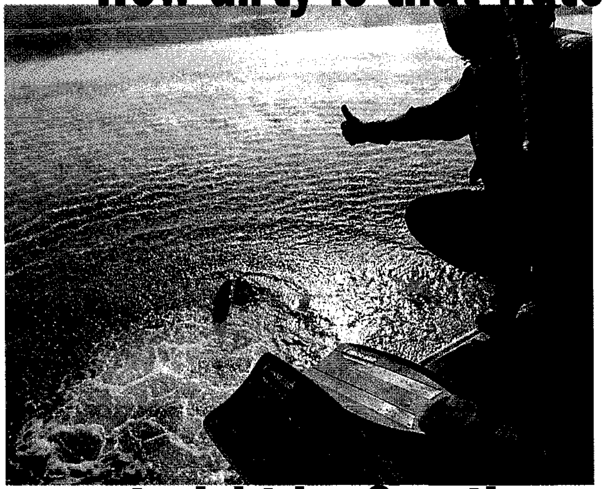
The Police Department's elite scuba patrol picks up where the harbor police leave off—under some of the yuckiest water in the world. What it's ike to swim with the fishes, to say nothing of PCBs, raw sewage, and corpses **By Melik Kaylan**



IT WASN'T UNTIL I TRIED IT THAT I understood why the New York Police Department had refused to let me dive with the scuba patrol. I had been following the team—its officers call it Scuba—for about five weeks when I decided it was time to learn its techniques. I trained with a former officer of the team, Mike Carew, a Bronx NYPD detective who also runs Captain Mike's, his own diving shop on City Island.

Carew, a broad, bluff Irish cop, had dived with Scuba for a decade. Scuba is a division of the Harbor Unit—the New York Police Department's oldest division (it's been around since the 1850s)—that patrols all the water around New York City, from the Hudson to the Harlem River, from the East River to the Bronx River to the margins of Long Island Sound, from the Gowanus Canal to Newtown Creek, past Liberty Island and beyond the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. Scuba picks up where the Harbor Unit leaves off—that is, just below the surface of all the bodies of water in the city, plus that of sewage-treatment plants, Central Park ponds, water towers, and algae-clogged swimming pools. There, the divers retrieve everything from thrown-away handguns to dead bodies, monitor tottering pilings, even sweep for mines on Home Port day.

"How dirty is that water? Depends where you are. The Hudso



straight in. One time we were diving there—I came up with t

The bulk of my diving training involved dry-suit exercises, which were conducted up at the indoor pool at Iona College in Westchester. I had done wet-suit diving before, but dry-suit diving turned out to be radically different. Wet suits absorb water, which your body then warms. Dry suits keep out moisture and keep you warm within if you wear an internal layer of wool or cotton and insulate it with air. You climb into the outer suit proper, a nylon-and-neoprene number complete with robotlike feet, which then zips shut horizontally at the back and covers up to your neck. Over the head slips a separate, tight foam-rubber helmet; your whole face is then jammed and vacuum-locked into a mask with an elephant-trunk hose going to your air tanks. A line also links your suit to the tanks. Two valves let you pump the suit up and down to control your buoyancy and your temperature. Here are the dangers: Overinflate the suit as you dive, and you shoot up too fast and risk getting the bends. Underinflate it while you're underwater, and your suit becomes a vacuum-packed second skin, and can leak water.

I'd been training for four days when Captain Mike took me out to test-dive off City Island, just north of the Bronx. We anchored on a cold, bleary morning near a scrubby sand bank called Huckleberry Island and dived into gray water that was about 30 feet deep. Carew had told me there would be nothing unusual about this dive; this water, like most New York water, would be completely opaque. "This is not like the Caribbean or the Mediterranean," he had said. "You got silt everywhere; you can't see anything, though sometimes you think you do. It can be your imagination." I worked my way down the anchor line, hand over fist, and progressed maybe two yards before losing all enthusiasm. "Seminal liquid, primeval horror. Can't see beyond mask. Soup," my notes say.

I thrashed surfaceward. But Mike, who had been following me, swam up and squawked, "We'll go to bottom! Relax and look around. Okay?" I thought: *What bottom is he talking about?* But we reached it and started crawling about like crabs; he held onto my hand. We clawed dirt, propelled forward; clawed dirt, propelled, each time pulling our arms from elbow-deep soot. I wanted to go. I tapped his arm to rise. Mike, however, was conscientious. He insisted on locating hairy, crabby underwater creatures to show me. I didn't see them until they were in front of my mask, writhing. Finally, we bumped into the chain and climbed up. Once I was aboard, my nose bled and my stomach heaved.

All this was nothing compared to my real dives, however, one of which took place in the Bronx River, a place where the serial killer Joel Rifkin claimed he dumped a body in an oil drum and where transformers leak PCBs whenever trains cross the bridge overhead. (PCBs penetrate the skin and affect "the receptors of sex hormones in fish," a Bronx River environmental group told me.) About a mile upriver, the water turned brown-green like overmixed paints. Arthritic trees and twisted jetties covered the banks. Abandoned factories displayed soot-blackened windows.

Carew jumped in, and I forced myself overboard with him. Past the surface green, blackness claimed us. The bottom was covered with lunar cobwebs, and the slightest contact with it released a dark jet, like squid ink. Which we couldn't avoid, since, like real frogmen, we were digging around in the sludge for lost objects. I didn't know what I might be touching—branches, limbs, innards of mattresses.

It occurred to me that I was cold, so I inflated a little. Too much: I ballooned up, lost Carew's hand, and was gone. Lost in space. A desperate tuck and forward roll, which is what he had instructed me to do. It worked. I squelched softly on the bottom and stuck fast, swaying like an underwater plant. Somehow Carew found me quickly. I caught a tiny squeal sound in my neck seal. Water in? Air out? Either way, panic and nausea.

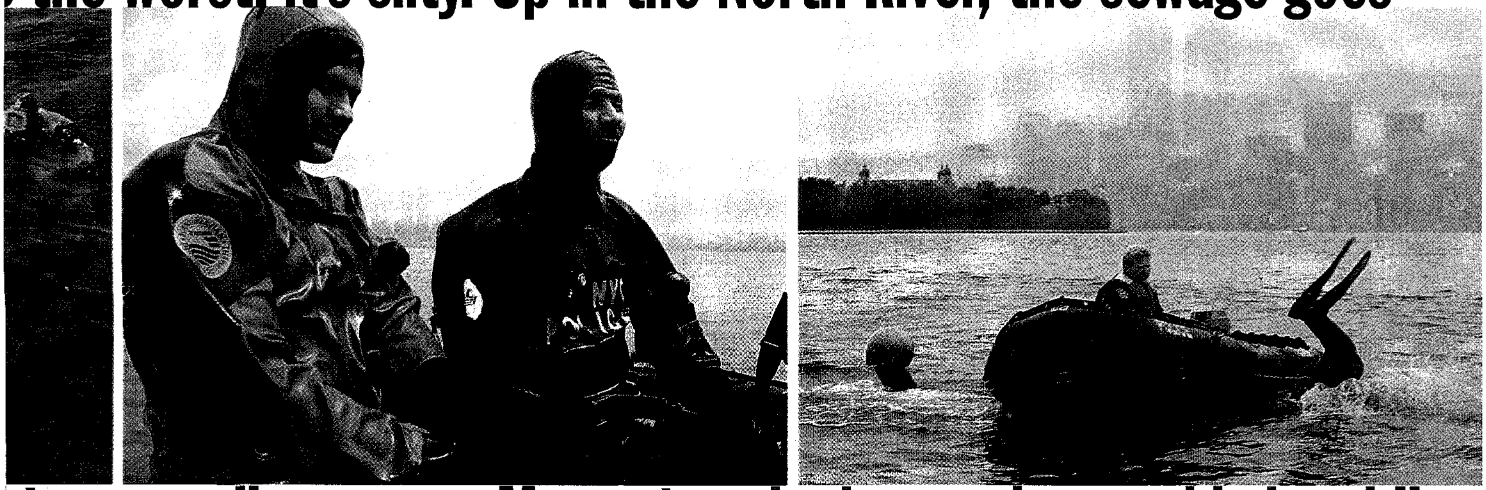
BY THE TIME THE MEN ON SCUBA REACH THE division, they're not usually such neophytes. Most of them are from middle-

Photographs: center and center right, Val Askins.

class coastal suburbs—Middle Village, the North Shore, Hampton Bays—and have qualified as divers early on, often in their teens. At one time or another, they've owned or worked on fishing and pleasure boats, labored in shipyards, or mended propellers for cash. All had put in street time in the New York police force, but all had considered Scuba their ultimate destination. Scuba, I realized, is a calling.

The team resides at Charlie Base, a building with all the charm of a brick high school on a sun-scoured stretch of concrete flatlands behind the depressed Red Hook section of Brooklyn. It was once a commercial-shipping terminal, and a towering freight crane perched on rusted rails still remains. There are 25 men in the squad, all active divers. When I visited, the officer in charge was Lieutenant Rich Angley, a mild-mannered officer in his forties who is freckled and boyish. (He recently retired.)

s the worst; it's silty. Up in the North River, the sewage goes



et paper all over me. My partner had a condom on his head."

Diving into New York Harbor from a helicopter (far left); retrieving a car near Red Hook (center); diving into New York Harbor from a raft (far right).

During one of my first visits, Rich Angley explained the application process to me: His officers have to be in shape (nobody smokes). They have to pass a written dive quiz and a physical-endurance test up front. They run a six-minute mile; swim a quarter-mile in eleven minutes or less; do 50 sit-ups; and endure 25 yards underwater with a beltload of lead weights while the instructors yank their masks and generally harass them. Of those who make it, Angley chooses the best.

Scuba headquarters feels oddly makeshift—officers change in the boiler room, and the building lacks proper heating and cooling; it doesn't even have fans. There are seven scuba cops on duty at any given time; as a group, they seem like a lifeguard team from the fifties—young, white, soft-spoken, and athletic. Several magazines were tossed around the floor: *Muscle and Fitness, Sports Afield, Natural History*—no girlie books. Out on the launch, the food is healthy: home-packed lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches often got passed around. One young veteran, John Girani, whose wife is descended from Native Americans, talked to me at length about their lost cultural heritage, how he collected their artifacts and taught his children about it. He himself started diving into wrecks at age 8. Like the others, he radiated wholesomeness.

My first day there, we had a radio call. I tumbled downstairs with the rest of the men and hopped aboard the smaller and faster of the two launches allotted to Scuba—it's capable of 35 knots at short bursts and of carrying six adult men. The officers carted out their oxygen tanks and lashed them to deck racks. New York unfurled before us like a crystalline vision, but the cops ignored it, checking tanks, exchanging monosyllables. They were eerily subdued. "Nerves," they explained later.

ANOTHER CALL CAME in on the police radio: "Confirmed EDP on Williamsburg Bridge. Potential jumper. ESU already on the scene. No further information at this time." (In NYPD-speak, *EDP* means "emotionally disturbed person," *jumper* speaks for itself, and *ESU* is the emergency-services unit that tries to talk jumpers down.) As the launch neared the scene, the crew slowly donned dry-suit gear. It was almost noon. We anchored just north of the bridge; the scene was already humming with a police presence. Three harbor launches were circling around, and in the sky above there were two police helicopters plus a private plane swooping back and forth; its occupants were rubbernecking.

The EDP was no nearer to the water than to the helicopters. He was perched way up the suspension cable, almost atop a tower of the Williamsburg Bridge. That tower was undergoing repairs; a boardwalk temporarily installed along the cable gave workers access to the top. This was the path the potential suicide—a male Hispanic in his forties—had taken. On the Manhattan bank, traffic had stopped on the lower FDR Drive; on the Brooklyn side, sailors on a Greek freighter taking on sugar from the Domino plant peered and pointed upward, laughing, loving New York.

From the launch, one could make out another human speck—it was blocking entry to the tower top. It was apparently a bridge worker, and two other specks, ESU officers, also approached from just below the jumper. He seemed, at first, to be conducting a symphony, arms flailing, something attached to his hand. It whistled past us—a bottle. The jumper strode about, leaning out, teasing and toying perilously. Comments came from the Scuba launch: "Hey, this is cuttin' into lunch." "Yeah, jump already." "Naah, he won't jump," said Officer Jimmy Cowan, who used to work in the ESU. "Ninety percent of people who jump first take off their clothes. It's a psychological pattern. They get ready. We used to say, soon as you see the guy take off his shirt, that's when you know. You got to grab him." I was about to ask why, but he preempted me: "Why? I couldn't tell you. But it's true. With this guy, if he were serious, he would've went already. But he could be drunk. Drunks are dangerous. They fall off and they can take you with them." Sure enough, the jumper suddenly teetered on the brink. The specks moved, bunched up, and froze together against a radiant blue sky: "They got him," someone said. When they walked him down 45 minutes later, he waved at us goofily with his one unhandcuffed arm.

On the way back, the officers told war stories. There was the time two of them pulled a body out of a Bronx sewage complex. As the tide went out, the corpse had banged against a sluice gate and been discovered. Scuba had to pry the gate open with pliers and swim up into the sewage. They found the body on a ledge. Rats were eating it.

The conversation turned back to the jumper: "If he'd jumped, he could survive. But we'd have had to dive anyway, because he'd sink. If we saved him, he would have died later most likely. The lungs usually don't recover from that water." Often, they said, they'd pull out a body, do CPR and mouth-to-mouth, and revive the victims enough that they'd walk to the ambulance—only to have them die hours or days later from shock or pneumonia or internal infection. Officer Doug Herrmann took up the theme: "How dirty is that water? Depends where you are. Hudson is the worst; it's slow and silty. Up in the North River [the Hudson, near the George Washington Bridge], the sewage goes straight in. One time we were diving there—I came up with toilet paper and shit all over me. My partner had a condom on his head." Ten years ago, they told me, millions of gallons of raw sewage entered New York's rivers daily. Since then, treatment plants have kicked in, and fish can now survive and breed. A little. When it rains, sewers overflow and the waste gets through unfiltered. The officers still contract exotic amoebas and parasites, or "blastos," which lodge in the intestine and, left untreated, migrate to the liver, eventually shredding it.

"The Gowanus is pretty bad," continued Herrmann, "but that's more chemical. Who was it was diving there after a suicide off the bridge? He had a leak in his suit. Water gradually filled in, and he got chemical burns all over his body. Still has them to this day." Later, I made a few calls, but no official seemed to know which chemicals the diver had encountered.

Another horror was Newtown Creek, according to Scuba's officers. I visited there with them some days later. The foulest pencil of water in the New York area, it goes from the Queens East River shore eastward, passing under the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway at one point. It was a very warm day, and the creek's surface steamed. The bloated carcass of a Doberman floated near us. The divers said that some fifteen feet below the surface lay possibly twice that much in silt. Looking for body parts, as they once did there, required working your way into a black bed of mud at the creek's bottom until it closed over you. "You first had to swim through a weird white layer, like a fluorescent cloud, that hung midway to the bottom. You get in the mud, your air bubbles come up like oil balls," one of them recalled.

As we cruised, Doug, an eight-year Scuba veteran, described his first case: "It was getting dark, almost a night dive, up at Sheepshead Bay. My luck is, I always get 'em leg first. I'm a leg man: Everyone has a pattern. So there's two black guys on shore saying he went in there—no, *there*. Anyway, I dive, and—beginner's luck—I get him in two minutes in the dark. He was dead. Had been under for an hour. So I bring him out feet first, still wearing his sneakers, in front of all the lights. You know, really stylish. One of the guys on shore says, 'Yeah, that's him, I recognize the sneakers.' They start arguing. The other guy says, 'No, it ain't. That's not his sneakers.' I'm like, *Just a minute—I'll go back and find the one with the right sneakers.*"

THE NEXT DAY, THE LAUNCH WENT OUT ON a job near Staten Island's South Beach. Two days earlier, three fishermen had capsized not far from shore, 100 yards out at most. Two had made it to land; one hadn't. By the time his friends called 911, the tide had changed, visibility had plummeted, and he had drowned. Scuba had been following standard search procedure, laying down lines attached to buoys and moving along them, following a sort of grid pattern. But they couldn't locate the body. This seemed hard to believe: It was a day on which you could see bottom. But as I had discovered, New York water seldom offers enough visibility to permit sight-searching. Divers operate like blind minesweepers, by touch and sixth sense, prodding and poking before them, progressing by inches, never letting go of guide ropes.

The story gradually unfolded. The police radio described a floater in the same area. It had to be Scuba's man, though they didn't learn that for an hour. Finally, we approached the spot where the body had been found, a single rock jetty that stretched out to sea from a long, dirty beach. It was a bleak, unmemorable place to die. I made out four figures by the water standing over a ragged shape newly cast ashore: two officers, one civilian, and someone who at 200 yards absolutely appeared to be sporting a clown costume. One of the Scuba guys came to my aid: "That's a Gumby suit. They use it for wading." Closer up, you could identify in detail the chest-high fluorescent-orange rubber outfit so oversize it needed suspenders. At its globe-shaped feet lay the corpse, by now largely obscured under a plastic sheet, except for the legs. One trouser leg had gone, and the exposed limb, stripped of flesh, was all pale bone.

On dry land, he no longer belonged to Scuba. We could head home. On the haul back, one of the officers, Allen Kane, overcame his reluctance to talk to

New York water rarely offers much visibility. Divers operate like blind minesweepers, by touch and sixth sense, prodding an

Disembodied in the East River (left); towing a decomposing corpse back to base (right).

Photograhps: left, Val Askins; right, Rich Angley.

me and filled me in. Getting to know him had been difficult. First of all, the Scuba squad's unique schedule meant I never saw anyone twice in a row. Each shift operated three days on, three days off; then they'd reverse shifts and change personnel. Kane thought I was in the way, and often told me so. He was impatient and annoyingly professorial, like a younger version of Q in the Bond movies, but the other men onboard tended to defer to him. He was one of the best-informed officers I met in Scuba. In his spare time, he went around to New York City high schools with a show of 100 slides.

Bodies, he explained, sink straight down in cold water. That's what had happened to the corpse that had just been found. But as the weather warms, bodies begin to decompose at 38 degrees. That's when they generate internal gases, bloat out, and float to the surface, sometimes washing ashore.

I pushed Kane about how often they salvaged bodies, how long I needed to hang around to see a 'completion'—the retrieval of a corpse. Could be days, could be weeks, he said. Sometimes, they get nothing but false alarms. While I was with them, a couple of such calls came in. There was the young black female with a bandaged leg who was about to jump off the University Heights bridge. But she'd never made it to any bridge; she'd merely written her doctor a letter threatening to jump off one. He called the family, asking where she'd be most likely to jump, and reported it to the police as imminent. Radio put out the call as "unconfirmed." Scuba mobilized, but the call was eventually canceled. Another call reported a potential drowning, but this was emended as details came in describing an emergency in a bathtub and culminating in cancellation and apologies from the dispatcher.

oking, progressing by inches, never letting go of guide ropes.

Allen Kane's best story, though, involved the time, a few winters ago, Scuba searched a Korean car freighter. The ship had sailed directly from Colombia to New York; suspicious Customs agents had teamed up with Scuba to search the ship. They dived primarily to look for telltale cigar-shaped cylinders, often welded to the hull underwater, containing narcotics. That they didn't find. But they also looked around the propeller and in the hollow vertical shaftway above it. When Scuba popped up in the shaftway, the divers found a makeshift room made of planks stretched across the circular cavern. Coats were hung on nails, water bottles scattered about, and several "mules"—foot soldiers of the narcotics trade—looked down at them in wonder. It was February. The mules had sailed from Colombia for days without a break , the icy ocean sloshing below and the propeller thundering day and night. They carried with them several sports bags packed with cocaine worth millions of dollars.

WEEKS WENT by before I saw the scuba team retrieve a body. In the meantime, I dived. One day, Carew and I parked under the Queensboro Bridge, on the Queens side. The boyfriend of a crack-addict mother claimed he dumped her baby—allegedly already dead from natural causes—off the bridge in a shopping cart. We made a quick dive with good visibility. Unfortunately, I succeeded in finding a cache of bones, evoking something like an underwater voodoo site; I was even more dismayed when I was told that bones are everywhere. While we were in the water, a tremendous vibration and low roar that jolted like electric current announced a Queens-bound subway train in the tunnel below. The tide whipped up, and suddenly we were fluttering on the anchor line.

On another dive, I explored a car graveyard beneath the India Street pier in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. Here, over many decades, owners drove their cars off the pier to claim theft insurance. The junk had fused into one long mass. I felt like a worm in the entrails of a giant robot, all twisted metal and wood supports.

ON MY LAST DAY WITH SCUBA, PATROLLING the East River, we received word of a "submersion" out near Rockaway. This, it seemed, was the real thing. The officers knew that, and somehow so did I. The radio crackled warnings to keep Jet Skis away as the launch reached top speed past the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. We slowed down opposite Riis Park. We were greeted by four police launches, two copters, and *The Rebel,* a sad little civilian pleasure boat licensed for diving excursions. There was a group of abashed-looking yuppies milling about in T-shirts and caps. One T-shirt said SUDDEN DEATH. Far away on the beach, emergency vehicles flashed lights like fireflies in a row.

We'd arrived around noon; *The Rebel* had radioed trouble at eleven. There was a diver missing, a 35-year-old named Anthony Panarella. He had gone under at ten. Panarella was with the pleasure-seekers on a dive to a 100-year-old shipwreck called the *Black Warrior;* he had gone down to hook the anchor on the wreck so the others could follow it down. Even on a brilliant day, water visibility was practically zero, but this spot was known as the easiest dive around town. Panarella had probably done it dozens of times. A few minutes after he went down, the captain saw air bubbles moving away and assumed Panarella had gone off on his own. Others went down, too, but when they came back up, the diver still hadn't surfaced.

"Impossible to see a thing," the Air-Sea Rescue team announced. A launch arrived, and Kane set up the side-scan sonar. As the boat circled around, a torpedo-shaped device they called "the fish" followed. Up on the bridge, Kane watched its signals on a computer screen. Oblongs of bright gold showed against black—the wreck was a golden lesion one inch wide that drifted slowly up the screen. The launch turned in tighter and tighter circles until Kane thought he saw the outline of a tiny, wobbly figure. He magnified the image; it flickered. The crew threw out buoys to mark the spot, and Kane sent divers down for a closer look.

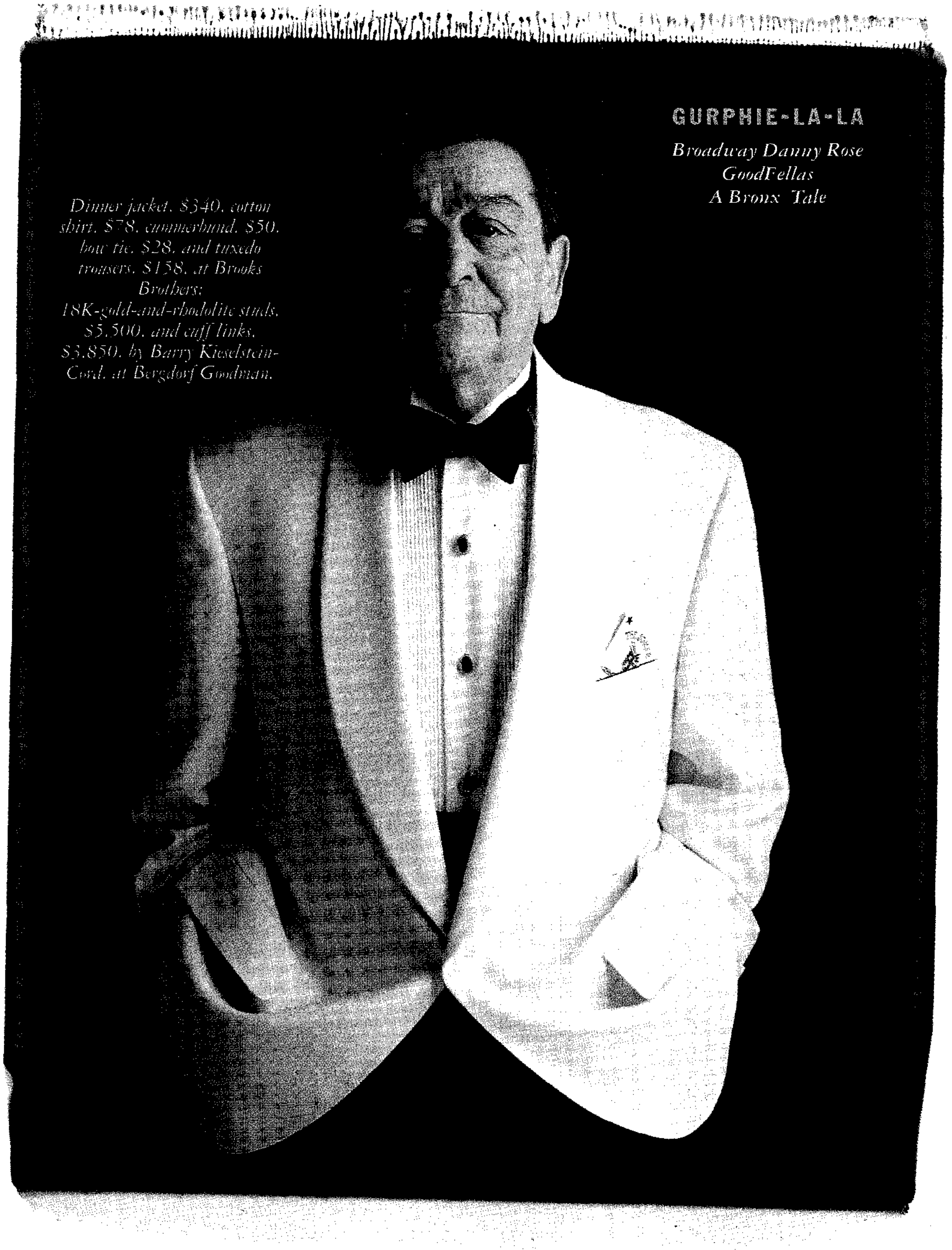
Hours went by. There was nothing. Kane went down, most of the other divers having done their bit—you can't accumulate too much time in deep water for fear of nitrogen poisoning. By now, only three boats remained, the scuba patrol's two launches and *The Rebel* lashed together. *The Rebel's* captain kept his head in his hands. It was five o'clock. Suddenly, Kane popped up. He'd got the body. "He was right on the wreck," said Kane, after he had pulled the body up to the deck, all chic and shiny in new gear. "I bumped into him and grabbed his flippers. At first, I thought one of you guys was fooling with me. He's incredibly heavy—I could barely lift him. His weights are built-in. Probably didn't help him."

The cause of death, it turned out, was simple. Panarella had put the nozzle of the wrong air-supply tank in his mouth—the emergency tank, which only lasted ten minutes—then panicked and choked when it ran out. When they took off his mask, its print remained on his face. White froth bubbled out of his mouth.

Once the hubbub died away, Scuba clustered together, the way police do reassuringly around any crime scene. Only here they seemed isolated, edgy, singled out by the elements. Up in the sky, a Concorde flashed noisily past the horizon; far away, three prop planes trailed elaborate billboards. It seemed hours before the men moved away. ■

Accessories After the Fact

photographed by **TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS**



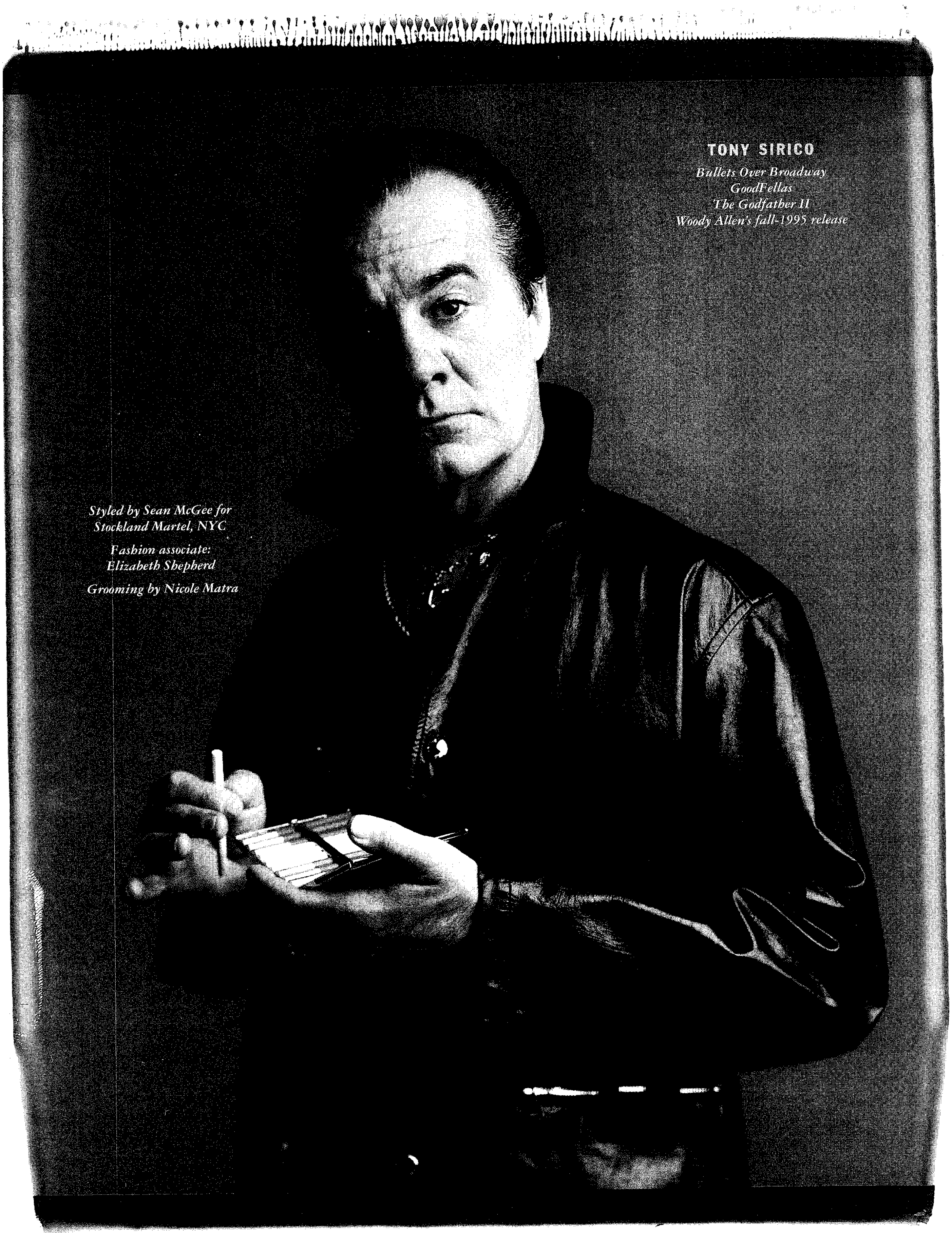
GURPHIE-LA-LA

Broadway Danny Rose
GoodFellas
A Bronx Tale

Dinner jacket, $340, cotton shirt, $78, cummerbund, $50, bow tie, $28, and tuxedo trousers, $158, at Brooks Brothers; 18K-gold-and-rhodolite studs, $5,500, and cuff links, $3,850, by Barry Kieselstein-Cord, at Bergdorf Goodman.

As any good wiseguy knows, the importance of choosing the right accessory cannot be overstated. Without the perfect silk pocket square or domino cuff links, that Brooks Brothers dinner jacket looks strictly amateur. Movie directors understand accessories, too. And whenever, say, Woody, Martin, or Francis needs a few guys who look like they spend their days playing checkers in a Mulberry Street social club, they call upon these regular guys turned actors. We've teamed them up on the following pages with outfits and accessories you, uh, can't refuse.

produced by **MICHEL VOYSKI**



TONY SIRICO

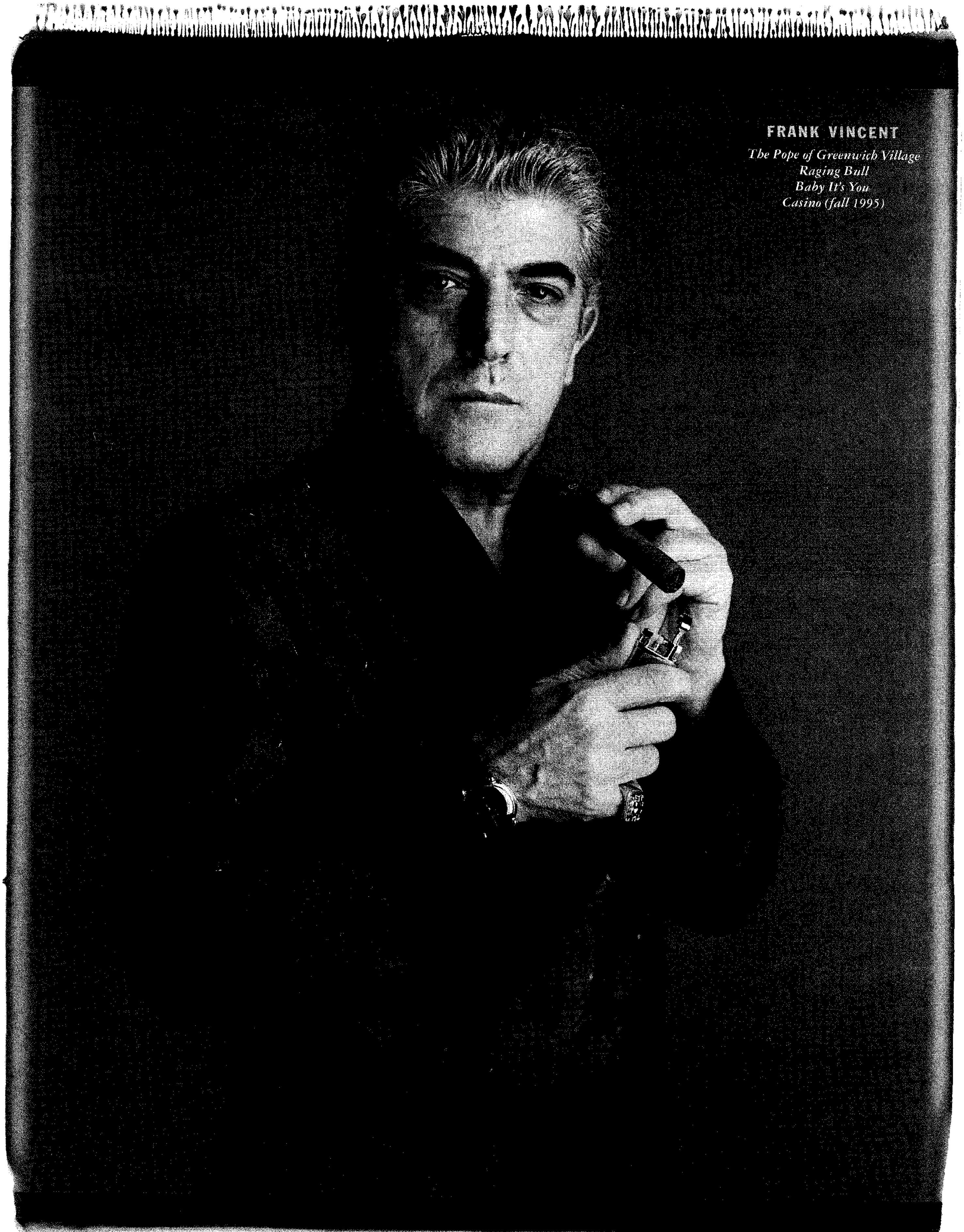
Bullets Over Broadway
GoodFellas
The Godfather II
Woody Allen's fall-1995 release

Styled by Sean McGee for Stockland Martel, NYC

Fashion associate: Elizabeth Shepherd

Grooming by Nicole Matra

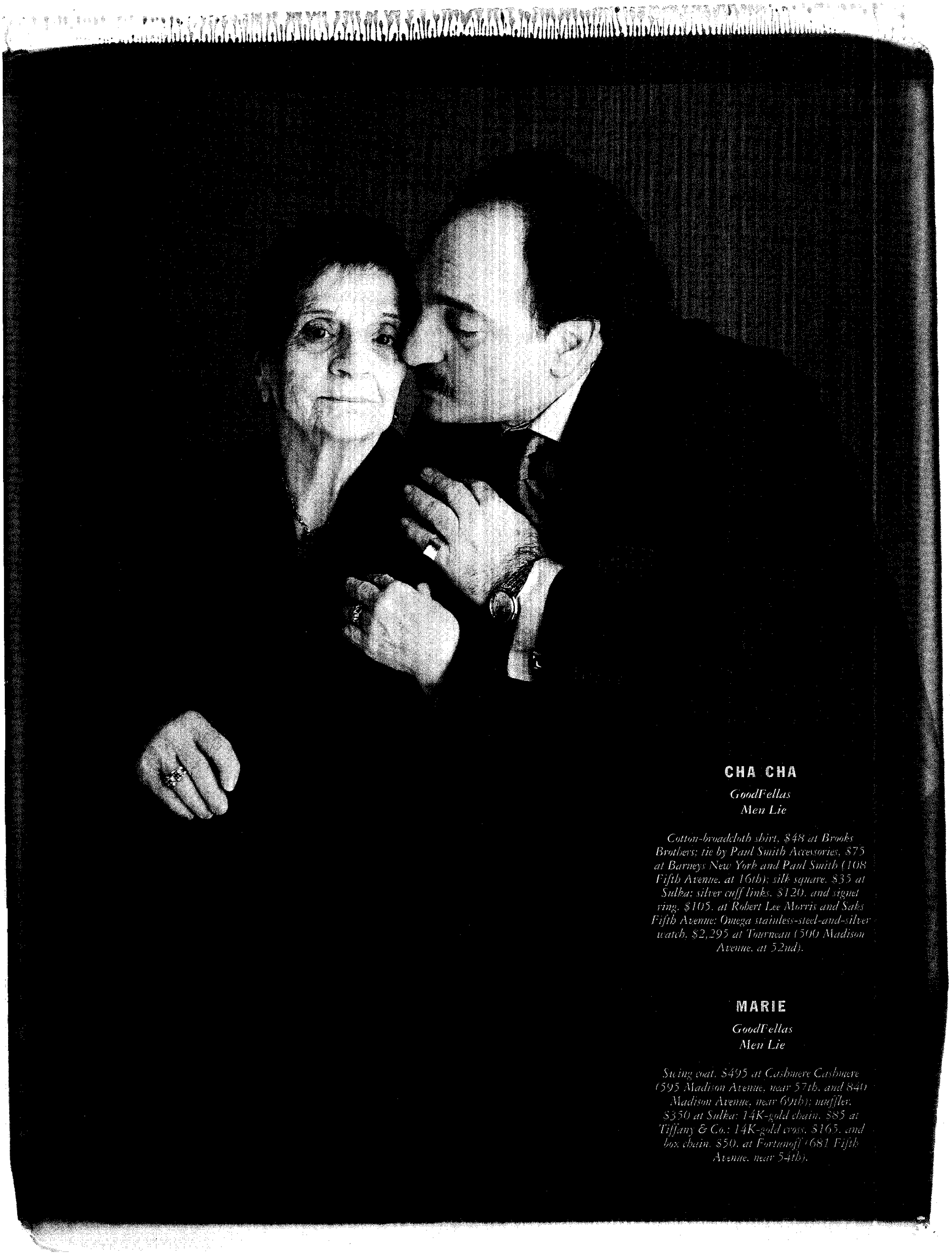
Kangaroo jacket, $1,100, and cotton-viscose shirt, $460 by Prada, at Barneys New York and Charivari 57; 18K-gold-cross necklace by Robert Lee Morris, $2,810; gold cigarette case, $48.95 at Nat Sherman (500 Fifth Avenue, near 42nd); Fantasia Lights cigarettes at Nat Sherman.



FRANK VINCENT

The Pope of Greenwich Village
Raging Bull
Baby It's You
Casino (fall 1995)

Silk-jacquard smoking jacket, $1,500 at Sulka (430 Park Avenue, at 55th Street); antique Rolex watch, $9,500 at Rebecca Moss, Ltd. (510 Madison Avenue, near 53rd); Robert Lee Morris ring, $70 at Robert Lee Morris (409 West Broadway, at Spring) and Saks Fifth Avenue; 22K-gold-plated table lighter, $470, and Monte Cristo Double Corona cigar, $7.20, at Alfred Dunhill (450 Park Avenue, at 57th).



CHA CHA

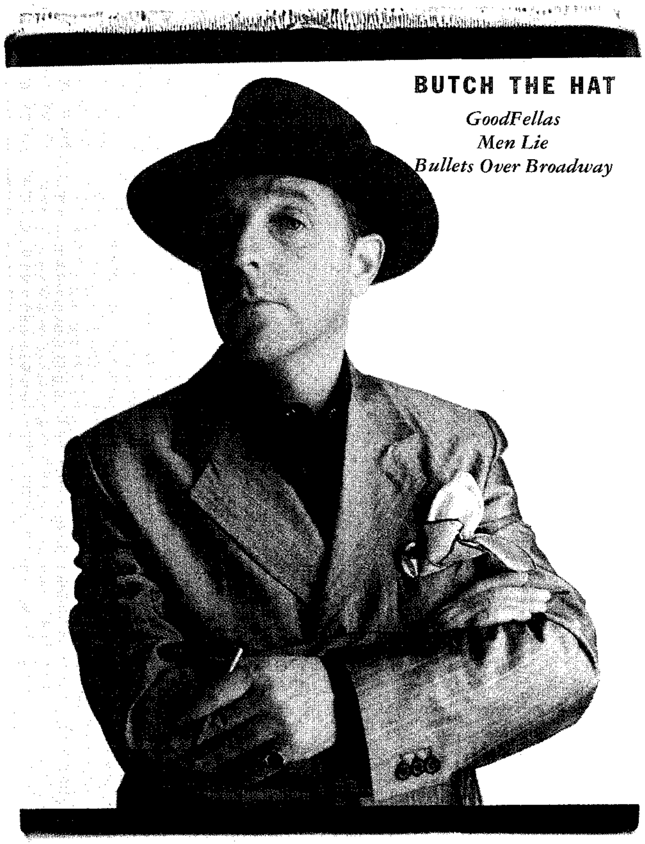
GoodFellas
Men Lie

Cotton-broadcloth shirt, $48 at Brooks Brothers; tie by Paul Smith Accessories, $75 at Barneys New York and Paul Smith (108 Fifth Avenue, at 16th); silk square, $35 at Sulka; silver cuff links, $120, and signet ring, $105, at Robert Lee Morris and Saks Fifth Avenue; Omega stainless-steel-and-silver watch, $2,295 at Tourneau (500 Madison Avenue, at 52nd).

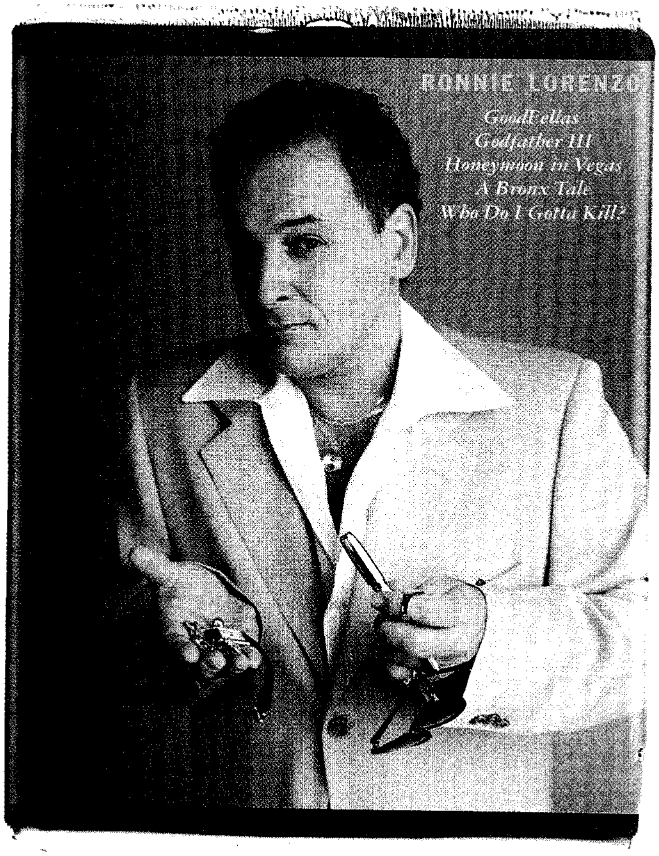
MARIE

GoodFellas
Men Lie

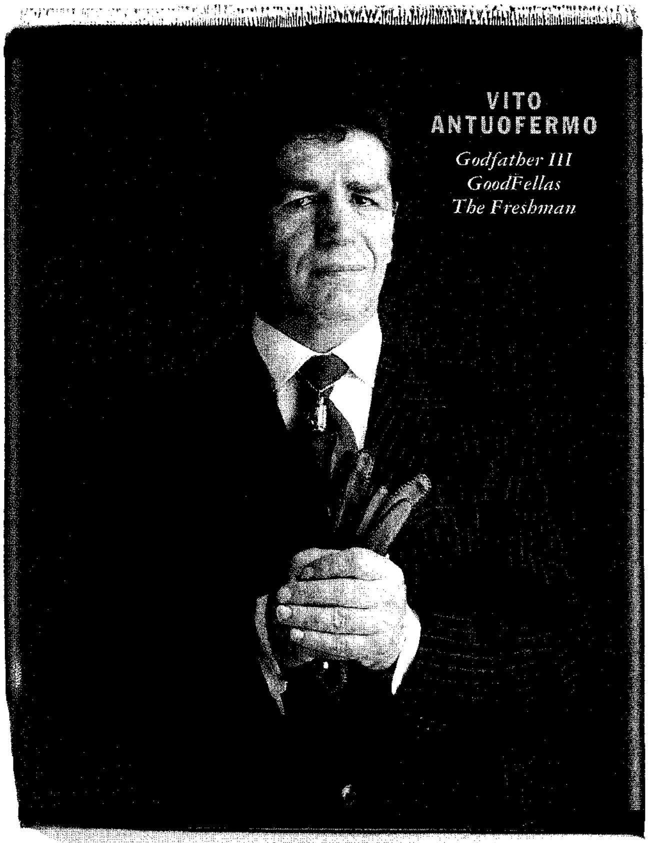
Swing coat, $495 at Cashmere Cashmere (595 Madison Avenue, near 57th, and 840 Madison Avenue, near 69th); muffler, $350 at Sulka; 14K-gold chain, $85 at Tiffany & Co.; 14K-gold cross, $165, and box chain, $50, at Fortunoff (681 Fifth Avenue, near 54th).


BUTCH THE HAT
GoodFellas
Men Lie
Bullets Over Broadway

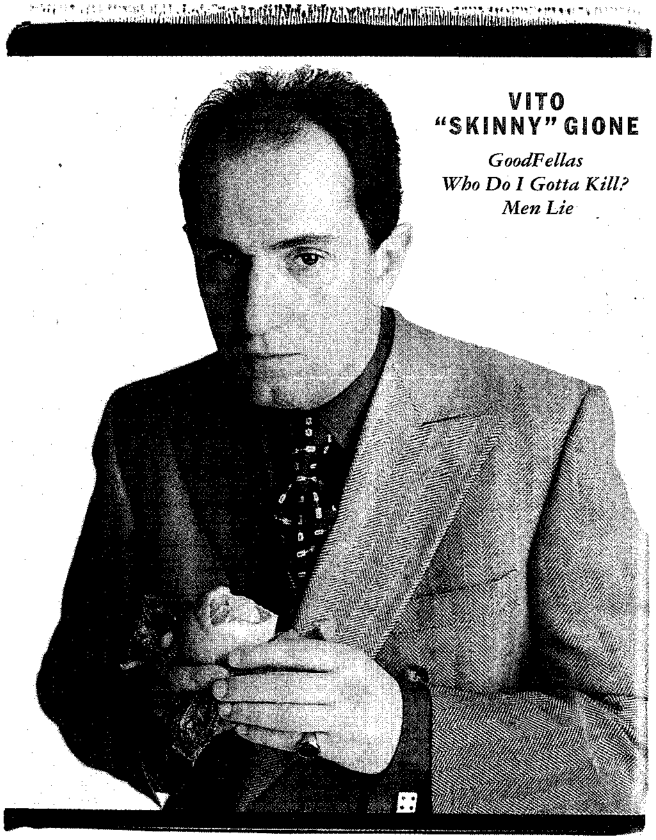
Satin suit, $1,125, and cotton shirt, $190, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Barneys New York; hat, $155 at Worth & Worth (331 Madison Avenue, near 43rd); silk pocket square, $75 at Hermès (11 East 57th Street); onyx ring, $275 at Fortunoff; Fantasia Lights cigarette, $42.50 a carton at Nat Sherman.


RONNIE LORENZO
GoodFellas
Godfather III
Honeymoon in Vegas
A Bronx Tale
Who Do I Gotta Kill?

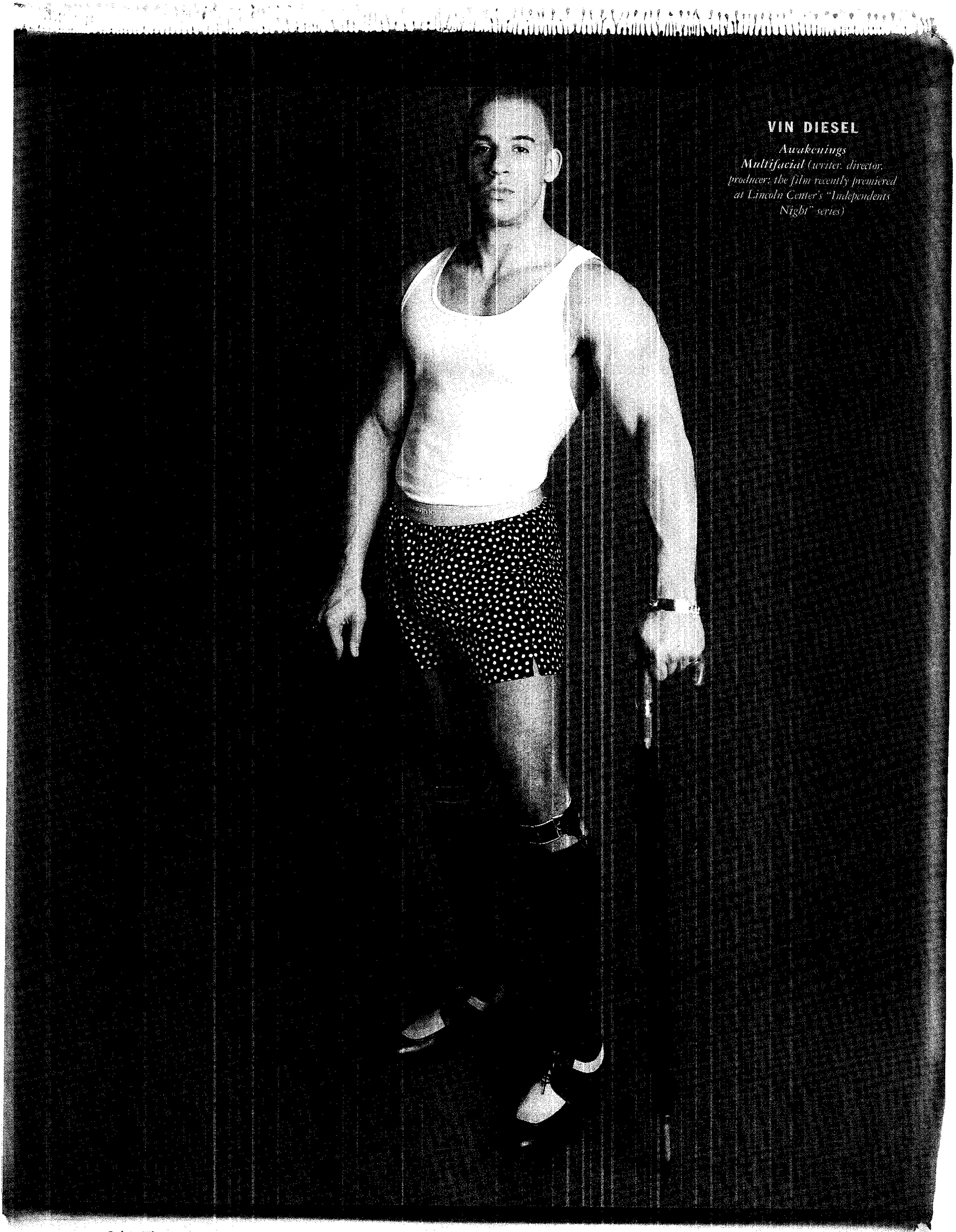
Wool jacket, about $1,000, and silk shirt, about $135, by Cerrutti 1881, at Barneys New York; 18K-gold watch, $5,600 at Cartier; fountain pen, $295 at Rebecca Moss, Ltd.; St. Christopher's medal, $375, and chain, $85, at Tiffany & Co.; cuff links by Barry Kieselstein-Cord, $2,350 at Bergdorf Goodman; studs by Mish, $65 at Barneys New York; gold-plated ring, $70 at Robert Lee Morris; sunglasses at Robert Marc Opticians.


VITO ANTUOFERMO
Godfather III
GoodFellas
The Freshman

Worsted-wool suit from Nautica by David Chu, $435 at Lord & Taylor; cotton shirt from Nautica by David Chu, $39.50 at Lord & Taylor; silk tie, $105 at Chanel (5 East 57th Street); leather gloves, $415 at Hermès.


VITO "SKINNY" GIONE
GoodFellas
Who Do I Gotta Kill?
Men Lie

Silk suit, $1,295, cotton shirt, $145, and silk tie, $90, at Gucci (2 East 54th Street); 14K-gold-and-lapis ring, $1,050, and 18K-gold dice cuff links with black jade and mother-of-pearl, $1,500, at Tiffany & Co.



VIN DIESEL

Awakenings

Multifacial *(writer, director, producer; the film recently premiered at Lincoln Center's "Independents Night" series)*

Calvin Klein cotton boxer shorts, $14, and tank top, $12, at Bloomingdale's; socks, $14.50 at Polo/Ralph Lauren (867 Madison Avenue, at 72nd); garters, $15 at Barneys New York; signet ring, $165, and mercury ring, $120, by Greg Wolf, and silver ID bracelet, $270, at Paul Smith; hat by Caruso, $155, and Brigg umbrella, $80, at Worth & Worth; shoes, $245 at Bally (711 Fifth Avenue, at 55th).

BEST BETS

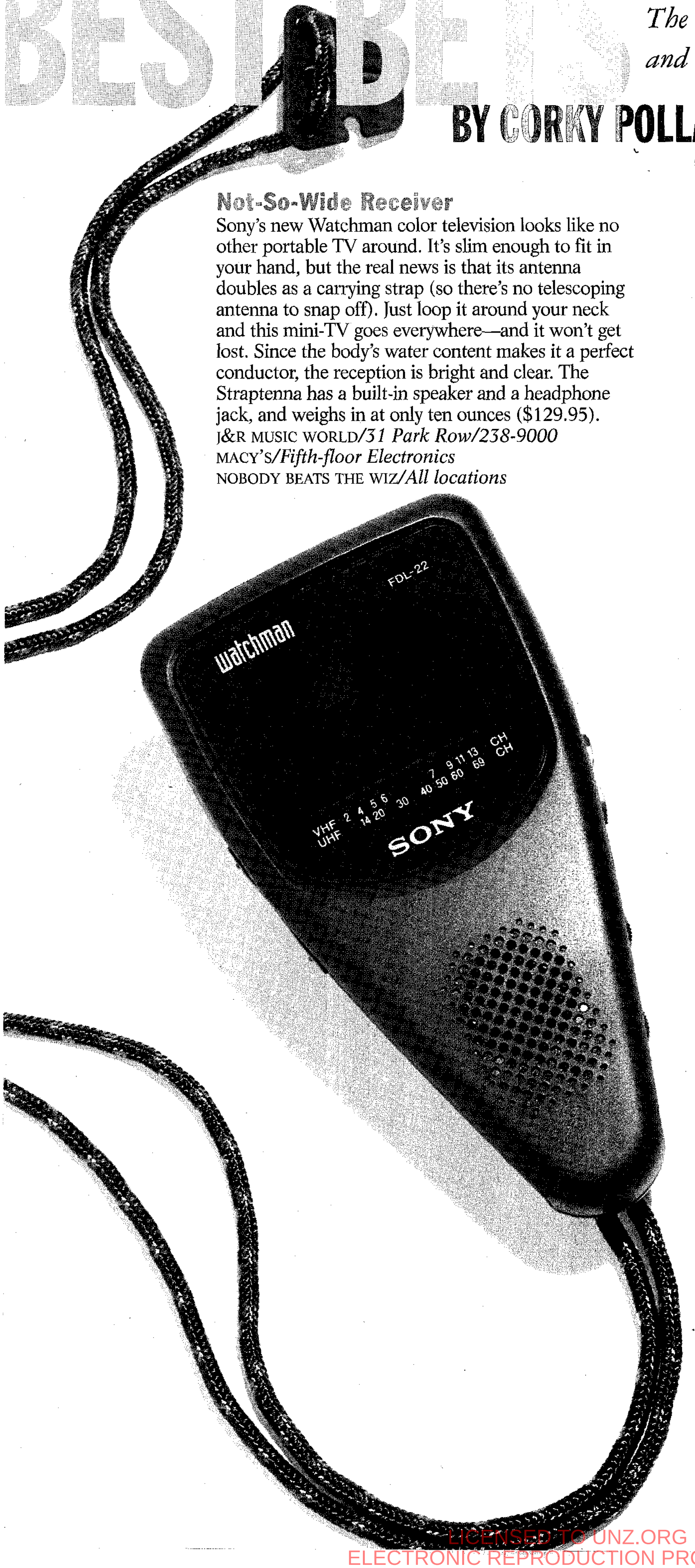
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

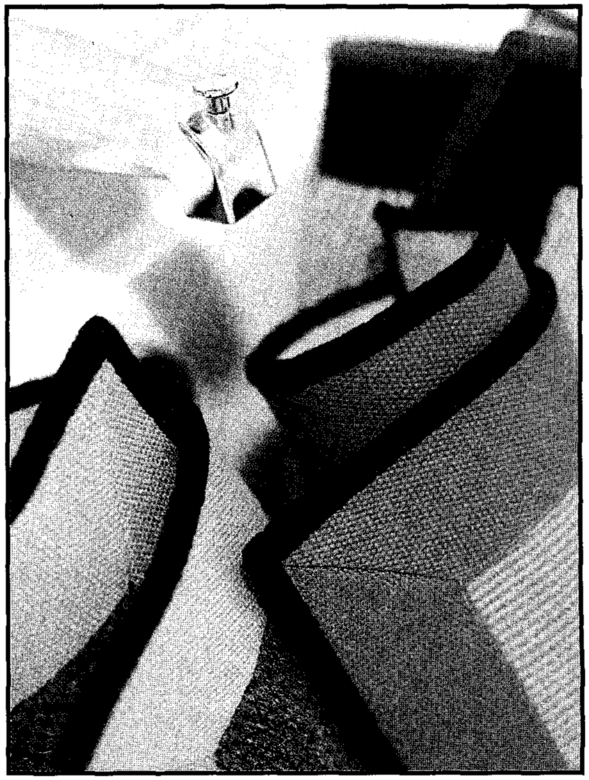
BY CORKY POLLAN

Not-So-Wide Receiver

Sony's new Watchman color television looks like no other portable TV around. It's slim enough to fit in your hand, but the real news is that its antenna doubles as a carrying strap (so there's no telescoping antenna to snap off). Just loop it around your neck and this mini-TV goes everywhere—and it won't get lost. Since the body's water content makes it a perfect conductor, the reception is bright and clear. The Straptenna has a built-in speaker and a headphone jack, and weighs in at only ten ounces ($129.95).

J&R MUSIC WORLD/*31 Park Row/238-9000*
MACY'S/*Fifth-floor Electronics*
NOBODY BEATS THE WIZ/*All locations*

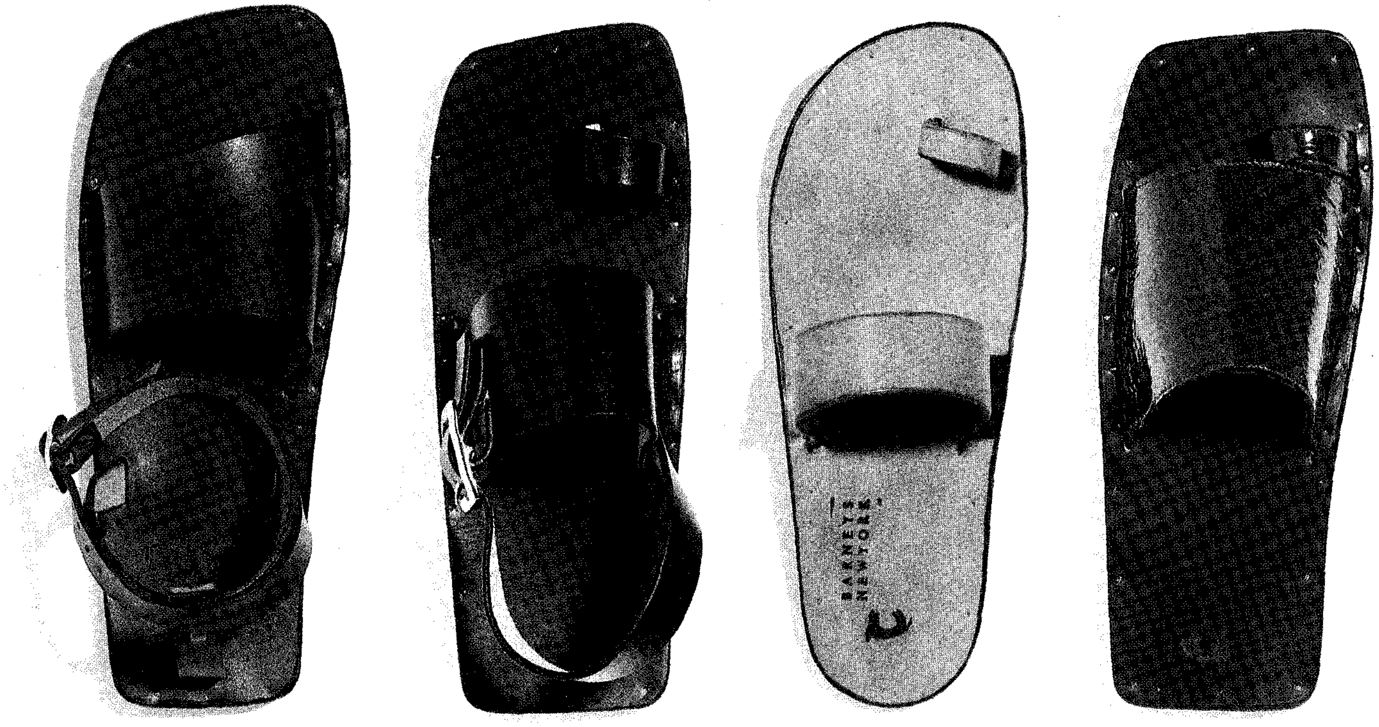




Mat Finish

Just in time for sprucing up a bare-bones summer rental, interior designer Mark Zeff and his fashion-designer wife, Carolina, have opened Zeff Store in Southampton. But for those allergic to the Hamptons, the pair have also started a mail-order business. So now straw placemats, wooden storage boxes, and canvas produce bags—as well as these spiffy sisal, jute, and wool bathmats—can be delivered right to your beach house, wherever it is (mats, $95 each; allow two weeks for delivery).

MARK ZEFF/*580-7097*



Really, Like, Stylish Sandals

Jutta Neumann's closet-size shop has the feel of the late sixties, when the city contained scores of leather boutiques turning out custom-made sandals. Neumann's sandals are also handmade, but unlike her predecessors, she offers dozens of styles and unlikely colors such as turquoise and yellow in addition to the traditional brown and black. Neumann does bags, too, which come in a multitude of shapes, styles, and colors (bags, $55 to $225; sandals, $120 to $195; allow two weeks).

JUTTA NEUMANN LEATHER CRAFT/*317 East 9th Street/982-7048*

Down Under

Hortimaniacal parents take note. RootVue Farm just might get your youngsters hooked on gardening, too. This little laboratory, which is reminiscent of ant farms, lets kids watch seeds grow. They can see the roots develop belowground before anything sprouts, then harvest radishes, carrots, and onions. The kit comes with a sturdy growing box, super-grow seeds, and fast-growing plant mix (around $35).

A BEAR'S PLACE/*789 Lexington Avenue, near 61st Street/826-6465*

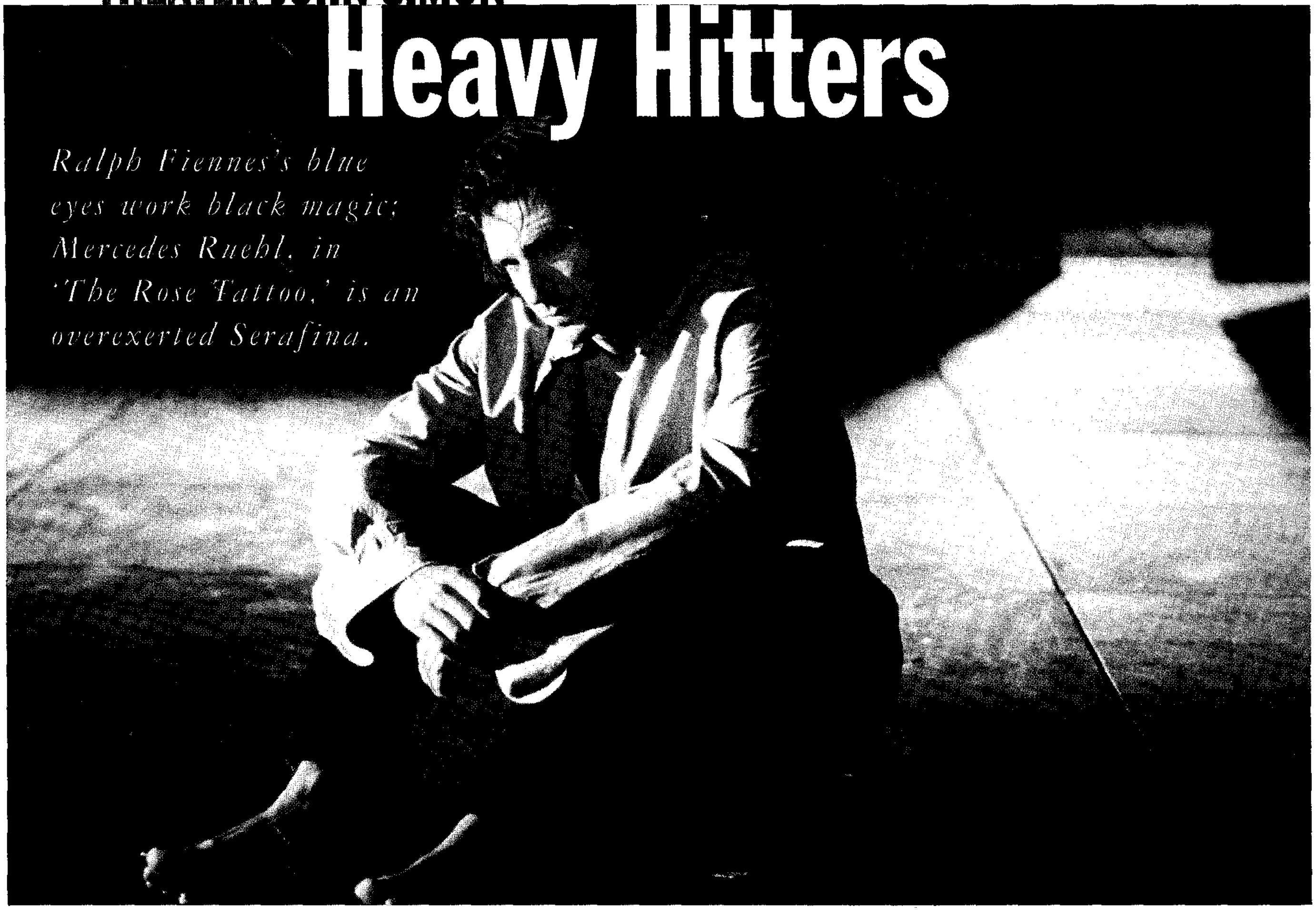
THE CHILDREN'S GENERAL STORE/*PlaySpace Lobby/2473 Broadway, near 92nd Street/580-2723*

Photographs: clockwise from far left, Monica Buck; Peter Ardito (2); Monica Buck.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Heavy Hitters

Ralph Fiennes's blue eyes work black magic; Mercedes Ruehl, in 'The Rose Tattoo,' is an overexerted Serafina.



Fiennes as a rough-hewn Hamlet (above); Ruehl and Anthony LaPaglia in *The Rose Tattoo* (right).

THE ALMEIDA THEATRE COMPANY'S **Hamlet,** STARring Ralph Fiennes and directed by Jonathan Kent, compresses this long play into two acts of, respectively, 110 and 50 minutes. It is rather like Kent's *Medea* of last season: a big star, an architecturally imposing design, paring down, slight modernization in costume, and a few gimmicks for cocktail-party chitchat. A not unattractive formula, to be enjoyed by various audiences, especially those smitten with the British heartthrob.

This *Hamlet* is to theater what *cuisine minceur* is to cookery. Leanness—speed—is of the essence. The text is not only cut but also delivered at breakneck tempo. The longest speech lasts no longer than, to quote Horatio, "while one with moderate haste might tell a hundred." The scenery, by Peter J. Davison, is largely noble, oak-paneled walls and tall windows befitting a quasi-Victorian period, but also some huge glass façades and trapezoid cutouts that bespeak more modern times. A suit of armor for the Ghost, for a sense of yesterday; a black Horatio, for the feel of today.

There are good things here. When a speech, or part of one, is delivered slowly, it creates a striking sense of rubato against the general rapidity. Polonius (Peter Eyre) is, for once, not a bumbling old fool. Gertrude (Francesca Annis) is a youngish woman of great beauty and charm, for whom any son might harbor pronouncedly Oedipal feelings. Claudius (James Laurenson) is a dapperly understated villain. The Ophelia of Tara FitzGerald goes horribly, not poetically, mad. When Hamlet sets out to kill Claudius, he has picked up and put on a commedia dell'arte mask dropped by the actors, and looks truly ghoulish. The skulls turned up by the Gravedigger are blackened by decay. Gertrude lapses into hysterical laughter upon telling of Ophelia's death. The final duel refuses to stay confined to the fight area, and spills all over the stage around the frightened courtiers.

Other things misfire. A bit where Polonius gets sidetracked consulting a book goes on too long. Madness, real or feigned, inevitably means running up and down barefoot, like the mobled queen. The prescribed uniform for insanity: shirt open to the navel for the gents, nothing but underwear for the ladies. Ophelia starts losing her mind when Hamlet repudiates her, which is fine, but must then quickly regain it for the Mousetrap scene. Her hands are protectively tied during her first mad scene; immediately after, for the second one, they are not only untied but also provided with a dagger with which to cut off the locks of her hair she passes out as if they were flowers. When she is laid into her grave, Laertes and Hamlet take turns pulling her head up above ground level and hugging it, making her into a jack-in-the-coffin-box. For a more striking look, a light shines from inside the grave. We must rewrite Marvell: "The grave's a clean, well-lighted place,/ And all and sundry there embrace."

Otherwise, Mark Henderson's lighting is superbly dramatic; James Acheson's costumes are fine, except for some sort of hussar uniform for Laertes right out of *The Merry Widow* and a rumpled Ivy League academic corduroy suit for Horatio. The Hamlet family apparently rented Elsinore unfurnished, and never got around to a shopping expedition to Ikea. Thus Gertrude sleeps on an improvised cot, and Hamlet himself drags on a few chairs for the theatricals; for the rest, no furniture whatever, and if you sit at all, it is on the floor. Even Claudius, invoking the angels in prayer, gets nary a prie-dieu—only that hard, bare floor. (He must, incidentally, be blind as a bat not to see Hamlet sticking his Pantalone-masked

Photograph by Ivan Kyncl.

face right into his ear.) There are no servants or soldiers on guard anywhere. Thrift, thrift, no doubt; one wonders: Were there really marriage *tables* for the leftover baked meats from the funeral?

But yes, there is Ralph Fiennes. He speaks verse aptly, moves well, and the blue eyes work black magic. He is a rough-hewn Hamlet, not much sweet prince about him. At no point is he the glass of fashion, though his form does get pretty moldy. And the poor chap must deliver the soliloquies not only trippingly on the tongue but at very nearly trip-up speed. Not one of your greatest *Hamlet*s, but surely one of the quickest.

ALTHOUGH LUIGI PIRANDELLO WAS ONLY 69 when he died, his last play, **The Mountain Giants,** is the work of a *vecchiardo,* an annoying old man. It remains incomplete, finished by his son Stefano from an outline Dad told him on his deathbed. There is a sense, though, that even the finished play might have felt unfinished. The aging master clearly wanted to recapitulate and epitomize all his previous writing and thinking. This was to be a poetic-philosophical summa, a tough trick to pull off, especially if you are given to long interruptions and radical revisions. "With *The Mountain Giants,*" Pirandello wrote his Beatrice, Marta Abba, "I shall go down, all the way down into the very bowels of despair."

Yet what the play lacks is guts of its own. It is all wearyingly cerebral and minimally dramatic. And that the great director Giorgio Strehler has kept rethinking and restaging it—this is his third version—adds to the unspontaneity, the sense of something pondered to death. What has been called Pirandello's "most consciously dialectical play" is essentially a debate between Countess Ilse, who leads a troupe of touring players to the Villa della Scalogna (Villa Jinx), and Cotrone, a magician who presides over its hard-luck inhabitants. A debate about the relation of art to life ensues, with Cotrone improvising art out of happenstance, while Ilse wants life to conform to her high standards of art, exemplified in her production of a play by a young poet who died for love of her. There is also a tertium quid, the actor Cromo, who espouses commodity theater.

Interspersed with this are the marital difficulties of Ilse and her husband, and, finally, Ilse's defiance of her audience, the servants of the Mountain Giants, themselves too busy to attend the theater. The servants want to be entertained; when Ilse defies them, they kill her. A crude synopsis, this, but the play itself is schematic, what with puppets that behave like humans, and humans who might as well be puppets. And always the "overly abstract quality" that Eric Bentley complained about in the late Pirandello.

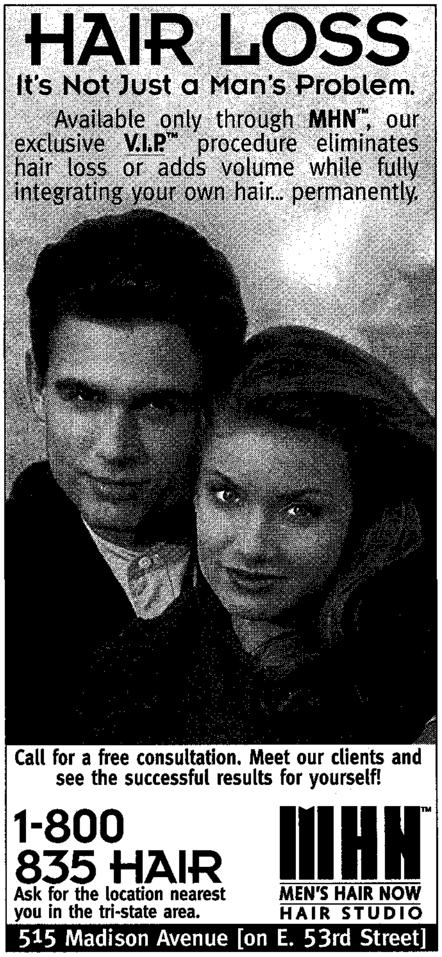
Strehler's staging is itself barren. A few ramps, platforms, chairs; some slides; a lot of severe underlighting. Hardly the way to animate windy philosophizings on the order of "You are everything and nothing . . . you are nothing and everything." Perhaps *halfway* down to the bowels of despair would have been a better vantage point. The manifestly competent actors do what they can, but only the Ilse of Andrea Jonasson (Mrs. Strehler) achieves true dramatic stature, with Franco Graziosi a nice but uncharismatic Cotrone. And when the unfinished part of the play is done as a wordless *lazzo,* a middling pantomime to mediocre music, *The Mountain Giants* (seen briefly at BAM) shrink to molehill Pygmies.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS WAS NEVER GOOD AT straight comedy; his forte was lyrical drama with comic overtones or the poetically bittersweet memory play. **The Rose Tattoo,** which Circle in the Square has foursquarely revived, is no exception. There are heavy and labored jokes, obvious things repeated two or three times, and lots of interpolated would-be Sicilian, written, as Williams confessed in a letter, in "dictionary Italian."

At best, this is a showpiece for two ornate actors: one to play Serafina, the randy Italian-American widow haunted by ambivalent memories of her husband; the other, Alvaro, the amorous bumpkin of a truck driver who manages to dislodge the dead spouse. Serafina requires someone like Anna Magnani to exude baroque excess as spontaneously as perspiration on a canicular day. Mercedes Ruehl is a marvelous actress—she is what the Germans call *rassig* (thoroughbred, mettlesome, racy)—but in a non-Mediterranean style. She handles the role conscientiously, often impressively, but from the outside. As Alvaro, however, Anthony LaPaglia is the genuine article, but his effortless goofiness merely shows up Miss Ruehl's strained determination.

The supporting cast has verve but also a tendency toward cliché, as in the Assunta of Antonia Rey. Robert Falls has directed lumberingly, hampered in part by the arena stage, and has allowed too many walks through the imaginary walls of Santo Loquasto's amusing set. In his *Memoirs,* Williams calls *The Rose Tattoo* "my love-play to the world." Some loves, alas, are unilateral. ■

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.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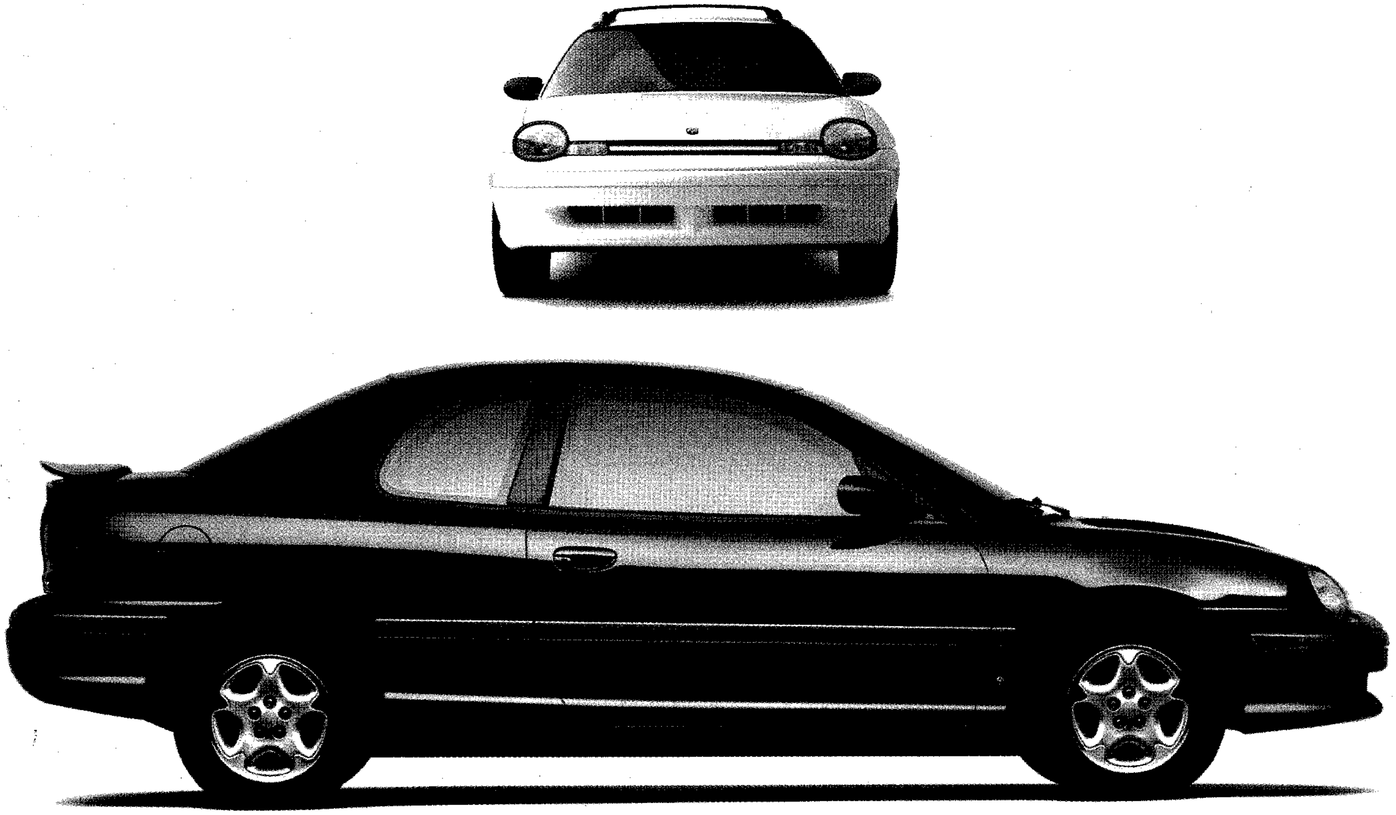

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MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

Run Noisy, Run Deep

'Crimson Tide' is a loud but smart submarine picture, 'French Kiss' an old-fashioned confection, 'Search & Destroy' an art object, not art.

Denzel Washington and Gene Hackman in *Crimson Tide,* a largely serious action movie with two grown-up leads.

DESPITE A FEROCIOUS ATMOSPHERE OF HYPE—thudding soundtrack, torrential rains, red and blue lights playing across the faces of the actors—Tony Scott's new movie, **Crimson Tide,** is an absorbing and at times thrilling entertainment. Once again, Scott uses the cheap techniques of intensification that he learned as a director of commercials and then perfected in such films as *Top Gun*. But this time, Scott and producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer are not selling Tom Cruise's smooth flesh and gleaming teeth. *Crimson Tide,* in other words, is a largely serious action movie with two grown-up actors, Gene Hackman and Denzel Washington, going at full tilt. It's the story of a mutiny set at a time of international crisis. In Russia, a fascist dissident modeled after Vladimir Zhirinovsky has broken with the regime, taking a part of the army and some nuclear missiles with him, and threatens to launch the weapons against America. The U.S.S. *Alabama,* a nuclear sub with ballistic missiles, is sent out for a possible preemptive strike. The heart of the movie is a series of remarkable struggles between the captain (Hackman), who wants to launch the strike without getting confirmation of his orders, and his executive officer (Washington), who refuses to give his formal assent. It's reassuring, I suppose, to discover that a nuclear holocaust cannot be set off without the agreement of at least two men.

The material shrewdly recapitulates the scheme of such earlier pictures as *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *The Caine Mutiny*. In all three movies, a career officer who is both a martinet and the hardworking soul of the Navy arouses the indignation of a smart, educated, and humane junior officer, who leads a mutiny against the aging dictator. The great Hackman dominates the first part of the movie, defining the character's quirks with that rich, private sense of amusement he always draws on. His Captain Ramsey is an extremely intelligent but limited man, jealous of his absolute powers, alert to the tiniest failures of deference in his officers; Washington's Executive Officer Ramsey, properly cautious but prideful, knows how to torment him—out of vanity at first, and then out of an overwhelming sense of necessity.

Much of Michael Schiffer's screenplay is literate and revealing, and I found myself fascinated by the minutiae of launching a nuclear strike—the elaborate protocol of codes, keys, arming devices, authorization and assent, the clipped yet bizarrely formal language—all of which makes mistakes or irrational acts unlikely. (Though not entirely impossible, if *Crimson Tide* is anywhere near accurate.) If only the restless Scott would not pump up the movie when he doesn't have to! He sends men running across catwalks or fighting one another or hitting punching bags. We seem to be trapped inside a New York health club. But still, this is Tony Scott's best work to date. The confrontations between the two men are tremendous set pieces of acting and directing, and Scott stages the mutiny itself with crisp attention to physical detail. The summer season is upon us: At least it begins with a strong, heavy blow to the midsection.

THERE'S A NICE MOMENT IN **French Kiss,** A SHAGGY NEW ROmantic comedy directed by Lawrence Kasdan. Meg Ryan plays Kate, a will-driven American girl whose fiancé (Tim Hutton) goes to Paris on a business trip and falls in love with a pouty French beauty. Overcoming her fear of flying, Kate gets on the plane to Paris to win back her man and is forced to endure the condescension of an overbearing, American-baiting Frenchman, Luc (Kevin Kline), who first sits down next to her and openly analyzes her sexual difficulties and then hides some stolen goods in her handbag. Kasdan and screenwriter Adam Brooks are using an old romantic-comedy trick: You force an unlikely pair to undergo adventures together until they begin to warm up to each other. Luc is shabby, with greasy hair and a vain, pointed mustache, and he seems considerably less sensitive than a dog; Kate, by contrast, is strenuous, literal-minded, and hygienic—an all-American moral virgin.

In Paris, she loses her money to another con man, and when Luc retrieves some of it, she throws it down on the street. Then comes the nice moment: Kasdan holds the camera motionless across the way as Kate and Luc angrily part company at one of those odd, sharply angled Parisian corners in which one street goes up a hill, the other down. As we watch the two walk away, we wonder, Which one of them—the thief or the high-principled American girl—will come back and pick up the cash? The answer tells us reassuring things about both of them.

French Kiss is moderately enjoyable, a rough variant of the travelogue romances of the fifties and early sixties that starred Audrey Hepburn and Paris—the kind of skilled confectionary movie with whimsical waiters or policemen, boats on the Seine, and "bohemians" in berets. But like that Paris corner with the streets going high and low, most of *French Kiss* is a little off-kilter. The movie doesn't glisten, and except for a few scenes in Cannes, it's not elegant; some of the slapstick is rough, and a few scenes go on too long. I could be mistaken, but my guess is that the roughness was intentional, that Kasdan, after the fiasco of *Wyatt Earp,* wanted to run out and just make a movie.

Alas, his stars don't make magic together. With her puckered lips, superbright eyes, and easy emotions, Meg Ryan is like the liveliest girl in your high-school graduating class. She's a practical and resourceful performer, but there's something suburban and TV-ish in her facility. Kevin Kline is a different story, even though he suffers from anonymity on the screen. I'm speaking not of his gifts, which are abundant, but only of his lack of definition. He is a man perhaps too intelligent and modest to stylize his personality—to cut off possibilities for himself—the way lesser actors do. He's good at silliness and at characters who are pretending to be something, vain poseurs who themselves don't have any identity. In *French Kiss,* his Luc, the unsavory professional French charmer, turns out to be a man who has dispossessed himself, a man less evil than desperate. Kline plays him realistically; he's scruffy and rather touching, more acid than he's ever been before. He never does get a clean shave—not even Audrey Hepburn could have turned him into a prince.

THE PAINTER DAVID SALLE, IN HIS FIRST FILM as director, **Search & Destroy,** has a good time horsing around. The movie makes no particular sense, but then, it isn't supposed to; once you realize that, you can enjoy it. *Search & Destroy* is based on a play by Howard Korder, but as far as Salle is concerned, the play seems less a text than a pretext—a frame on which to hang the kind of hotspur acting riffs that light up a party. Griffin Dunne plays a showbiz cheapster, a failure who wants to make a movie from a ridiculous book, a didactic adventure story written by a self-help guru. As the would-be producer, Dunne—who actually has produced movies—reaches such levels of scummy desperation that he turns abjection into a new kind of vitality. Dennis Hopper, the guru, does the kind of exploding-forehead intimidation he's done before (Hopper literally browbeats the audience), but Christopher Walken, as a mysterious sinister businessman in dark suits worn like armor, gives his most alarmingly disembodied and nihilistic performance yet. And John Turturro, playing a speed freak, talks so much and so rapidly that he could populate a madhouse all by himself.

Explicitly, the movie is about cynicism and fakery, and parts of it may remind you of the more rancid passages in plays by David Mamet and David Rabe. Why was Salle attracted to this familiar stuff about con artists making preposterous movies? Perhaps showbiz desperation has some sort of power as a metaphor in the art world. Griffin Dunne's self-actualizing crumb-bum producer might be considered a kind of parody of the artist. He makes himself up, and for visual artists who operate without a strong dependence on tradition (David Salle has complained about New York artists' lack of a sense of tradition), that act of self-creation may seem nervy and cool. The movie itself is an art object, as opposed to a work of art, featuring backgrounds of solid color and sudden, arbitrary disruptions of context. Like most examples of hip filmmaking, *Search & Destroy* obeys no rules apart from its creators' whims. That it doesn't quite fall apart is a tribute to the perfervid intensity of its performers. ■

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PERFORMANCE

DAVID DANIEL

Domingo's Biathlon

In what was very likely a first, opera's great tenor performed five hours of 'Parsifal' and conducted three hours of 'Madama Butterfly'—all in one day.

From left: Domingo and his wife, Marta, arriving at the Met; warming up before *Parsifal;* getting made-up; taking a curtain call at *Parsifal;* with singers Diana Soviero and Richard Margison; taking another curtain call after *Madama Butterfly;* signing autographs at day's end.

IT WAS NEARLY 5:30 ON THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON OF April 22 when the gold curtain of the Metropolitan Opera heaved and swooshed down on the final *Parsifal* of the season and **Plácido Domingo** strode out to the footlights to take a bow. He had just sung one of the most strenuous and privileged tenor parts there is, and in one of the longest operas ever written. (*Die Meistersinger* and *Götterdämmerung* are both longer, by about ten minutes.) When the tenor appeared in his magisterial white robe and black cape embroidered with Celtic-looking silver-and-gold spirals, the audience rose to its feet in a monolithic roar of approval. A dozen or so fans with shopping bags stuffed with flowers scooted down the aisles to toss bouquets at his feet. The audience continued to thunder.

Only the most cynical would say that the audience, which had been roasting on the coals of Wagner's chromatic indecision for almost five and a half hours, had leapt up merely to get their circulation going again. *Parsifal* is a revered opera, one which, to its proponents, reeks of a deeply private mystique, and it has been the object of cultlike devotion practically since its premiere at Bayreuth in 1882, some seven months before the composer's death. Domingo himself is no less an object of adoration; he could probably sell out the Met by reading from the phone book and showing slides of his family's vacation at EPCOT Center. The built-in hyperbole of the occasion notwithstanding, something special happened that afternoon, and everyone, it seemed, knew it. There was more to come, and everyone knew that, too.

By the time *Parsifal* ended, the day had already been a long one for the 54-year-old Domingo. After his requisite ten hours' pre-performance sleep, he was up at nine, an unseemly hour for a creature of the stage and a night person besides. He ate a high-energy breakfast of half a grapefruit and two eggs sunny-side up with bacon; drank his special brew of papaya, orange, grapefruit, and lemon juices; and sipped a cup of decaf. Then nothing else for the next nine hours or so, unless you count throat lozenges. Normally, Domingo and his wife, Marta, go out for a dinner after a performance, often with friends: not merely to eat, he explained, but also because "performers are on a certain energy high while performing and have to come down gradually before we are able to sleep."

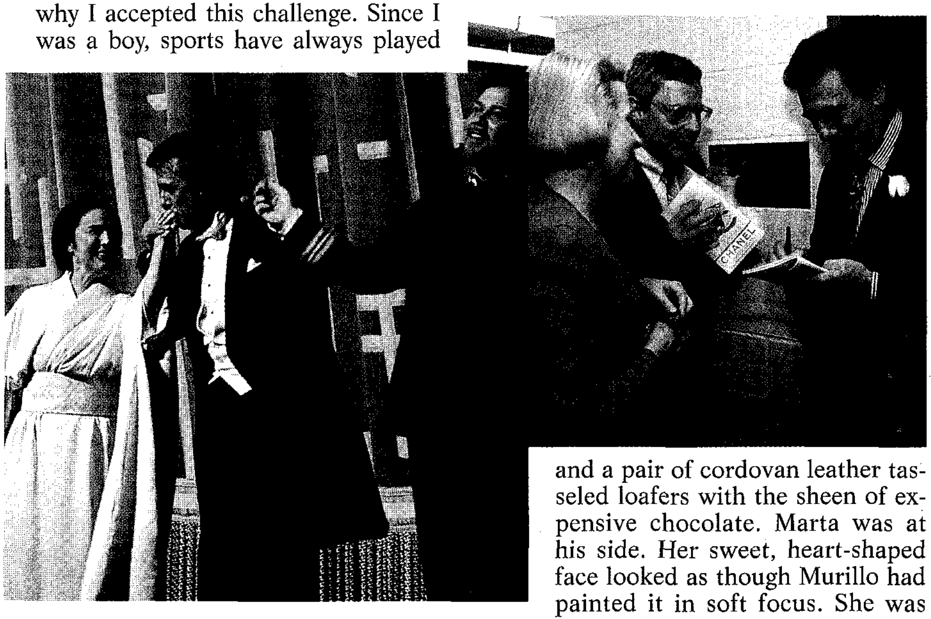
But this was not a normal day for him, with the familiar rhythm of anticipation, singing, then winding down with good food, friends, and wine. At the *Parsifal* curtain call, his working day was only half over. More or less: He still had to conduct the evening performance of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* which would begin at eight and end at eleven. I cannot say for certain that no other tenor has ever sung as lengthy and demanding a role as Parsifal and then conducted another opera immediately afterward. But you can be sure that the list of superstar tenors (or any other kind, for that matter) who can also conduct is a short one, and the list of those who would agree to sing and conduct on the same day is shorter still.

Even Domingo didn't set out to do it. "It was a coincidence," he said. More than two years ago, he signed contracts with the Met agreeing to (among other things) sing a certain number of *Parsifals* this season and conduct some performances of *Butterfly* as well. It was only later discovered that two of these operas fell on the same day. The Met offered to replace him with another con-

Photographs by Mark Peterson/Saba.

ductor in *Butterfly,* but Domingo said he could do both, because he could sing before conducting. "I couldn't do it the other way around," he said. "Conducting makes my breath more agitated. It robs me of the ability to be in perfect breath control in singing long phrases. It's like strenuous physical exercise. After one has run a mile, one tends to be out of breath."

Still, no one held a gun to his head. And surely there's an easier way to make a living. "Opera is my life's mission," he said. "But there could be another reason why I accepted this challenge. Since I was a boy, sports have always played an important part in my life. I've often thought that if I had not become a singer, I might have become a soccer player. It's just possible that deep inside of me I also want to test both my physical stamina and my ability to concentrate."

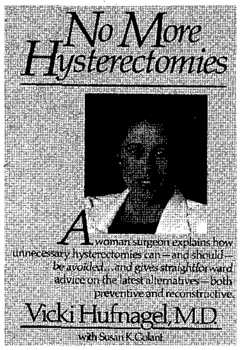


Not that his stamina and concentration haven't already been tested. One afternoon in September of 1993, during a rehearsal at the Met for the premiere of *Les Troyens* with Jessye Norman, he got a phone call from the San Francisco Opera. San Francisco's Otello for that evening, the season's opening night, had conked out. Domingo arrived in San Francisco by chartered jet at 9:30 that evening. A shrieking police escort rushed him to the opera house, where he slipped into his costume and walked onstage at ten—two hours after curtain time—having warmed up and applied his makeup on the plane. He made it back for his Met rehearsal the next day. When asked to account for his overachievers' zeal, he says only, "When God has given you a gift, it's a sin not to use it."

Tickets for Saturday's operas had sold out weeks in advance. One hundred and seventy-five standing-room-only tickets went on sale that morning at ten, for which a long line began to form before daybreak. After buying their tickets, a couple of dozen standees with flowers, posters, photographs, and CDs in hand made their way to the stage entrance to get their favorite tenor's autograph. (Many of the standees, and others as well, stayed for both performances.) They chatted quietly, keeping a watchful eye on the 65th Street underground entrance to Lincoln Center. They fell silent when, at 11:30, a black limousine slunk, alligator-like, into the tunnel and eased its way toward the stage door. Cheers and applause went up when Domingo appeared from behind the dark glass of the car. He wore a navy blazer and a blue-and-white shirt over gray slacks, and a pair of cordovan leather tasseled loafers with the sheen of expensive chocolate. Marta was at his side. Her sweet, heart-shaped face looked as though Murillo had painted it in soft focus. She was dressed in a champagne-colored silk-crêpe suit and wore pearls—earrings, necklace, brooch—the size of garbanzo beans.

The energy level backstage at the Met is always high if not actually full of white-knuckle-inducing tension. But Domingo's presence had just the opposite effect. It was as though he exuded a calming breeze over the proceedings. In his presence, everyone began to smile more and make little jokes. They spoke less rapidly and moved with less grim urgency. Within minutes, he had put on his first-act costume.

When he was ready for the stage, he walked over to the piano and played an ascending scale and sang it. He wasn't really singing; it was more as if he were testing to see if the voice was still there. It was. "Five minutes," came the stage director's voice over the intercom. "Five minutes please, ladies and gentlemen." A friend who was trying not to show that his hands were trembling asked, "Are you nervous?" Domingo smiled, crinkling his eyes, and said almost apologetically, "In all honesty, I don't suffer from stage fright. There is a certain increase in adrenaline, but that is a boon for any performer." As we left the dressing room, someone said, *"In bocca al lupo."* Then he was completely alone, but it would still be another 45 minutes before he walked into the mouth of the wolf. ■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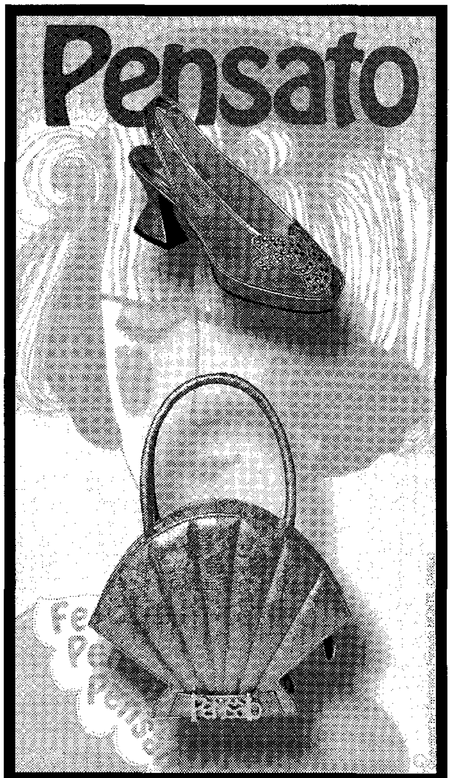

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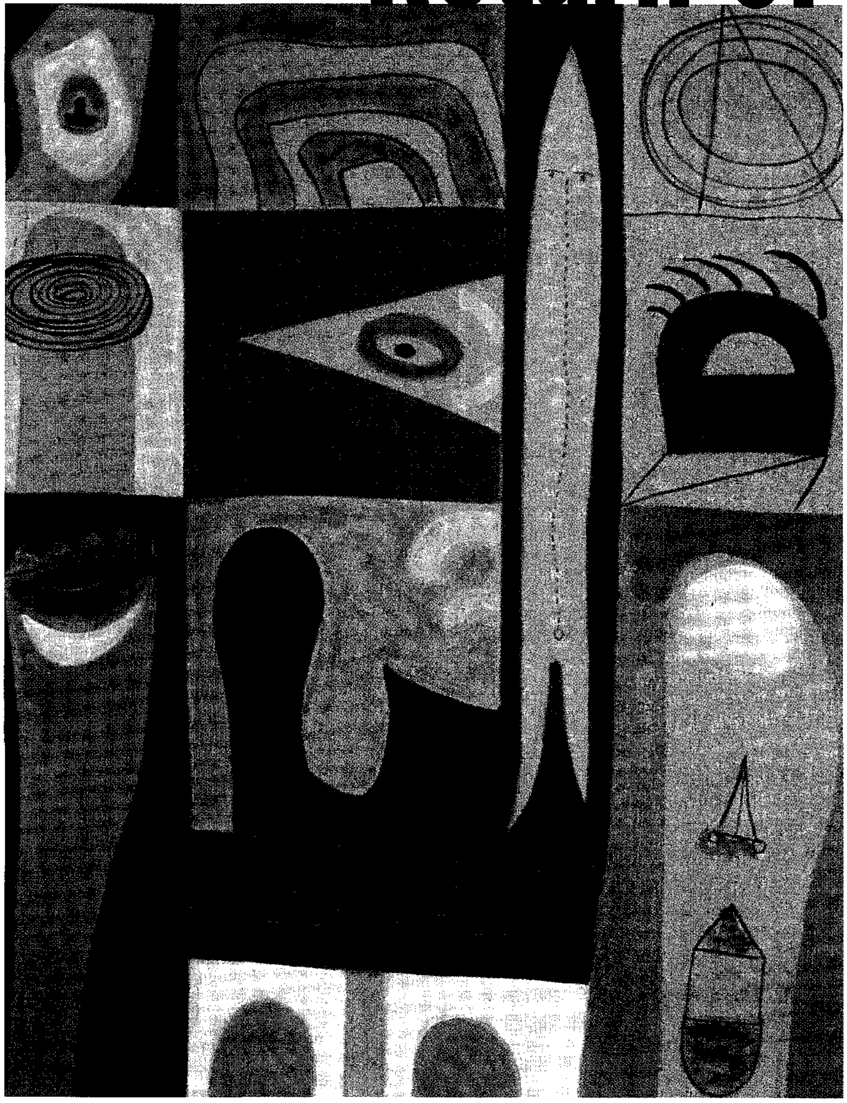
Return of the Native

Adolph Gottlieb's pictographs at the Brooklyn Museum are like sophisticated tourists viewing tribal art—they presume too much.



***Night Voyage,* 1946: Seeking a "spiritual kinship" with the art that's supposed to have come before art.**

SO MANY ARTISTS LONG FOR THE CAVE WHERE painting began. Their desire for an art before art—for the primal imagination—is poignant, painful, and usually fraught with difficulty. A thoughtful exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum of the so-called pictograph paintings of the American artist **Adolph Gottlieb** (1903–1974), a founder of Abstract Expressionism who was deeply influenced by tribal art, offers a good opportunity to confront this modern dilemma. The organizers have joined to the Gottlieb exhibit a small show of African and American Indian works, some of which were collected by Gottlieb himself. And just beyond this are the museum's handsome and newly installed galleries of African, Native American, and Oceanic art.

The Gottliebs suffer tellingly in comparison with the tribal art. Not that there is anything wrong with a Western artist making use of what was once called primitive art; like jackdaws, artists, Western and non-Western, frequently rejuvenate their work by borrowing bits and pieces from other traditions. The Gottlieb paintings are serious and innovative; they mean well; they are not inauthentic. But one has only to emerge from the Gottlieb galleries into the presence of African "power sculptures" or a Tlingit Chilkat blanket to see how slack his paintings are—and to sense something tinny in the broader Western tradition.

Certainly Picasso, Brancusi, and a few others have made effective use of tribal art. But many artists of both the past and the present have not. What works, what does not—and why—amounts to essential modern business, given the passionate relation of modernism to tribal traditions. Twentieth-century artists have typically looked to tribal art to fill an absence in their own secular tradition. Often, they have sought what Gottlieb called, in a famous letter that he wrote with Mark Rothko to the New York *Times* in 1943, a subject that is "timeless and tragic." Like many artists today, they were looking for content that was worth the trouble of form.

Gottlieb wanted what he called a "spiritual kinship" with archaic art. As a young man in the twenties, he traveled in Europe, where he first became interested in the power of distant traditions, places, and times. He was attracted to Italian primitives, for example, as well as to more famous Renaissance painters; over the years, he developed a taste for classical myth and for African and Native American art. He even became a collector of this work; his widow, Esther, donated a collection of 72 pieces to the Brooklyn Museum in 1989. His era's fascination with Freud, Jung, and the subconscious seemed to provide a way for artists to reach what lay behind the creation of tribal art: They'd throw off the covers of Western rationalism, to reveal the "primal" forces that inspired the art of other traditions.

Gottlieb's pictographs, which have been assembled for the Brooklyn show by Charlotta Kotik, were his first mature work. They were made between 1941 and 1952, before he began developing his signature style, the so-called Bursts in which a glowing disk was painted above a dense, erupting mass of line. The pictographs are divided into rough grids in which various compartments hold different pieces of dreamy imagery. In boxes of different sizes, for example, there might be a mysterious arrow, a profile, a geometric squiggle that looks like something on an Anasazi pot, a staring eye, or a roughly drawn fish. The surfaces of his paintings have an ancient and crumbly feel; the edges (like those of a Rothko) are often blurred, as if to release control to the unconscious. The luminosity of some of his best pictures—such as *Tournament*—has the rapturous quality of a dream.

But there's a kind of spiritual striving in Gottlieb's work that is disturbing. In the most successful borrowings from tribal art, Western artists maintain a measure of metaphysical distance from their tribal sources. This is an example of truth being served by tact. Art loses power when it pretends to be what it is not. And an artist becomes an all-too-knowing tourist when he or she

Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum.

presumes too much intimacy with a profoundly foreign tradition. Some of the best uses of the tribal are playful or formal; or else the artist uses the power of tribal art for purposes a tribal artist would not understand. Picasso's *Demoiselles d'Avignon* owes a great deal to African art, but there is no "spiritual kinship" with Africa.

As a serious modern artist, Gottlieb did not simply copy tribal work; there is never a one-to-one connection between a pictograph and any particular tribal tradition. His art nonetheless maintains too little distance from primitive art in general. At the height of World War II, Gottlieb wrote, in a much too vague and general way: "All primitive expression reveals the constant awareness of powerful forms, the immediate presence of terror and fear, and recognition and acceptance of the brutality of the natural world as well as the eternal insecurity of life."

This hollows out the resplendent particularity of tribal art. Much the same is true of the pictographs, which have the air of the religious convert who knows more than those born to the faith. The paintings become a bland stew of tribal sources—here, there's some Northwest Indian; there, a little African; not to mention a sprinkle of Picasso; a Pyramid; a touch of Cycladic. This is a phenomenon we know well from our own New Age supermarket, in which spiritual traditions are easily arranged on the shelf and, if you get your mood just right, you discover that Confucius, Zen, the Apaches, and aromatherapy are actually the same thing.

What distinguishes tribal art is its exacting, confident precision, its quality of having been made from within a particular sacred tradition. Far from awakening the ancient spirits, Gottlieb reminds us of our distance from the cave. As T. S. Eliot once famously put it, "Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal." These pictographs are poignant because Gottlieb can only borrow, not steal, from the art he loves. (Through August 26.)

Esteban Vicente WAS BORN THE SAME YEAR AS Adolph Gottlieb. That makes him 92. Like Gottlieb, he is an important member of the group of artists who, in the late thirties and forties, helped establish the New York School. It would be understandable if, at such an august age, this Spanish-born painter retired and turned himself into a monument. Instead, he has remained hard at work, and shows no sign of stopping. He is an inspiring model, in short, of the life spent in painting.

More important, his art still commands interest. In his current oils and pastels, which are on display at the Berry-Hill Galleries, there is a lyrical intensity that is also delicate. Vicente's washes of color, in which incidents of form seem to emerge, float, and recede, call to mind the reveries of a summer afternoon. They are proof that the eye can stay fresh. (Through May 13.) ■

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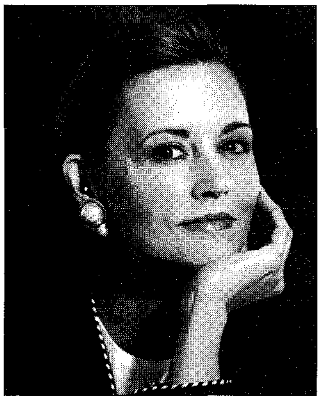

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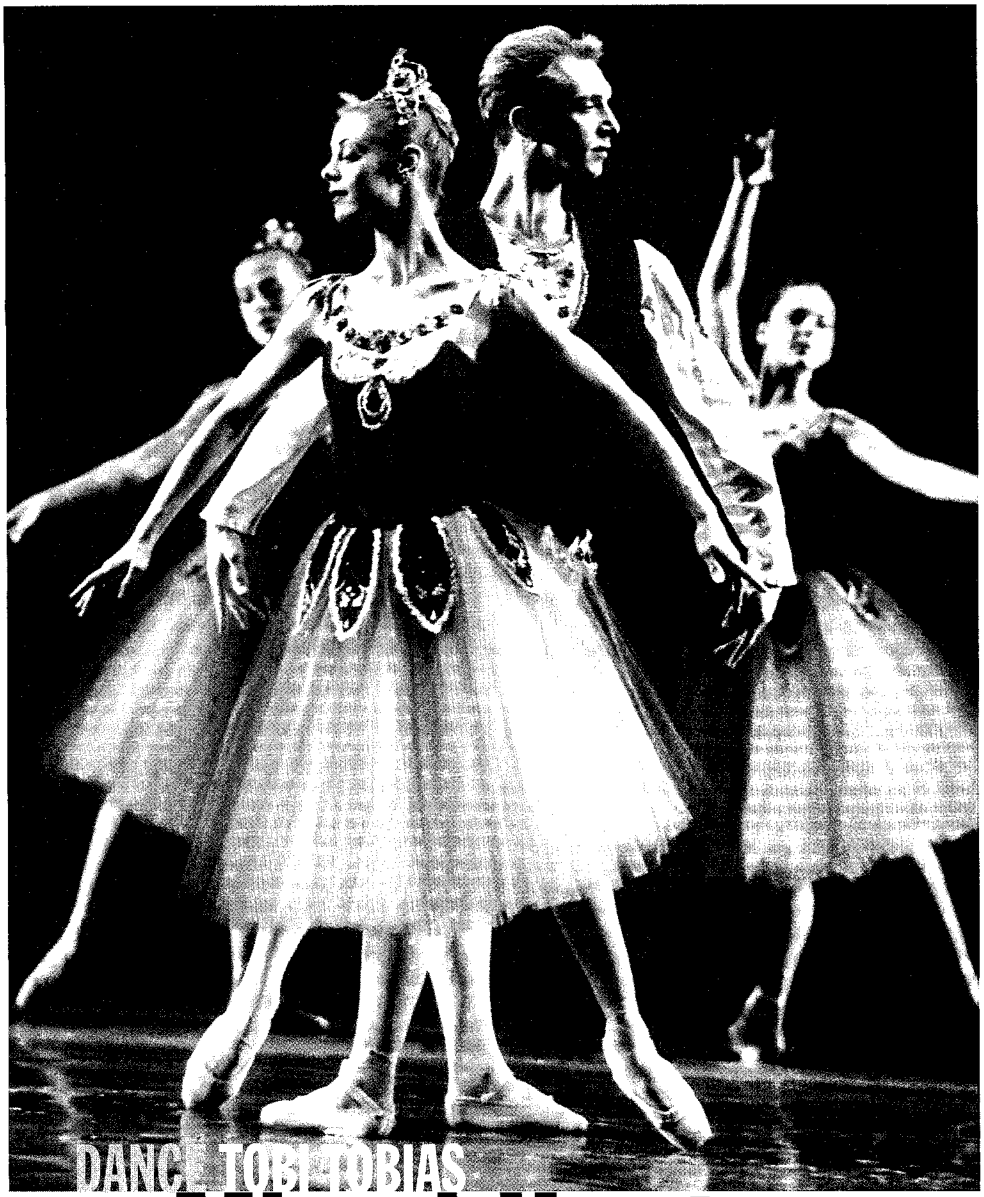

DANCE/TOBI TOBIAS

Miami Heat

Paradise found as a Florida company brings Balanchine back to lush, joyous life.

The Miami City Ballet performs Balanchine's *Emeralds* at the Kennedy Center.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHILE I WAS GROWING UP IN NEW YORK, SURrendering my heart to dancing through New York City Ballet's performances of Balanchine, the Miami of my imagination was a torpid land of opulent oranges and bourgeois retirees. Having just seen **Miami City Ballet**'s Kennedy Center debut—Floridians hit the big time!—I'm revising my view. Miami may soon be a mecca for the dance fan who yearns to see Balanchine as it was danced in the choreographer's lifetime.

Balanchine dominates the repertory of MCB, which has been led for the past ten years by Edward Villella, once NYCB's gangsta-style superstar. One of the two Washington programs was devoted to the full-length *Jewels*—the evocative *Emeralds*, the scintillating *Rubies*, and the sublime *Diamonds*, representing the music and the temperaments of France, America, and Russia, respectively. The other included *Western Symphony* and the *Tschaikovsky Pas de Deux*.

Villella's is still a modest outpost operation; Miami City Ballet can't yet attract a limitless supply of dancers who are top-notch in terms of talent, technique, anatomy, and magnetism, the way world-class companies such as NYCB and American Ballet Theatre do. Yet, following the example of Balanchine when he first came to the States, Villella has worked miracles with the attractive, willing personnel available to him. The vitality of this team, driven by Villella's idea of the Balanchine idiom, is so intense that the choreography hits you viscerally as well as visually. You're responding not just to the dancers' athletic prowess (extravagant energy, exactness at high speed, grand-scale movement) but to their appetite—call it lust, if you will—for the material.

Quieter virtues are equally important to the company's effect. In MCB's performance, Balanchine's choreography retains the three-dimensional quality it had under the coaching of its maker. It is this sculptural depth, rendered fluent—plastique, in dance jargon—that gives a nearly abstract ballet its emotional eloquence. Unlike more sophisticated custodians of Balanchine, New York City Ballet first among them, the Miami group has resisted the temptation to render the ballets with dazzling, cool correctness, as if they were infernal machines. MCB's readings are very human and saturated with the complexity and mystery of human experience. And they keep disclosing new aspects of their text, as if it were inexhaustible. There is so much subtly varied wit accompanying the corny, raucous joy of MCB's *Western Symphony*, so much poignant atmosphere surrounding the vagaries of ideal, unattainable romance in its *Emeralds*, I wept to find myself returned to that Balanchine paradise in which you are led deeper and deeper into a world of essences. Here, nothing has to be revealed to you or explained; it's all instantly recognizable from the shabby and fleeting but potent clues strewn through everyday life. But the ballets, performed with sympathetic motivation, are offering you sensation undiluted. Once you've had a dose of this drug, you're hooked.

What makes this company able to dance Balanchine with such lushness and verve, with such soul? Much of the answer lies in the teaching I witnessed in company class during the Kennedy Center run. First of all, Villella conducts the daily class himself instead of delegating the duty of this all-important ritual. On the surface, the atmosphere is casual and genial, though the boss is sharp-eyed as he strolls along the rows of his dedicated workers, here and there having a word with one of them, shamelessly exercising his celebrated charisma in tandem with an unrelenting vision of the kind of dancing he demands.

The most striking aspect of the session—from its easy-

Photograph by Robbie Jack.

does-it start to its hell-breaking-loose finish—is the jazzy twist Villella gives to the formal classical language. The steps he calls for are the age-honored ones ballet practitioners have been refining for centuries. But Villella—following the bent of Balanchine, who catapulted the inherited technique into the future—puts these codified steps together in syncopated rhythms that conjure up a contemporary, colloquial universe rather than a rarefied, aristocratic one.

Villella shakes the pompous formality and incipient mannerism out of the classical stuff without in any way deforming it. Setting it to a sly beat, he makes his dancers musically alert—an aptitude essential to performing Balanchine. A close second in Villella's set of concerns is dynamics. For him, a movement is not simply action with a certain shape to it; it's got to have a physical personality: soft, sharp, floating, punchy. And these qualities must remain distinct even when they abut one another as they do, say, in an airborne traveling passage he designs to climax one class. It sends the dancers hurtling through space: on count one, panthers; on count two, gazelles.

As an instructor, Villella is obviously the son not just of Balanchine but also of the mentor who guided him through his own training, Stanley Williams. Williams, a product of the Royal Danish Ballet, came to the States to work for Balanchine at New York City Ballet and its associated academy, the School of American Ballet, where his genius continues to shape generation after generation of dancers distinguished for their clarity, swiftness, sensitivity to rhythm and texture, purity of intent and execution. When Villella gives class, he echoes Williams's near-obsessive focus on *how* a step or phrase should be done so that it lives, breathes, and fascinates; he even looks uncannily like Williams as he demonstrates.

Villella has also been clever enough to realize that not even he—Mr. Impassioned, Mr. Tenacious—can resurrect Balanchine on his own. One of his shrewdest moves to date was to organize individual residencies for the women who created the ballerina roles in *Jewels* back in 1967: Violette Verdy (*Emeralds*), Patricia McBride (*Rubies*, a work that summed up her brilliant partnership with Villella), and Suzanne Farrell (*Diamonds*). While the three were at it, he had them coach other Balanchine ballets in which they'd starred, organizing the company's programs accordingly—a Farrell evening, and so on. In this way, a significant chunk of MCB's repertoire was infused with the wisdom and perfume of very different Balanchine muses.

Watching Villella teach, watching his dancers perform Balanchine coached not only by him but also by others who received the word from the master firsthand and possess a gift for passing it on, you see a handsome illustration of that familiar—and too-often hollow—byword of the dance world: the living tradition. How come we're not seeing this in New York? ▬

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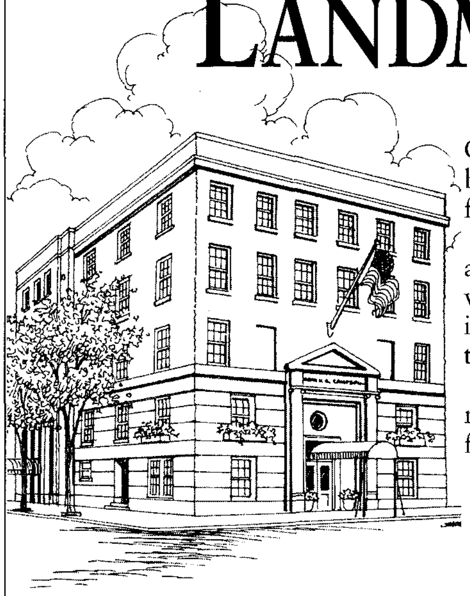

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Lenox Room's just desserts.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Uptown Airs

Lenox Room is a civilized retreat for grown-ups; Match Uptown lures the perpetual adolescent.

"THIS IS JUST WHAT I THOUGHT A SMART NEW York restaurant would be like," my expatriate pal from London observes, leaning forward on the cushy tweed sofa in the **Lenox Room** to claim his just-shucked Fisher Island oyster. We're seated in the gather-and-sip staging area of the restaurant just before moving to our table. It's snug and intimate, with the hostess bustling about—like sitting in the library at home.

In fact, the Lenox Room feels as if it were tailored for this neighborhood's well-heeled grown-ups. The raw bar on the balcony is perfect for a quick briny fix or a solo dinner. And there's not a screech of chic to live up to in the clean, dressed-down room with its burst of spectacular flowers and wait crew beigely attired in *faux*-peasant shirts. Every day the service gets more nimble and the kitchen stronger, as one would expect from the major leaguers working out here: Aureole's Charles Palmer coaches the kitchen; Tony Fortuna (Lespinasse, mad.61, Monkey Bar) directs traffic at the door; and Ed Bianchini, a restoration expert turned innkeeper (the century-old Les Muscadins in Mougins), is an investor.

No surprise then that since its opening four weeks ago, the big cheeses of the food world have been sniffing around, monopolizing tables and exploring trios of small appetizers ($5 each) served on tiered trays—silken smoked-salmon pillows plumped with mousse of salmon, snails and white beans in a garlicky broth, or spicy seafood in a demitasse. Almost overnight, they've been joined by savvy neighbors, including Charlie Rose and Amanda Burden—"We were just passing by and spotted it," says Burden.

Where else this far uptown can they find such sophisticated fare—"progressive American cooking," Palmer calls it, "straightforward and simple, without gimmicks or dramatic suspense." Not exactly bargain-basement either. With entrées at $16 to $22, a full dinner for two can run $100 to $125—but that's still about a third less than a night at Aureole. And the toll has also eased a bit with the addition of ten more under-$25 bottles to a wine list that was weighted toward extravagance.

Tonight the kitchen clicks along confidently. Sesame-glazed slices of portobello on wilted greens and a salad of beet, fennel, and Parmesan shards both sing with flavor. Equally good is the sesame-and-soy-tinged tuna tartare or lush foie gras blended with chicken liver. A dish as simple as tissue-thin slices of Parma ham and slender asparagus pleases, too. More than toughened chili-grilled tiger prawns from the raw bar or the too salty wild-mushroom agnolotti. As for the foie gras–and–lentil terrine—over the years I have confronted foie gras in some unseemly marriages, but this could be the the most desperate.

Though the citrus-and-tarragon-basted chicken from the rotisserie is juicier, white-meat lovers will savor the guinea hen with caramelized carrots, creamer-potato purée, and a few fava beans. Soft-shell crabs in citrus-caper brown butter come with crisp, hot shoestrings on a toss of mixed greens. Roasted lobster arrives wondrously tender, wrapped in ginger noodles in a faintly sweet scallion-and-port-wine glaze. The toasted-garlic "angle" hair pasta with morels may be a bit mucky, but that's exactly the texture we relish in tonight's asparagus-tossed risotto. And even the grilled filet mignon is robust with flavor, happily paired with a crisp triangle of potato-eggplant tart and wild-mushroom jus.

Desserts are dressed in pastry hats and pulled-sugar ribbons—sweet, Seuss-like shades of Aureole. Best:

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

homey favorites like zucchini cake (with buttermilk sorbet and pineapple compote), carrot cheesecake (with rum-raisin ice cream and a dried-fruit compote), and a lemon-custard tart made doubly citric with a zing of passion-fruit sorbet.

In the past, when Upper East Siders said, "We're eating home tonight," they usually meant they were eating at Sette Mezzo or Elio's or Vico. From now on, I suspect, they'll also be eating home in the Lenox Room.

Lenox Room, 1278 Third Avenue, near 73rd Street (772-0404). Seven days, 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. A.E., C.B., D.C., M.C., V.

LET'S NOT START THE CIVIL WAR AGAIN, FOR GOODness' sake. Uptown . . . downtown—it's more a state of mind than an actual location on the Manhattan grid. I have friends who dress uptown and live downtown and some who won't venture below Saks without a passport. So it's brave, even clever, for the powers behind the very downtown Match to uproot to the harrowing unknown with **Match Uptown.**

But the twain are solipsistically mixing here. Shoppers at lunch give way to suits and headbands for early dinner. And a reassuring trickle of migrants pours in from the south as the night advances. Nicole Miller celebrates with a rowdy birthday gang in the power booth while designer Kalinka studiously examines photo contact sheets with a magnifying loupe hanging from her neck. Already, a burly bruiser has been posted to guard the hostess checking reservations behind a velvet rope. "What can I do?" moans Billy Gilroy (a partner here with Chris Heyman and Peter Fay and actor/investors Marisa Tomei and Dylan McDermott). "The bar isn't big enough, and I can't have people standing around crowding the tables." Crocodile tears, for sure.

In a bow to local custom, the waiters have traded in their mechanics' coveralls for what look like long-sleeved bowling shirts. And the industrial innards—so à la modish in SoHo—wouldn't do at all in an East 60th Street brownstone. Plans to serve dinner in the lounge were canceled as soon as Gilroy got a glimpse of the ivory linen sofas. So grab a stool at the sushi bar or hope for a spot out back, preferably a corner booth, under the illuminated skylight. Designer Alex Locadia has tossed in a few elements that taunt one another—bare brick, stonework, Gulden's-mustard banquettes, and unhemmed linen curtains that could have been cut with nail scissors.

Match's all-over-the-map menu seems more ambitious here—more eccentric, less consistent, and not quite as good—and the service is equally erratic. One night, when the waiter manages to get everything wrong on our sushi platter it is instantly replaced—as is he, with our favorite waiter from downtown (we've obviously been recognized). At lunch, an absentminded hostess misplaces my guest and seats us at separate tables. As for price: While anorexics and those for whom eating is a charade could easily make do with some sashimi or a salad and not spend much, hungry grazers can overdose and overspend, with dim sum at $6.50 each, sushi rolls mostly at $7.50, and entrées from $14 to $22.50.

Just reading the menu is dizzying. Crab summer roll with mung-bean mousse and tamarind dipping sauce. Barbecued-duck-and-goat-cheese spring roll with apple-mizuna salad and hot-mustard glaze. Seared sea scallops on chive-oxtail risotto with sweet-pea broth and white-truffle oil. But while purists will have a fit, I actually *like* some of this madness. Crisp calamari with sesame-apricot sauce. That bizarre duck-and-cheese roll. One night's special of chunky cod cakes with mixed slaw. The rabbit fricassee—not for the tasteless rabbit but for its fabulous corn-chanterelle-asparagus ragout. Salmon tournedos in a smoky bacon wrap with artichoke-and-sweet-pepper stew, taro-root crisps, and a cardamom lobster jus. It's exhausting but delicious. And I love the huge lacquer bento box filled with vegetables and grains, though the peppery afterburn gets treacherous as you reach the bottom.

It also seems seems safe to recommend rare sliced duck breast with papaya and pearl couscous in a sweet-and-sour barbeque sauce with a hint of clove. Ditto for the lemon-touched spit-roasted chicken (the dark meat is perfect, the white meat too dry) with fava-bean succotash and garlic whipped potatoes. Lunchtime's tuna burger with wasabi mayonnaise on a good nori-studded brioche roll could use a crisp seared edge, but its flavor is delicious. Inside-out sushi rolls taste overbundled in rice, though the spicy tuna and yellowtail are sparkling fresh.

There are more than enough wines—reasonably priced—but the kitchen rates just passing marks for dessert. The cinnamon-scented watermelon bouillon in the "spring fruit pond" is great, better than the rather ordinary sorbets. But hazelnut-milk-chocolate cake with rum-fudge sauce or an austere chocolate torte with coffee-toffee ice cream won't satisfy the fussy chocoholic. Lemon tart paved with raspberries sits on a soggy crust. And am I losing it, or do I really like pineapple crème brûlée with guava-pineapple compote? I am. I do.

Match Uptown, 33 East 60th Street (906-9177). Lunch, 11:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.; dinner, 5:30 p.m. to midnight. A.E., M.C., V. ▬

"...Match Uptown's **all-over-the-map menu** *is more ambitious, more eccentric, less consistent, and not quite as good..."*

Match Uptown strikes it hot.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

LEONORE FLEISCHER MAY 15, 1995

SALES & BARGAINS

If you're thinking of living in . . . don't—until you read this. Plus, a healthful weekend getaway and a charming seaside restaurant.

Age Isn't Everything

BETH HAGENMAYER HAS A SELECTION of dresses with a distinct vintage look at well below retail. The dresses are available in sizes 4–12 and include thirties-style bias-cut printed silk-chiffon tea dresses, retail $220–$350, here $110–$150; cotton-seersucker, cotton-piqué, or rayon jackets with matching skirts or pants, retail $75–$350, here $35–$150; some one-of-a-kind genuine vintage dresses, here $35–$100; knit-cotton daywear, sleepwear, and loungewear with embroidered insets, retail $20–$40 for camisoles, here $10–$20; gowns, retail $60–$150, here $25–$70; dresses and pajamas, retail $75–$110, here $35–$40. *Beth Hagenmayer, 164 W. 25th St., ninth floor (924-4220); cash only; all sales final; Thurs. and Fri., 5/11 and 5/12, noon–7 p.m.; Sat., 5/13, till 5 p.m.*

The Refinish Line

THE LITTLE WOOD DESK COMPANY, WHICH refinishes and restores antique furniture, has a space in the Chelsea Antiques Building where it sells refinished pieces. Many of the pieces are now on sale, including a golden-oak buffet/server, ca. 1915, was $1,450 here, now $985; and a set of four oak chairs with upholstered seats, ca. 1900, was $735, now $575. There's also 10 percent off all antique dressers and chests and 10–30 percent off all antique lighting. *The Little Wood Desk Company, 110 W. 25th St., Suite 603 (718-442-3444); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; delivery available at additional cost; Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. 11 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 10 a.m.–6 p.m. (closed Wed.); while stock lasts; through 5/31.*

Vision Thing

ALL EYEGLASSES FRAMES BY TOP EUROPEAN and American designers will be 50 percent off here for one week only: Gianfranco Ferre tortoiseshell, were $245, now $122.50; Silhouette cat-eye, were $295, now $147.50; Classic Polo titanium, were $269, now $134.50; Dakota Smith crystal plastic, were $80, now $40; Romeo Gigli scrollwork pewter-finish stainless steel, were $115, now $57.50; Daniel Hunter tortoise and metal, were $139, now $69.50. *Union Square Optical, 9 W. 14th St. (242-0314); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final. Mon.–Sun. 10 a.m.–8 p.m.; through 5/14.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

Mountain Do

THIS SPA/HOTEL IN KILLINGTON, VERMONT, is an excellent weekend mountain getaway for young and old. It offers contemporary accommodations; healthful, low-fat cuisine; and fitness regimens for people of all ages and physical abilities. The per-person double-occupancy rate for the weekend sampler (Thursday evening through Sunday lunch) is normally $599; every weekend through June 29, with the exception of the Memorial Day weekend (May 25–28), it costs just $395 and includes room with private bath, all meals, all exercise classes, and the hiking program (all levels) Friday through Sunday, one-hour full-body massage, use of all facilities and participation in all program activities, and a free copy of the owner's *New Life Guide to Healthy Eating. Jimmy LeSage's New Life Fitness Vacations at the Inn of the Six Mountains, P.O. Box 395, Killington, Vt. 05751 (802-422-4302; 800-228-4676); reservations are necessary; through 6/29.*

Lock, Stock, and Barrel

EVERYTHING FOR THE DOOR (OTHER THAN the door itself) is on sale at Simon's Hardware & Bath for at least 40 percent off: Baldwin solid-brass chrome-plated hinges, now 60 percent off; Omnia Cremone bolt sets, were $165, now $99; Omnia passage sets, were $99, now $59.40; Omnia entry sets, were $399, now $239.70; Baldwin entry sets, were $506, now $354.20; Gainsborough knob sets in porcelain or crystal, now 40 percent off, were $39.95, now $23.97; Gainsborough knobs for cabinets, such as a porcelain knob, was $6.62, now $3.97. *Simon's Hardware & Bath, 421 Third Ave., between 29th and 30th Sts. (532-9220); M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; delivery available at additional cost; Mon.–Fri. 8 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 5/27.*

On the Waterfront

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House Detectives

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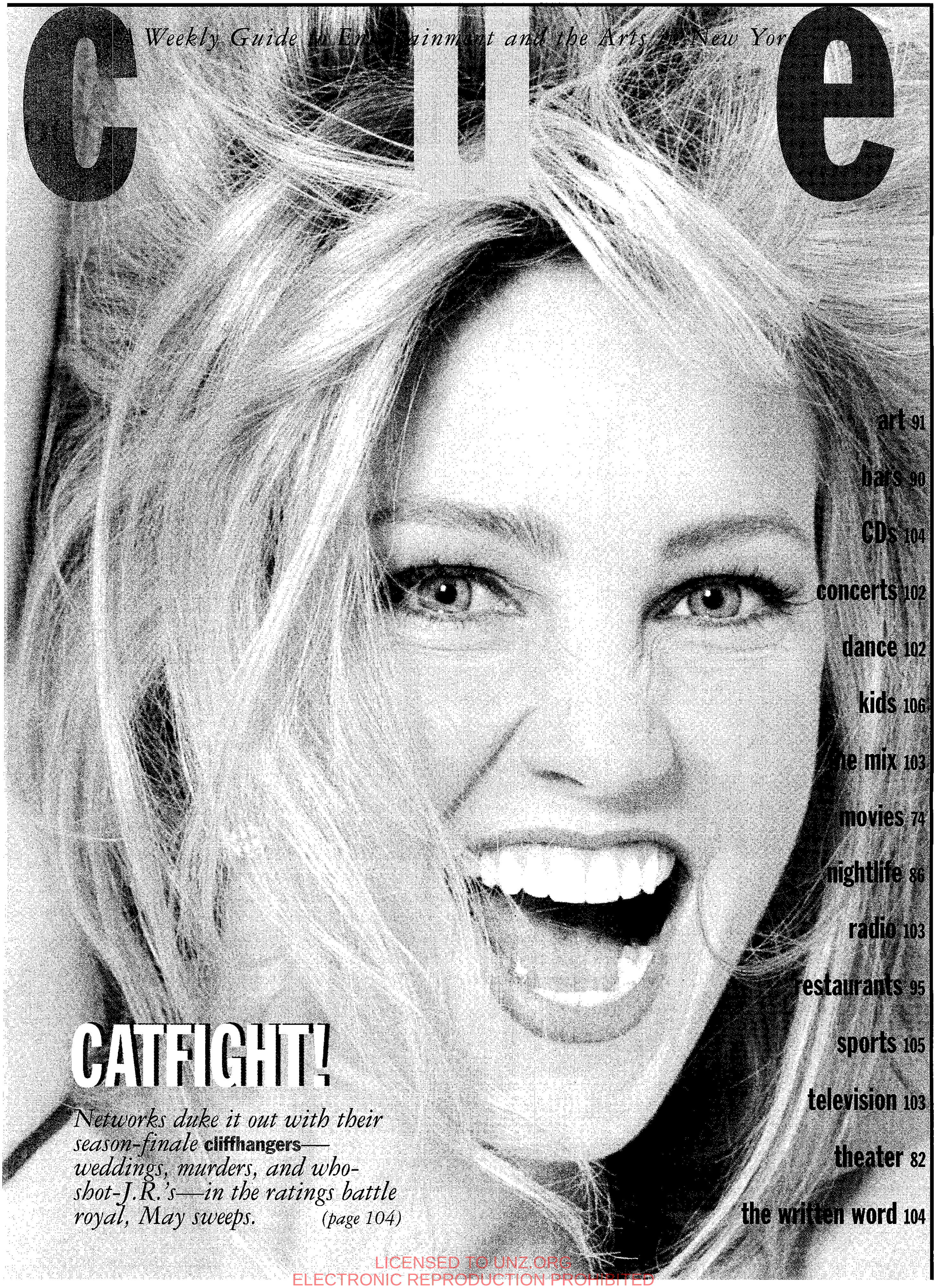

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A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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CATFIGHT!

Networks duke it out with their season-finale **cliffhangers**—*weddings, murders, and who-shot-J.R.'s—in the ratings battle royal, May sweeps.* *(page 104)*

movies

The Perez Family…Boop-Oop-a-Doo

New Films

Amateur—Having a well-known star such as Isabelle Huppert appear in his latest film is hardly a shocking case of sellout for director Hal Hartley. Still, it's telling that it should occur in his weakest movie in years. Mining his familiar terrain of droll, good-looking characters engaged in sharp self-observation, Hartley spins an absurdist tale about a former nun writing pornography, a vengeful porn star, and an overempathetic police officer brought together by Thomas Martin Donovan. He's a charming and handsome fellow who suffers from amnesia and appears to have been a real bastard before his memory loss kicked in. Intelligently done, with strong support from Hartley's usual collaborators. But the irony isn't thick enough, with too much time spent on surprisingly straightforward plot developments. One keeps waiting for the joke, for the cheeky spin on movie conventions—but no one seems to be kidding, at least not enough. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

Bad Boys—Will Smith and Martin Lawrence are buddy cops Smith is the wealthy and smooth-talking romantic; Lawrence the hard-up family man looking to bust some bad guys who stole a cache of heroin from police headquarters—just the sort of thing that really ticks the law off. Loud and noisy, it has the slick, big-budget look of producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, who ruled the eighties with *Top Gun, Beverly Hills Cop,* and their ilk. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; National Twin; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Plaza .*

Bar Girls—Like last year's indie hit *Go Fish,* this is a comic drama focusing on women who are falling in and out of love with other women. Men put in token appearances and angst—thankfully—doesn't even merit a cameo. While *Go Fish* had a strong script but a generally weak if game cast, *Bar Girls* has a more pedestrian girl-meets-girl story delivered by a stronger cast and stronger tech credits all around. Written by Lauran Hoffman. Directed by Marita Giovanni (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Basketball Diaries—So slovenly and inaccurate, it seems an even worse fake than Jim Carroll's book, allegedly a chronicle of his life in New York from ages 13 to 16, which was filled with bravado, good times, and heroic bad times. Leonardo DiCaprio is a very talented actor, but as Carroll, he doesn't move like a teenage athlete. Nor does DiCaprio's cocky smile suggest much connection to the meaninglessly hostile and self-destructive acts perpetrated by young Jim. We never really find out why this boy is so alienated: the movie just presents him as a fully formed dark angel, which means that DiCaprio's performance is both strained and unsupported. Director Scott Kalvert is yet another graduate of music videos with little sense of how to build a sequence. He creates a swirl of overcharged moods, but many of the sequences trail off into nowhere. The basic form is false and undramatic, since the audience knows perfectly well that the hero, however messed up, will live to compose his book. *The Basketball Diaries*—in any version—is a pathetically egocentric conception. (Denby; 5/8/95) (1 hr. 42 min.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★**Before the Rain**—Writer/director Milcho Manchevski's debut has both poetic immediacy and frightening premonitory force as it tells the story of an anguished country—Macedonia—on the verge of civil war. It features three interconnected stories. The first and third are set in a mountain village in Macedonia, the middle one in London, and all three are seething with the Christian-Muslim hatreds that tore apart Bosnia and Herzegovina. As in *Pulp Fiction,* the stories are placed out of sequence chronologically, and the movie ends by recapitulating its beginning. Not all the loose ends are tied up, and Manchevski indulges in a few fancy touches, but the movie is a triumph. In Macedonian. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 56 min.; NR) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Bulletproof Heart—A tough *noir*-ish little movie about a hit man Anthony LaPaglia who in the course of one night falls in love with the woman he's been ordered to kill Mimi Rogers, only to find out that she knows what he's supposed to do and wants it to happen more than anyone. A solid, quietly observant flick with two great performances Rogers's best since *The Rapture* and a classic fade-out—make sure you stay to the end of the credits. (1 hr. 40 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St..*

Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair; but it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sellout. Why care about this guy? (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

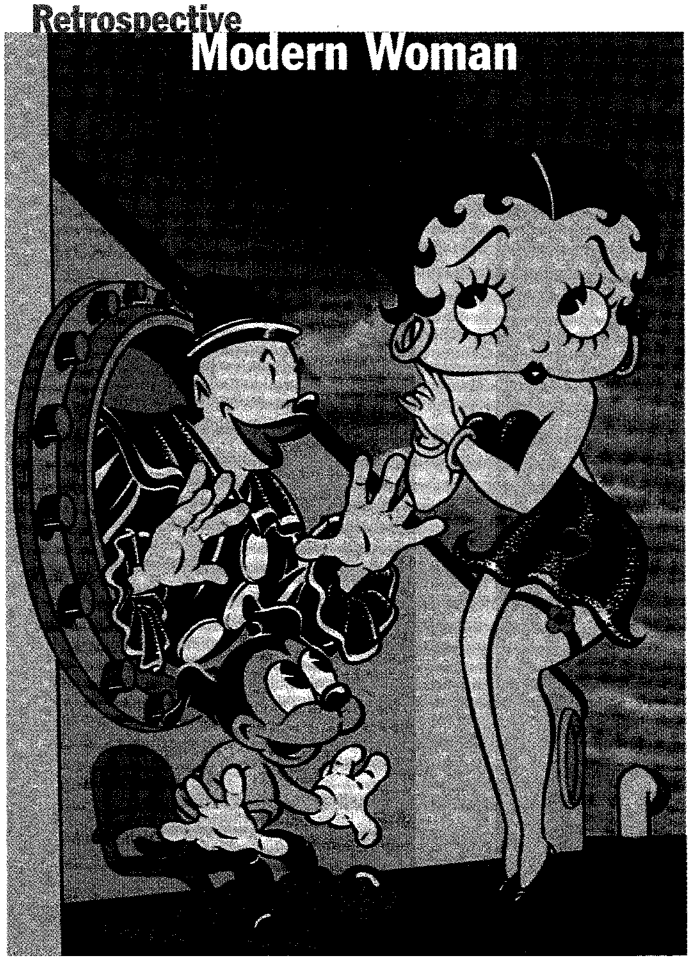
★**Burnt by the Sun**—If some directors have a talent for the obvious, Nikita Mikhalkov has a genius for it. This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror, and by the end of it, Mikhalkov's usual mood of bittersweet sentiment has reached an unnerving pitch of anguish. Somewhere outside Moscow, in the country near the wheat fields, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov), a true believer and bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite) in her dacha, where a Chekhovian house party with elderly relatives, friends, and hangers-on appears to be in full swing. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He's a member of the secret police and exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. Mikhalkov's answer is convoluted and fascinating in a way only possible within the tormented history of the Soviet Union. By the end, his theatrical excess makes perfect sense. The careless abundance of life, spilling over the edges, is about to come to an end. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R)

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Retrospective

Modern Woman



Until Hollywood moral watchdogs forced Betty Boop to lengthen her skirt and clean up her act in the late thirties, she minced her way through classic shorts that featured jazzy scores, drug references, and countless sexual innuendoes. Racy, edgy, and surreal, the shorts were created right here in Sin City, far from the wholesome aura of Walt Disney. Eleven of her best are screening at Film Forum May 12–25.

Photograph by KFS Inc./Fleischer Studios Inc.

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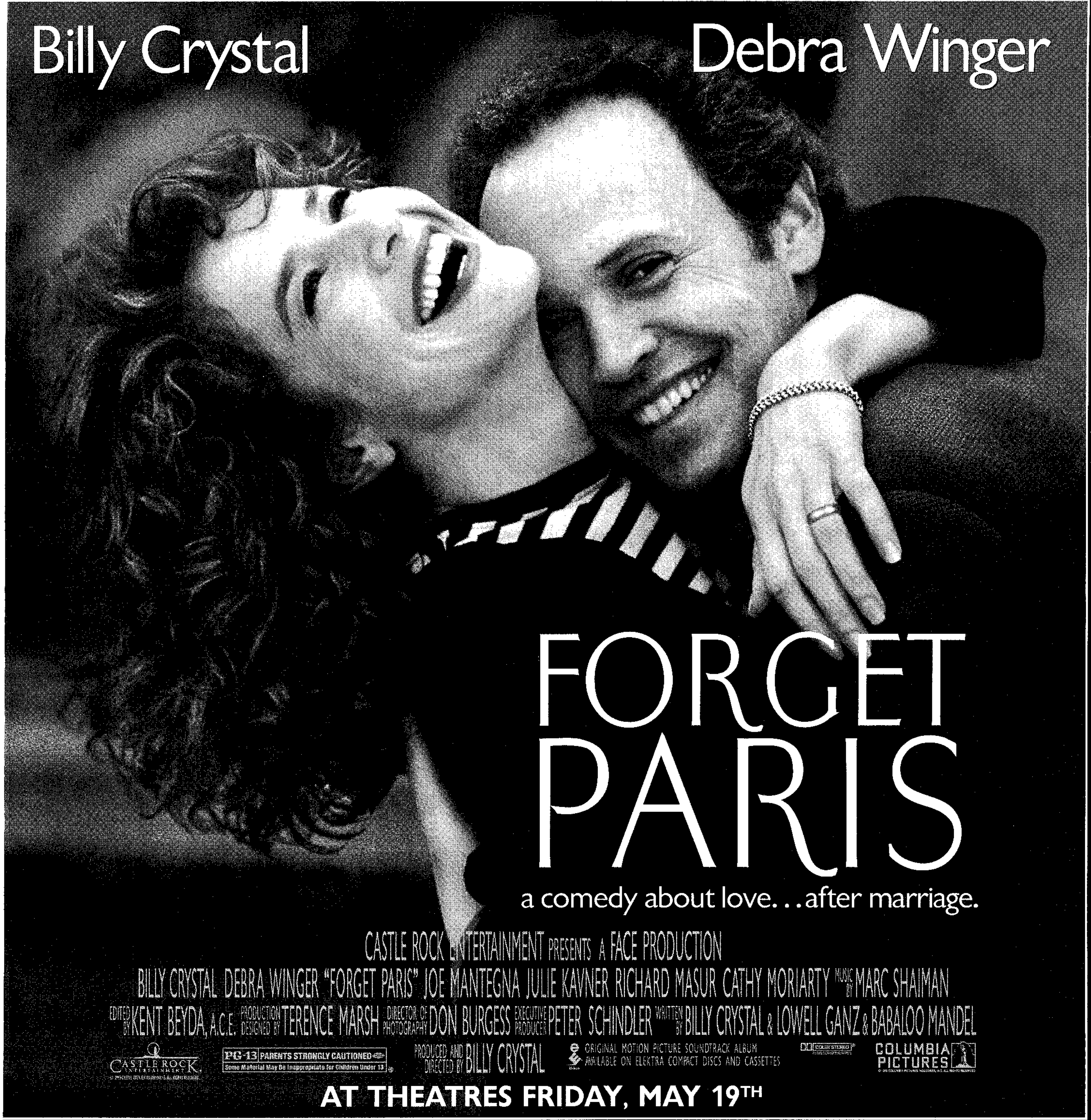

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Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Circle of Friends—Chris O'Donnell maintains his charm and a gentle Irish brogue in this rather predictable romantic drama. It's the story of three Catholic girls in the fifties who go off to school and soon yearn for independence and romance. It offers some interesting, original characters, only to shoehorn them into a by-the-numbers plot that any reader of Harlequin romances will be able stay two steps ahead of. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; Baronet/Coronet; 84th Street Six.*

Crimson Tide—See David Denby's review, p. 62. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Talent
Dreaming in Cuban

Though 37-year-old director Mira Nair began her career with low-key documentaries about India, she casually uses Marquezian magical realism and the kind of heightened romanticism found in *Like Water for Chocolate* for her latest movie, *The Perez Family.* It tells the story of a Cuban refugee (Alfred Molina, pictured at right with Marisa Tomei) who arrives in Miami after decades of prison, hoping to reunite with his wife (Anjelica Huston). Those familiar with Nair's feature debut, *Salaam Bombay!,* a painfully realistic look at street children, will be especially surprised by the fantastic touches of *Perez,* such as when Molina's breaking heart is symbolized by blood oozing out of his chest. "This one, I felt, was giving itself over to magic," says Nair, "not knowing where dream ends and reality begins. Cubans are definitely given to that condition. They're a passionate culture." Nair is equally passionate about plunging ahead with a career happily delayed by the birth of her son after 1991's *Mississippi Masala.* She's considering a Bob Marley project and has already started work on *The Kama-sutra,* an Indian *Dangerous Liaisons* set in the thirteenth century and based on the famous Sanskrit text, which details codes of behavior but is best known to westerners for a section on sexual techniques. "People are always tittering about the title," she says. "But I'm sure they'll run to see it."

Michael Giltz

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weird* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. Crumb shares the same awful childhood with his wrecked older brother, Charles, who lives at home with their mother, and his kid brother, Max, who sits in a San Francisco SRO on a bed of nails, yet Crumb turned the semi-psychotic material of bent adolescence into art, while they were consumed and destroyed. It should turn into the midnight-movie sensation of the decade: Robert Crumb is a remorseless man, and the movie, in a coolly ambiguous way, revels in the grotesque appropriateness of his triumph. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

The Day the Sun Turned Cold—Based on a true story about a young man in northeastern China who turned in his mother for murdering his father—ten years after the crime occurred. Since he's estranged from his mother and seems to be pushing the police to act simply to get back at her as much as to right a wrong, it's hard to feel concerned about his motives. None of them seem very admirable. Solidly acted by all, especially Siqin Gowa as the equally unsympathetic mother. Directed by Yim Ho, In Mandarin. (1 hr. 39 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Destiny Turns on the Radio—The increasingly peripatetic career of Quentin Tarantino continues with a featured role in this romantic adventure about an escaped convict Dylan McDermott who rushes to Las Vegas to find his woman Nancy Travis, only to unexpectedly learn about the real meaning of life and love from Destiny Tarantino. Directed by Jack Baran. (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum.*

Dirty Money—Yet another noir-ish little movie about low-lifes who can't be trusted. In this case, an innocent man (Frederick Deane) is chased by crooks who want a key to stolen loot that he has in his possession and by cops who think he's a thief as well. Made on weekends by crewmembers of *America's Most Wanted,* which is the most interesting thing about this movie. Directed by James Bruce. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Don Juan DeMarco—Johnny Depp plays a disturbed young man who claims to be the world's greatest lover, and Marlon Brando out of semi-retirement yet again is the doctor given ten days by the police to analyze him and recommend a treatment. With Faye Dunaway as Brando's wife. Written and directed by Jeremy Leven. (1 hr. 32 min.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Dreaming of Rita—Bob, a widowed cameraman, spends his days watching Rita Hayworth movies and crying endlessly. He decides to chase after the girl he loved, Sabine, who emulated Hayworth in every way, and takes off. His daughter, also named Rita, decides to help him and leaves her baby with her husband and daughter. They decide to chase after *her,* ensuring that everyone is looking for a Rita of some sort in this Swedish comedy. Directed by Jon Lindstrom. Written by Lindstrom and (you knew this would happen) Rita Holst. In Swedish. (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill but Came Down a Mountain—Well how would *you* feel if someone English twit came to your Welsh village and told you that the mountain that served as a point of pride for everyone was actually fifteen feet too short to be considered a proper mountain and was, in fact, a hill? Quite outraged, of course, which is actually how the people of Ffynnon Garw feel and they determine to do everything possible to keep the cartographers (Hugh Grant and Ian McNeice) in town until they can be convinced to redo their measurements and find the extra fifteen feet that must surely be there. With Tara Fitzgerald. Written and directed by Christopher Monger. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 68th Street Playhouse; Lincoln Square.*

Ermo—Ermo fueds constantly with Fat Woman, a self-indulgent neighbor in their peasant village who has a hard-working husband and the town's only TV set. When Fat Woman throws dirty water on the noodles drying in Ermo's back yard, Ermo decides to do whatever she must—work nights in a town restaurant; sell blood—so she can afford an even bigger TV. Directed by Zhou Xiaowen. In Mandarin. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Erotique—Three short films centering unabashedly on the pleasures of the flesh—all with a strongly female point of view. Lizzie Borden focuses on a Latino actress who makes ends meet by working as a phone-sex operator; Monica Treut spotlights Priscilla Barnes of *Three's Company* as a lesbian who goes with her partner to find a man; and Clara Law depicts an Australian-born Chinese boy who tries to win back his Hong Kong girlfriend by seducing her with food and wild, acrobatic sex. It works every time for us. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *23rd Street West Triplex; 59th Street East; Sutton; UA East.*

Eternity / Is That All There Is?—Two intriguing works: *Eternity* (1994), is a documentary about an obscure man in Sydney, Australia, who obsessively went about town for forty years, writing the word *eternity* in yellow chalk on every available surface. In *Is That All There Is?* (1992), the late director Lindsay Anderson embraces the end with this blackly humorous look at his life, showing himself shopping, checking up on book sales, and commisserating with friends about the difficulty in raising production coin. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Exotica**—It doesn't really come together in your head afterward, but while you're watching it, *Exotica* is quite an experience. Director Atom Egoyan sets much of the film in a lush, palm-treed, pasha-palace strip club, where mysteriously significant rituals are enacted for our amazement. A spectacular young table-dancer Mia Kirshner, opening her schoolgirl's white shirt, works for her special "client" Bruce Greenwood, teasing and rubbing up against him. Yet he is forbidden by the rules of the place to do anything more than suffer. For most of the movie, we don't know what their hold on each other is. Their relationship is sex but not sex, love but not love. Egoyan uses the erotic for rapt moments of suspension, and for some of the niftiest jokes in years. A customs inspector, examining an incoming passenger through a one-way mirror, later seduces him and examines him a lot closer. In the morning he confiscates his bed partner's smuggled goods—some rare macaw eggs. *Exotica* is a rare egg itself, odd, speckled, and precious. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 43 min; R) *Angelika Film Center; 57th Street Playhouse.*

Farinelli—More sensational than good, it takes a lurid look at castrati—the rock stars of the eighteenth century—and Farinelli Stéfano Dionisi in particular. Particularly attractive, Farinelli has a tormented relationship with his older brother, Riccardo Broschi Enrico Lo Verso, a minor composer who hangs on to his singing-genius brother as long as he can. The two travel around Europe, and Carlo performs music Riccardo writes for him—soulless virtuoso junk, with much ornamentation and floridly empty "runs." Written by director Gérard Corbiau and his wife Andrée, *Farinelli* is emotionally violent but nevertheless irresolute and arbitrary. In French. (Denby; 3/27/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Square.*

French Kiss—See David Denby's review, p. 62. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; National Twin; Regency.*

Friday—It took Ice Cube and D.J. Pooh to write a screenplay about life in South Central that didn't revolve around gunplay and a sense of despair. Cube stars as Craig, who sits on a porch with his friend Smokey Chris Tucker during a typical day of staring down the town bully and staring up the cute Debbie Nia Long. Directed by Gary Gray. (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street East; Gemini Twin; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

A Goofy Movie—Can the 63-year-old comic reportedly a major influence on Jerry Lewis still appeal to

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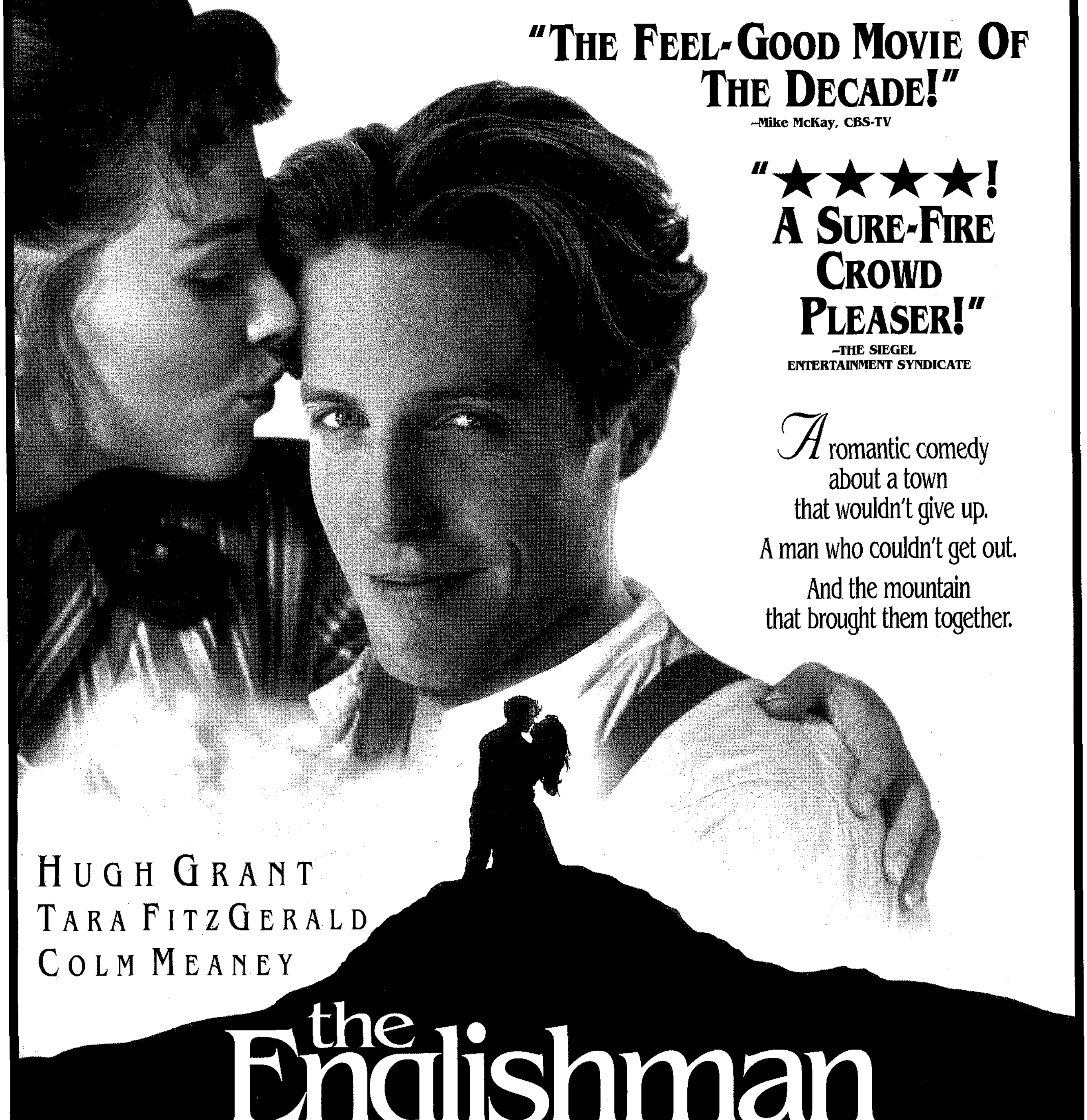

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the kids? Well, it hardly matters—as long as he appeals to their parents. (1 hr. 16 min.; G) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 1; Sutton; Lincoln Square.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *23rd Street West Triplex; Plaza.*

Jefferson in Paris—The title is dismayingly accurate: The movie offers a generalized view of the great man's years in Paris (from 1784 to 1789) as ambassador, lover, and observer of revolution. A widower, Jefferson suffered from melancholy and loneliness, and he became passionate friends—documented in scads of letters—with the talented painter Maria Cosway (Greta Scacchi), who was young, beautiful, and unhappily married. But screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala also offers up as uncontested fact Jefferson's love affair with the teenage mulatto slave Sally Hemings (Thandie Newton), the authenticity of which has been much debated by historians. But Ivory and Jhabvala fail to bring the love affair to anything approaching life. Merchant Ivory can't do passion. They never could. (Denby; 4/17/95) (2 hrs. 20 min.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

★**Kiss of Death**—The best crime movie since Martin Scorsese's *GoodFellas.* David Caruso stars as an ex-con named Jimmy Kilmartin who's trying to "go straight" but ends up driving a truckload of stolen cars through the night. Shot, then arrested, Jimmy goes back to prison, and when he comes out, he falls into the hands of a Manhattan D.A. and the Feds, who use him to trap higher-ups in Jimmy's old criminal organization. Based on a 1947 gangster *noir* of the same title, this new version shares the original's fatalism, but it's a less stylized work, more realistic and matter-of-fact. The writer, Richard Price, justly famous for his heightened naturalistic dialogue, creates an entirely malevolent world of thugs and law-enforcement officials and director Barbet Schroeder supports Price's gratifyingly nasty screenplay. With his creased, lived-in face, pale as Crisco, Caruso manages to suggest both a Catholic schoolboy and an elderly alcoholic lying in the gutter. But Schroeder gets what should be a legendary performance from Nicolas Cage as Little Junior, an enforcer and minor mafioso. A powerful loose cannon with his short black beard, furious stare, and militant chest hair, Cage is extremely funny, and at times he just dispenses with naturalism and leaps into space. (Denby; 4/24/95) (1 hr. 41 min.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

Opening

Luck, Pluck, and Virtue

The term sleeper *gets bandied about too often these days to define any not-bad movie that doesn't star Tom Cruise or have a $14 trillion budget. But 'A Little Princess,' opening May 10, is the real deal—an unheralded charmer based on the classic novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett about a plucky and sweet little girl (Liesel Matthews) sent to a strict boarding school when her father goes off to war.*

Photograph by Murray Close/Warner Bros.

A Little Princess—A new version of the Shirley Temple chestnut about a little girl sent to Miss Minchin's School for Girls when her father goes off to fight in World War I. She has to fight her own battles with the nasty headmistress and a dark and dreary air among her schoolmates. Reportedly even better than last year's take on *The Secret Garden,* another adaptation of a Frances Hodgson Burnett classic. Directed by Alfonso Cuaron. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Gemini Twin.*

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. The flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Cinema 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Moving the Mountain—Yet another documentary that shouldn't hold its breath waiting for the Academy Awards to call. Directed by Michael Apted, it depicts all the events surrounding the Tiananmen Square massacre through the eyes of the student leaders who were thrust into the international spotlight by their pivotal roles in the demonstrations that led to it. The movie focuses especially on Li Lu, presumably because his story is paradigmatic and because he speaks excellent English. Unfortunately, it makes extensive use of dramatic re-creations to tell the story of Li's early life, and it becomes difficult to tell when footage is wholly fictional, when it's genuine but unrelated to the actual event being described, and when it's actually the real thing there are some great shots of the students in the square. Besides, its thumbnail sketch of Chinese history leading up to that tragic event isn't particularly revealing. *Moving the Mountain* is strongest when interviewing the student leaders—many of whom now live abroad—and we can see their pain and turmoil over having watched other young people die because of decisions they made. Produced by Trudie Styler. In Chinese and English. (1 hr. 23 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Muriel's Wedding—Muriel (Toni Collette) is an excruciatingly shy, inarticulate slug, bullied by her father, dismayed by her beaten-down mother. She haunts the bridal stores, thinking of nothing but old Abba tapes and marriage. The film's first-time director, P.J. Hogan, seems to wallow in her troubles—her physical awkwardness, her rejection by her bitchy Barbie-doll friends. He makes everyone look bad—all the characters are caricatures, vile and loud, or so utterly depressed they might be zombies from a horror movie. Another lonely young woman Rachel Griffiths, a spike-haired toughie with no fears, takes up with Muriel, becoming her one true friend. As in *Boys on the Side,* this bonding is followed by a tragic turn of events. Women can do without men, apparently, but they have to be punished in some way.(Denby; 4/3/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

My Family—A multi-generational saga directed by Gregory Nava of *El Norte* and starring Jimmy Smits. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Plaza .*

New Jersey Drive—Writer/director Nick Gomez follows *Laws of Gravity* with this tough-talking tale of carjackers who are caught up in a cycle of bad crimes, badder cops, and an even badder world that doesn't seem to leave them any options but to keep on stealing until they're jailed or dead. (1 hr. 36 min.; R) *Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42.*

★**Once Were Warriors**—Jake Temuera Morrison, a massive Maori with short hair and piercing eyes, gets laid off, goes on the dole, and starts an endless party with his mates that moves from a huge bar to home and back again. His wife Rena Owen adores him, but he beats her and ignores the children, who are drifting toward chaos. Beth's rough life doesn't bother her; she revels in it, enjoying the rude, hard-drinking parties as much as anyone. But when Jake boils over—slams her against the wall and pummels her face—she's in danger of losing her life. Owen shows love fighting back rage, and then shame and despair tearing away at love. Her performance is classic, but Morrison doesn't have material of the same richness. (Denby; 3/6/95) (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Only the Brave—A debut feature from lesbian filmmaker Ana Kokkinos looks at the lives of two young Australian girls of Greek descent who are desperate to escape their stultifying lives but unable to imagine how. Alex comes closest with her desire to write and an increasingly intimate relationship with a shy but encouraging teacher. Vicki wants to sing, she thinks, but is much more successful at random acts of arson. Both girls have boyfriends, if only for show: Theyd much rather be with each other, though neither one seems quite prepared to put their thoughts into action. A steady debut that covers out-of-control teens, drinking, drugs, sexuality, and incest without seeming preachy but without much new insight either. Familiar territory, but decently covered until a finale that seems to come out of the Hays Code demand for punishment of anyone who doesn't follow societal norms. Paired with *Playing the Part,* a 38 min. short by Mitch McCabe about coming out to her family. (1 hr. 2 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St..*

Outbreak—A tiny monkey that may be a host animal for a deadly virus is taken to the U.S. and innocently let loose in the Northern California redwoods. What follows is an initially convincing horror story. Somewhere in the middle, though, the movie falls off a cliff and becomes a lamely conventional melodrama in which the tough little humanist Dustin Hoffman fights the tall, cynical military nihilist Donald Sutherland, and all its terror fades. (Denby; 3/20/95) (2 hrs. 10 min; R) *Village East; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; 84th Street Six.*

Panther—Mario Van Peebles directed and his father, Melvin Van Peebles, wrote this look at the Black Power movement's most militaristic wing through the eyes of a young man who feels sucked into the events of the group. With Kadeem Hardison and Courtney B. Vance. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

The Perez Family—See spotlight on Mira Nair. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

Picture Bride—A drama about a 16-year-old Japanese girl orphaned by the death of her parents in 1918, who is shuttled off to Hawaii to marry a Japanese immigrant who lives on a plantation and longs for a wife. His amorous needs aren't met when she finds out his plantation is a two-room shack, and the girl soon determines to earn her passage back home. Co-written and directed by Kayo Hatta, it was the Audience Award winner at this year's Sundance Film Festival. In English. (1 hr. 30 min.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; 68th Street Playhouse.*

Priest—A terrifically vital and surprisingly funny movie. It focuses on Father Greg (Linus Roache), who is both a sensual young man and a highly orthodox Catholic, and who expresses the satisfactions of the flesh as an inexpressible relief and an excruciating trial. But it's not only Greg's sexual desires but his moral instincts that are at war with church doctrine and his vocation. A forlorn teenage girl with a crumpled face tells him at confession that she's being abused by her father, which puts Greg in a dreadful position: His vows forbid him to violate the confessional, and so he hesitates to take action to save the girl—a reluctance he experiences as both a fulfillment of his priestly role and a betrayal of his Christian duty. Director Antonia Bird works broadly, at times too broadly. But then the movie settles down and takes hold; you feel tied to Greg's anxiety, his nausea, his moral impotence. (Denby; 4/17/95) (1 hr. 37 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★**Pulp Fiction**—The most remarkable fact yet about this movie: It's grossed more than $100 million, a startling sum for any serious drama, much less one as edgy and violent as Quentin Tarantino's. Nothing like it since *Midnight Cowboy* . . . but that won Best Picture. (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin.*

A Pyromaniac's Love Story—The blurring between film and television continues see also *Top Dog* with this effort from director Joshua Brand, one of the creators of *Northern Exposure* which is quietly being put out of its misery on Wednesday nights and *I'll Fly Away* which died too soon. The movie hopes to be a whimsical tale about a young man (John Leguizamo of Fox's *House of Buggin'*) desperate for money to woo a waitress but unwilling to burn down the pastry shop he works at so his boss can get the insurance money. The place burns down anyway, and for various reasons, Leguizamo, his boss, and the boss's wife all confess to lighting it. That only angers Garet (William Baldwin), who really *did* set the fire, so he kidnaps Leguizamo, and then it gets really complicated. (1 hr. 36 min.; PG) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 1; Sutton; 84th Street Six.*

Rob Roy—This Highlands swashbuckler is long and repetitive, and at times obscurely plotted—but if you long for glens and mist, and have never witnessed Liam Neeson's epic knees, you should probably go see it. Director Michael Caton-Jones alternates between utter squareness and an earthy, mock-Shakespearean vitality. The hero and heroine (Neeson and Jessica Lange) remain true to one another, whereas the villains who try to destroy them are ornate, fey, and witty. Needless to say, one longs for the villains, especially for Tim Roth as a bastard expelled from England and seeking to gain his way in Scotland by public acts of obsequious flattery and private acts of utmost viciousness. The movie has its longueurs, but basically it's fine. With John Hurt and Eric Stoltz. (Denby; 4/24/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Search and Destroy—See David Denby's review, p. 63. (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Angelika 57.*

The Secret of Roan Inish—Young Fiona Coneelly comes to the Irish seaside to stay at her grandparents', where she hears the family legends and slowly watches them come to life; the hard part is convincing everyone else. A gentle tale of magical realism and storytelling by the usually acerbic director John Sayles. Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Exceptionally well-reviewed. (1 hr. 42 min.; PG) *Quad Cinema.*

Top Dog—Chuck Norris—who *owns* Saturday night with his TV series *Walker, Texas Ranger*—leaps back onto the big screen with a cop-and-his-dog movie. Directed by his son, Aaron. (1 hr. 25 min.; PG-13) *34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

True Believers—Subtitled *The Musical Family of Rounder Records,* this is a concert/interview documentary focusing on the diverse roster of the 25-year-old independent label, which includes folk singer Bill Morrissey, Irma Thomas, Marcia Ball, and bluegrass bright light Alison Krauss. Directed by Robert Mugge. (1 hr. 26 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St..*

Opening

All Hugh, All the Time

Hugh Grant fans who claim they just can't get enough of the actor's wry, charmingly bashful Anglo-boy shtick may or may not be singing a different tune by the end of the summer: In the next few months, Grant will be very nearly ubiquitous. His *The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill but Came Down a Mountain,* a romantic comedy, opens May 12. *Nine Months,* a pregnancy tale co-starring the fabulous Julianne Moore, is in theaters July 14. And in *An Awfully Big Adventure* (July 21—from *Four Weddings's* Mike Newell), he plays the nasty, egomaniacal star of a low-rent theater company.

Photograph by Mark Tillie/Miramax.

The Underneath—It took Steven Soderbergh eight days to write the screenplay for his phenomenally successful first film, *sex, lies and videotape.* So why in God's name won't he write another one? Since *sex,* he's helmed the problematic *Kafka,* the nicely done Depression-era drama *King of the Hill,* and now this *noir*-ish tale of a gambling addict Peter Gallagher who returns to town only to find that his former girlfriend—whom he abandoned when the debts piled too high—has shacked up with a local hood. Gallagher's character is interestingly drawn and the screenplay is nicely fractured. But the story ultimately devolves into another tale of a bank heist and how you just can't trust the people you rob with anymore. Adroitly handled by Soderbergh, so get back to the word processor. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

Village of the Damned—John Carpenter's remake of a town troubled by the appearance of demonic offspring. Starring Christopher Reeve. (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Metro Cinema.*

★**While You Were Sleeping**—Sandra Bullock, the rumpled heroine of this new screwball comedy, doesn't have the perfect features of so many forgettable American actresses. She's more like one of those idiosyncratically beautiful Italian movie stars from the fifties. Her character, Lucy, living alone in Chicago, works in an El station as a token clerk. A handsome passenger (Peter Gallagher) whom she's been dreaming about falls onto the tracks; she saves his life, but when he slips into a coma, she can't bring herself to disappoint his family, all of whom think she has become his fiancée. Lucy revels in the attention, perhaps missing family love even more than romance. Peter's brother Jack (Bill Pullman) shows up, and suddenly Lucy ignores her comatose imaginary lover and has a wide-awake man to flirt with. As a regular guy who has never found the right girl, Pullman matches Bullock in appeal. He's more directly sexual than in the past, with a touch of angry smoke in his voice. The director, Jon Turteltaub, pulls the movie together, keeping it populated with good minor characters. It never epxlodes, but it doesn't have to. Quiet and sensitive will do just fine for a change. (Denby; 5/8/95) (1 hr. 40 min.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Amateur; Exotica; Once Were Warriors; Picture Bride; Priest; Search and Destroy.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Bullets Over Broadway; Pulp Fiction;*

Village of the Damned.

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Bulletproof Heart; True Believers; Only the Brave.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb.* Opening 5/10: *Eternity/Is That All There Is?; Moving the Mountain.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) . (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *French Kiss; Friday; Tank Girl.*

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Bar Girls; Burnt by the Sun; The Day the Sun Turned Cold; The Secret of Roan Inish.* Opening 5/12: *Dirty Money; Dreaming of Rita.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Basketball Diaries; Farinelli; A Goofy Movie; Muriel's Wedding; My Family; Outbreak; A Pyromaniac's Love Story; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/12: *Crimson Tide.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Bad Boys; Destiny; Don Juan; Panther; Swimming With Sharks; Underneath.* Opening 5/12: *The Englishman Who Went Up A Hill; The Perez Family.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Kiss of Death; Circle of Friends.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Basketball Diaries; Don Juan DeMarco; Friday; My Family; Panther; While You Were Sleeping.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Erotique; A Goofy Movie; Hoop Dreams; A Pyromaniac's Love Story.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Village of the Damned.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Bad Boys; Panther; Rob Roy; Top Dog.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Bad Boys; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Dolores Claiborne; French Kiss; Kiss of Death; Priest; Rob Roy; Top Dog; Village of the Damned.* Opening 5/12: *Crimson Tide; The Englishman Who Went Up A Hill But Came Down aAMountain; The Perez Family.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *French Kiss; Kiss of Death; My Family; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/12: *Crimson Tide.*

42nd-60th Streets

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *Exotica.*

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Erotique.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Search and Destroy.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Panther.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Circle of Friends; Destiny Turns on the Radio.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Bar Girls; Swimming With Sharks.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *The Madness of King George.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Don Juan DeMarco; Priest; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/12: *Crimson Tide.*

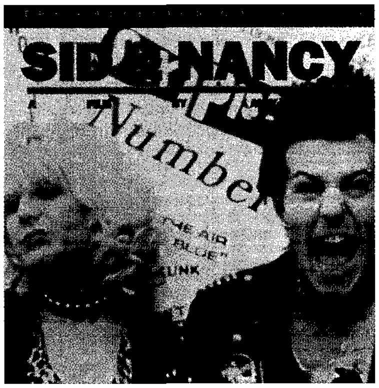
Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Destiny Turns on the Radio; Don Juan DeMarco; Friday; Kiss of Death; My Family; Outbreak; Top Dog.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *French Kiss.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Burnt by the Sun.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *A Goofy Movie; A Pyromaniac's Love Story.* Opening 5/12: *Crimson Tide.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *French Kiss; New Jersey Drive; Pulp Fiction.* Opening 5/12: *Crimson Tide; Perez Family.*



Laserdiscs

Director Alex Cox had the world at his feet after *Repo Man* and 1986's *Sid and Nancy,* a scabrous look at Sid Vicious of the Sex Pistols and Nancy Spungen. Then he frittered it all away with one awful project after another. Sid would have approved. Criterion's deluxe version of the movie also features a pre-weight loss-and-nose job Courtney Love (she was once Cox's girlfriend) as one of Nancy's thrashed-out friends. $99.95.

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *While You Were Sleeping.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Outbreak; Pulp Fiction.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Friday; Kiss of Death; New Jersey Drive; Panther; Top Dog; Village of the Damned.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Bad Boys; French Kiss; Village of the Damned.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Jefferson in Paris.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Hoop Dreams.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Erotique; A Goofy Movie; A Pyromaniac's Love Story.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Before the Rain; Dumb and Dumber; Forrest Gump; Heavenly Creatures; Legends of the Fall; Little Women.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Rob Roy.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Picture Bride.* Opening 5/12: *The Englishman Who Went Up A Hill But Came Down A Mountain.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Kiss of Death; Village of the Damned.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Friday; While You Were Sleeping.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Rob Roy.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *The Cure; Dolores Claiborne; Kiss of Death; Muriel's Wedding; Top Dog; Village of the Damned.* Opening 5/12: *The Perez Family.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Bad Boys; Friday.* Opening 5/10: *A Little Princess.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Panther; My Family.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Bad Boys; The Basketball Diaries; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Don Juan DeMarco; My Family; Panther; Rob Roy; Top Dog.* Opening 5/12: *Crimson Tide.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *The Underneath.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Erotique.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Pather Panchali.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Bad Boys; Circle of Friends; Friday; Outbreak; Panther; A Pyromaniac's Love Story.* Opening 5/12: *Crimson Tide.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Aparajito; Burnt by the Sun; The Madness of King George; Muriel's Wedding; The World of Apu.* Opening 5/12: *Ermo.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Amateur; The Basketball Diaries; Don Juan DeMarco; Farinelli; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; My Family; Priest; Rob Roy; Top Dog; The Underneath; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/12: *The Englishman Who Went Up A Hill But Came Down A Mountain; The Perez Family.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Village of the Damned; Rob Roy.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Bad Boys; Friday; My Family; Panther.* Opening 5/12: *The Perez Family.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Friday; Panther.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *The Cure; Kiss of Death; Top Dog.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *French Kiss.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Bad Boys; French Kiss; Friday; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; My Family; New Jersey Drive; Panther; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Bad Boys; French Kiss; Friday; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; My Family; New Jersey Drive; Panther; Top Dog; Village of the Damned.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Bad Boys; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Kiss of Death; Top Dog.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *French Kiss; While You Were Sleeping.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Bad Boys; French Kiss; Friday; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; My Family; New Jersey Drive; Outbreak; Panther; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *French Kiss; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; My Family; A Pyromaniac's Love Story; Rob Roy; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Bad Boys; Kiss of Death.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Erotique; Friday; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *French Kiss; A Goofy Movie; The Pebble and the Penguin; Priest; Rob Roy; Strawberry and Chocolate; Top Dog; While You Were Sleeping.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Bad Boys; Erotique; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Panther; Top Dog.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Panther; Village of the Damned.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Bad Boys; Panther; Village of the Damned.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; Panther.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *French Kiss; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog; While You Were Sleeping.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Bad Boys; French Kiss; Kiss of Death; My Family.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Bad Boys; Friday; Panther; Village of the Damned.*

Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *A Goofy Movie; A Pyromaniac's Love Story; While You Were Sleeping.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Bad Boys; Friday; Panther.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Bad Boys; Friday; My Family; Panther; Village of the Damned.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Circle of Friends; Don Juan DeMarco; French Kiss; Kiss of Death; My Family; Outbreak; Rob Roy; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Bad Boys; Friday; Kiss of Death; Panther; Rob Roy; Village of* *the Damned.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Bad Boys; Don Juan DeMarco; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; A Pyromaniac's Love Story; While You Were Sleeping.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Bad Boys; French Kiss; Kiss of Death.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Bad Boys; Friday; Outbreak; Panther; Top Dog.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Farinelli; A Goofy Movie; A Pyromaniac's Love Story.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Don Juan DeMarco; Erotique; Rob Roy.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Bad Boys; Friday; Panther.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Destiny Turns on the Radio; French Kiss; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; New Jersey Drive; A Pyromaniac's Love Story; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Bad Boys; The Basketball Diaries; Friday; A Goofy Movie; Panther.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *French Kiss; My Family.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Dolores Claiborne; Don Juan DeMarco; French Kiss; Kiss of Death; My Family; Rob Roy; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Friday; Panther; Top Dog.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *French Kiss; Kiss of Death; Village of the Damned.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Circle of Friends; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Kiss of Death; Top Dog; Village of the Damned.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Circle of Friends; Don Juan DeMarco; French Kiss; Kiss of Death; Rob Roy; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Dolores Claiborne; Don Juan DeMarco; Priest.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Bad Boys; My Family.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Friday; Kiss of Death; Panther; Village of the Damned.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Dolores Claiborne; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; Top Dog.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Destiny Turns on the Radio; French Kiss; My Family; Rob Roy; Top Dog.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *While You Were Sleeping.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Dolores Claiborne; French Kiss; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; The Pebble and the Penguin; Rob Roy; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/12: *Crimson Tide.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Bad Boys; French Kiss; Friday; Kiss of Death; A Pyromaniac's Love Story; While You Were Sleeping.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Bad Boys; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Don Juan DeMarco; French Kiss; A Goofy Movie; Jury Duty; Kiss of Death; My Family; Rob Roy; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

Festival

Another Country, Another World

In the painful Iranian drama *Sara,* a woman who forges her late father's signature to help out a husband is haunted by her misdeed years later. It's one of the highlights of the North Africa and Middle East Film Festival, featuring more than twenty films at the Public through May 31. See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 5/28: "The Films of Nicholas Ray." Tied to the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of *Rebel Without a Cause* (see Film Forum), this is a fifteen-film look at the left-leaning, socially awkward, misfit cinema of a director who walked away from Hollywood after an interestingly eclectic career. 5/13: *Bigger Than Life* (1956) and *Bitter Victory* (1957). 5/14: *Run for Cover* (1955) and *Hot Blood* (1956). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—5/11: "Crossing Visions," a compilation of video works by Spanish artists living in the U.S. and American artists dealing with Spanish issues. Through 5/11: Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451* (1967). 5/12–5/14: *Pickup's Tricks,* a documentary about San Francisco's preeminent drag theater in the early seventies. 5/13: Bunuel's *Los Olvidados* (1950); a series of shorts. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

The Brooklyn Museum—Through 6/4: "Apartheid Framed: South Africa on Film, 1948–1994." 5/12: *On the Wire* (1990). 5/13 and 5/14: *In a Time of Violence* (1994). 5/13: *Developing Visions* (1994), a collection of shorts. 5/7: *Friends* (1993). 200 Eastern Pkwy, Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 330); $6.

Film Forum—Through 5/11: *Rebel Without a Cause* (1955). Hokey in its earnestness, dated in its "blame everything on the parents" message, and melodramatic to the core, *Rebel* is still a classic. (See also the American Museum of the Moving Image.) 5/12–5/25: Betty Boop struts her stuff in eleven classic film shorts, doing a near topless hula in *Betty Boop's Bamboo Isle,* dealing with sexual harassment in *Boop-Oop-A-Doop,* and generally having fun before the Hays Code decided little girls—even animated ones—should always be sugar and spice. 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 6/15: "Landscape of the Soul: The Cinema of Ingmar Bergman." 5/8: *Crisis* (1945) and *It Rains on Our Love* (1946). 5/9 and 5/10: *A Ship Bound for India* (1947) and *Night is My Future* (1948). 5/11 and 5.12: *Port of Call* (1948) and *The Devil's Wanton* (1949). 5/13: *Thirst* (1949) and *To Joy* (1949). 5/14 and 5/15: *Summer Interlude* (1948) and *Secrets of Women* (1952). "Independents Night!" 5/11: Rebecca Miller's *Angela.* 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

Japan Society—Through 6/30: "Japanese Film in War and Peace." This collection of thirteen dramas and documentaries explores Japan's perspective on the war and its aftermath. 5/12: *Bell of Nagasaki* (1950). 5/15 at 6:30: *The Tale of Genji* (1987). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—Through 5/31: "Crossroads: The North Africa and Middle East Film Festival." More than twenty films from nine different countries are featured in this wide-ranging look at the cinema from one of the world's hot spots (and in this case, we're speaking artistically). Through 5/11: *Mercedes* (1993). 5/9–5/11: *Bezness* (1992). 5/12–5/14: *The Extras* (5/12–5/18: *Sara* (1993). 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Miller Theatre—5/9–6/8: "Music and Film: Multiple Relationships." 5/9 at 8: *32 Short Films About Glenn Gould* (1994). 5/11 at 8: *Bird* (1988). Broadway and 116th St., Columbia University (854-7799); $8.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 5/14: "The Films of Marguerite Duras." Highlights include *Apostrophes* (1984) on 5/12 and 5/13 and *India Song* (1974) on 5/5. "France vue par…" Highlights include: *Daybreak* (1939) on 5/14, *The Man Who Loved Women* (1977) on 5/8 and 5/13, *Alphaville* (1965) on 5/9 and 5/11, and *The War of the Buttons* (1961) on 5/12 and 5/13. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

National Museum of the American Indian—Through 6/11: "New Native Through 5/12: *Act of War* (1993) and several shorts. 5/13–5/19: *Lighting the Seventh Fire* (1994) and *High Horse* (1994). 1 Bowling Green (825-6922); free.

Satyajit Ray Film Festival—Through 8/11: One of the great directors, Satyajit Ray has never fallen out of critical favor…but he simply hasn't been seen much. Sporadically available on home video, his films have existed for years only in poor-quality prints that are rarely seen. Now, Merchant Ivory Productions and the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences have teamed together to restore nine of his most significant works and are giving each a two-week theatrical run at Lincoln Plaza Cinema. It's a terrific chance to experience his work under optimal conditions without having to screen three or four classics in a mad rush. All in Bengali. Through 5/18: *The World of Apu.* Lincoln Plaza, 30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway between 62nd and 63rd St. (757-2280); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Through 6/4: The 1995 Biennial Exhibition, with daily screenings of videos, shorts, and experimental works. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); $7.

Boys' Night...*Phaedra*...Comic Strip

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Broadway

Now Playing

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200):3 hrs.*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). *2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Damn Yankees—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller; the show recently reopened after a two-month hiatus, with Jerry Lewis replacing Victor Garber in the latter role. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/3/94. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $39.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial* CAVEMAN*). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Anita Loos's Jazz Age fable of high times among New York's smart set in the twenties, as seen through the eyes of a wide-eyed (but hardly naïve) golddigger. K. T. Sullivan is Lorelei Lee, the girl with the best-known best friend (Diamonds) in musical comedy. $20–$60; students with valid I.D., $10. Through 5/14. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum Theatre, 145 W. 45th St. (239-6280). 2 hrs.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy, rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joely Fisher replacing Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. For the period 4/17–5/28, scheduling as follows: dark Mon. and Tues., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hamlet—O what a rogue and peasant slave is he—Ralph Fiennes (*Schindler's List, Quiz Show*), that is, currently demonstrating his considered approach to the Mount Everest of acting assignments. This production originated at London's Almeida Theater; the limited run of 110 performances ends July 22. $20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

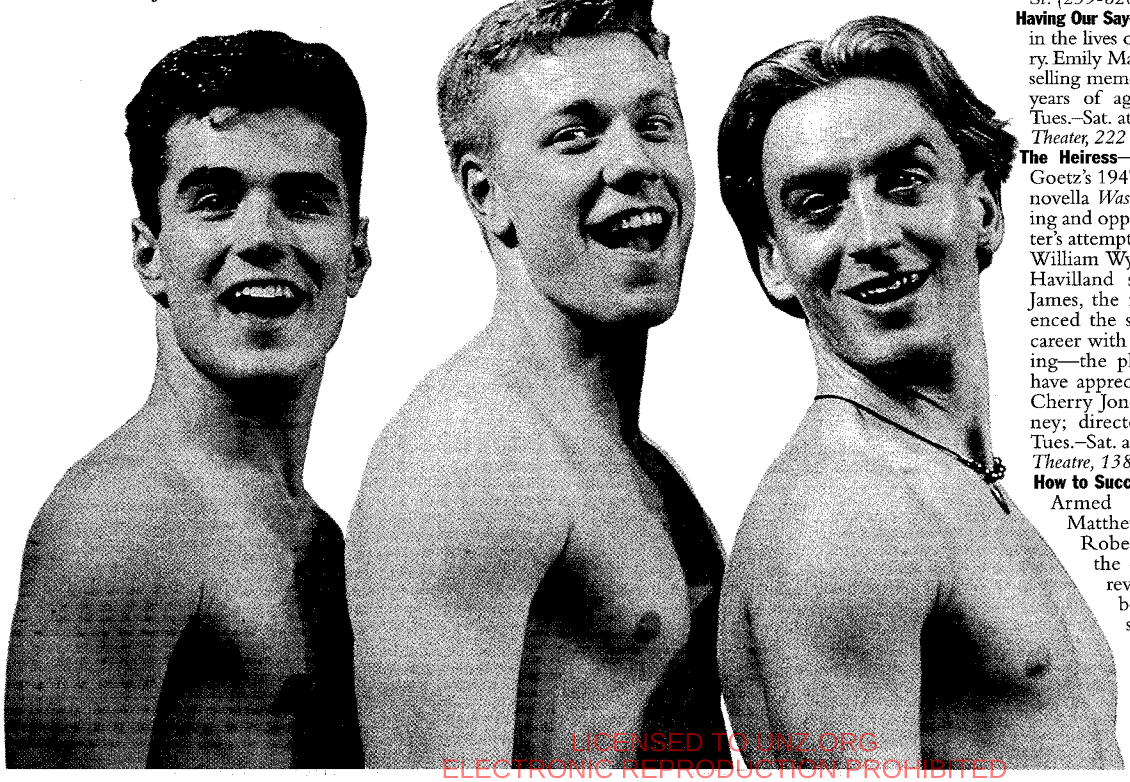
The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Donald Moffat, Cherry Jones, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2,; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as

Opening

They've Only Just Begun

Below, three sevenths of the cast of David Dillon's 'Party,' at the Douglas Fairbanks on West 42nd Street, perform their special nude musical tribute to Karen Carpenter. At home in Chicago, the show's on top of the world; here too, for all we know.



Photograph by Joan Marcus.

sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles," a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradual turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nicholas Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield(!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman. $45–$60. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Maria Conchita Alonso recently stepped into the title role, filling the (big) shoes of Chita Rivera and Vanessa Williams. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $37.50–$70. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently supplanted *Fiddler on the Roof* as the sixth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Month in the Country—Helen Mirren, Ron Rifkin, and F. Murray Abraham star in Turgenev's classic nineteenth-century study of—to quote Goncharov's *Oblamov*—the Superfluous Russian Aristocrat. $55. Tues.–Sat at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theater, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

My Thing of Love—Laurie Metcalf (*Roseanne*) stars in Alexandra Gersten's drama about the splendors and miseries of married life. $20–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

On the Waterfront—Ron Eldard, in the Marlon Brando role—the one in which he coulda been a contenda—and Penelope Ann Miller, reprising Eva Marie Saint, in a new stage adaptation of Budd Schulberg's damning 1954 film portrait of corruption on the New York City docks. $37.50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100). 2hrs. 20 mins.*

Opening
Neoclassical Gas

In Euripides' version, the story of Hippolytus and his stepmother is a shattering tragedy of near-incestuous passion; Racine's retelling is the supreme achievement of French neoclassical theater. Elizabeth Egloff continues the tradition in her contemporary adaptation of *Phaedra,* starring Randy Danson (left) in the title role. At the Vineyard Theatre, 108 East 15th Street (353-3874).

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Rose Tattoo—The play that marks the beginning of Tennessee Williams's Exotic Symbolist phase. Serafina, a devout Sicilian-American widow living on the Gulf Coast, is full of sexual passion that's been suppressed in deference to memories of her late husband—until the arrival, that is, of the lusty truck driver Mangiacavallo, who reawakens that old Life Force. With Mercedes Ruehl (in the role originally written for Anna Magnani) and Anthony LaPaglia; directed by Robert Falls. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. $29.50–$67.50; top price for all shows other than Sun. matinee, Fri., and Sat. is $49.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94.) $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Photograph by Susan Johann.

Off Broadway

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is reopening a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3. Opens 5/16. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Loose Lips—A topical comedic revue conceived by Lisa Birnbach, Jamie Malanowski, and the editor of the publication you're holding. The script is a kind of giddy theatrical Frankenstein stitched together from transcripts of the utterances of such high-profile personalities as Bill Clinton, Marion Barry, Bob Dole, Princess Diana, Bruce Springsteen, colleagues of Heidi Fleiss, and Clarence Thomas. Directed by Martin Charnin; among those sitting in with the permanent company of six from time to time will be Harry Shearer, Mo Gaffney, Griffin Dunne, Buck Henry, Bebe Neuwirth, Gordon Elliot, Ron Silver, and Stephen Collins. $30, Tues.–Thurs.; $35, Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Begins previews 5/10 for a 5/18 opening. Steve McGraw's *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Party—Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opens 5/11. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Police Boys—$35. Opens 5/14. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Wilder Theater, Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Prisoner of Love—A theater piece adapted from Jean Genet's last novel by JoAnne Akalaitis (who also directs the production), Ruth Malaczech (who performs it), and Chiori Miyagawa, with an original score by Philip Glass. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St bet. Second and Third Aves. (302-6989).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor a of a small dog. With Blythe Danner, Charles Kimbrough (*Murphy Brown*), Derek Smith, and Sarah Jessica Parker as, uh, the dog. Directed by John Tillinger. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 5/23 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Twelve Dreams—A Jungian fantasy about a widowed psychiatrist and his infant daughter, from the playwright and librettist James Levine. Previews begin 5/11 for a 6/1 opening. *Mitzi Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

2—In August of 1995, Adolf Hitler's *Ubergruppenfuehrer* Hermann Goering stepped into the dock at Nuremberg to answer the charge of "crimes against humanity." The final moments of that affectless, clerklike man—who provided Hannah Arendt with the basis for her famous postulate of "the banality of evil"—are the subject of Romulus Linney's meditation on monstrosity with an all-too-human face. Clarence Felder plays Goering; directed by Thomas Bullard. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Begins previews 5/10 for a 5/18 opening. Through 6/11. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 46th St (333-4052).*

Running Time

Henry, Tom, and Lucille

What happens to an Off Broadway play when (1) nobody has heard of the writer; (2) the biggest star is not exactly a big star (Ken Howard, from the early-eighties TV show *The White Shadow*); and (3) the New York *Times* reviewer pans it? In the case of *Camping With Henry & Tom,* a historical comedy about a weekend Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, and Warren Harding spent together in the Maryland woods, most folks figured the producers would pull the plug right away. But it didn't happen. "If I liked the script enough to raise the money, why would I close shop the next day? I wouldn't just turn my back on a production," countered *Camping*'s co-producer Daryl Roth four weeks into the run. Was she throwing good money after bad? "Self-delusion is part of the magic of the theater," observed veteran producer Arthur Cantor, "although twenty years ago, a play this good would easily have run on Broadway for a full season." Over the past ten weeks, in addition to conducting more traditional marketing efforts, the producers traded tickets for poster space on PATH trains, mailed out thousands of discount offers, and arranged for a WIN 2 TICKETS promo right below FRESH IMPORTED SCALLOPS, $3.79 A POUND in the Food Emporium's grocery circular. In addition, "we went to some Edison society in New Jersey looking to spark some interest," Roth said several weeks ago. "With the Henry Ford angle, we're trying to tie into the Auto Show. And there might be a deal where if your name is Tom or Henry . . ."

In the last two weeks, *Camping* beat out Neil Simon and Woody Allen to win both the Lucille Lortel and Outer Critics Circle awards. To no avail. Just three days before winning the latter, the producers finally decided to post a closing notice. Says an extremely disappointed Roth, "For thirteen weeks, we've given it the college try and then some. But the *Times* killed us." **MICHAEL GOLDSTEIN**

Now Playing

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8., Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, taking over from an earlier production at Serious Fun! in 1993. Until 4/17, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3; after that date, Sat. shows change to 6 and 9, a Mon. show is added at 8, and everything's dark on Thurs. $35 Tues.–Thurs.; $37.50 weekends. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Cryptogram—The newest play by David Mamet is set in a middle-class living room, where unsettling revelations reveal the fragility of love. With Ed Begley Jr., Felicity Huffman, and Shelton Dane. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Dog Opera—Having survived high school, Catholicism, and Queens (the borough) together, Peter and Madeline search for romances as good as their friendship. Constance Congdon's play is directed by Gerald Gutierrez, currently represented uptown by *The Heiress.* $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Public Theater (Martinson), 425 Lafayette (260-2400).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life Is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. 5/14 at 7. Through 5/14. *John Houseman Studio Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (924-0077).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Incommunicado—A civilized and sophisticated play about Ezra Pound, written by Tom Dulack with economy, elegance, and no small eloquence. (Simon; 4/4/95.) With Tom Aldredge as Pound; directed by Richard Corley. $23; students/seniors $18. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 8/18/94. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

A Language of Their Own—B. D. Wong stars in a new play by Singaporean writer Chay Yew, in which the private codes that develop between friends and lovers become windows into the relationships of four young men. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

The Last Girl Singer—A spirited ex-megastar escapes from America to begin a new career as a cabaret singer in Guadalajara. Deborah Grace Winer's comedy stars Kelly Bishop, John Nesci, and Charlotte Maier. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. (765-1706).*

London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite,* has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale,* on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Night and Her Stars—Playwright Richard Greenberg's take on the TV-quiz-show scandals of the fifties, just in case you were wondering, had its

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

premiere at South Coast Repertory last season, months before the opening of Robert Redford's film. This Manhattan Theater Club production, presented at the American Place Theatre, stars John Slattery as Charles Van Doren; also with, among others, Patrick Breen, Keith Charles, and Peter Frechette. Directed by David Warren. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's *Frasier.* $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Phaedra—$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

A Phoenix Too Frequent—The verse drama by Christopher Fry, based on a classical anecdote about a young widow whose plans to follow her husband into the grave are changed by the good-looking sentry guarding the latter's tomb. The Jean Cocteau Repertory's production is directed by Scott Shattuck; with Angela Vitale, Elise Stone and Kennedy Brown. $12–$24; TDF accepted. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3; special Sat. mats. 5/20 and 27 at 3, Sun. 5/28 at 8. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

The Professional—In Yugoslav playwright Dusan Kovacevic's drama, a retired secret-police officer (Fritz Weaver) offers the publisher he's kept tabs on for decades a series of short stories about a political insurgent strongly resembling the publisher himself. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St. (239-6200).*

Shabbatai—An intriguing, to say the least, subject for a Jewish-themed musical comedy: the story of Shabbatai Zvi, the seventeenth-century religious madman who convinced thousands of Ottoman Empire Jews that he, the Messiah, had at last arrived on earth. *Milk and Honey,* in other words, it isn't. Book, music, and lyrics by Michael Schubert and Michael Edwin; directed by John F. Znidarsic. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7, plus special performances 5/13 and 5/20 at 2. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (663-9797).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $42.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*; then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Jim Dale (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

Event Their moms think they're in New York performing Frank Loesser and Jerome Kern—and actually, most nights, they are. This Sunday, however, several dozen of the theater district's most physically fortunate artistes will show up at the Palladium to Take a Substantial Amount of It Off for "Broadway Bares," the annual event that, last year, raised more than $40,000 for Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS. Rosie O'Donnell (above) is the evening's host; call 768-4329 for details.

Off-Off Broadway

The Cause—$7/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8:30. Through 6/4. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).*

Chikamatsu's Forest—In Edward Sakamoto's stage fantasy, a famous Japanese playwright finds himself doing battle with his own imagination, which turns out to include Samurai warriors, Bunraku puppets, fairy-tale characters, and the odd Kabuki superstar. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *30th Street Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (332-0027).*

Happy End—In Bertolt Brecht's fantasy Chicago (based on the Hollywood gangster movies he grew up with in Germany), tough Edward G. Robinson-style guys illustrate the corruption of capitalist society by sporting machine guns, smoking cigars, and singing Kurt Weill's jagged, lovely songs. $8 is the suggested donation; through 5/14. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *T. Schreiber Studio, 83 E. 4th St. (420-1249).*

Hollywood Boulevard—$10. 5/10-13 at 8. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (633-8360).*

A Lie of the Mind—$12. Wed. Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 5/21. *Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. bet. 9th and 10th Aves. (332-0885).*

Lust and Comfort—$12/TDF. Thurs.–Sat. at 10. Through 5/27. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Mathematics of Change—$8. 5/12-14, 18-21 at 7:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5829).*

Measure for Measure—$12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 5/28. *UBU Repertory Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. (362-7223).*

Nellie A-Go-Go!—Sketch comedy by the Nellie Olesons, a gay comedy ensemble. $12. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Through 5/21. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (315-1797).*

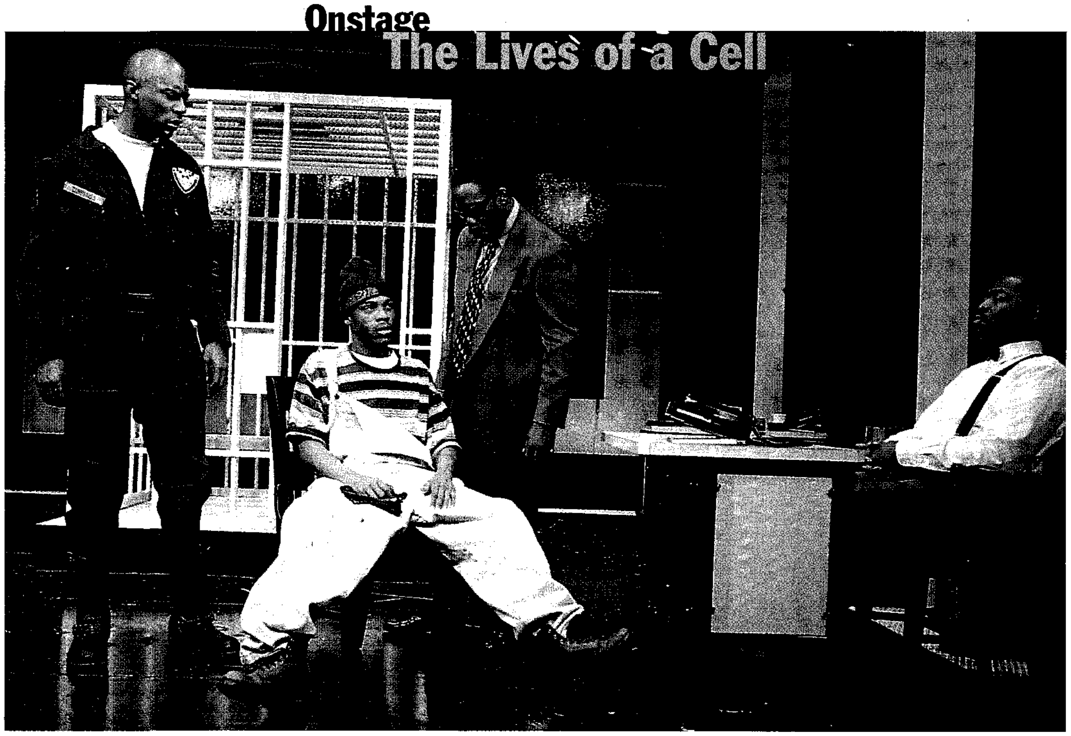
Palomas Intrepidas—Or "Doves on a Lark," a comedy by the contemporary Spanish writer Miguel Sierra in which two bored *senoritas* (ladies) pursue a lusty young *libertino* (Lothario) for some *whoopee* (whoopee). Directed by Melanie Sutherland, it's performed in Spanish and English on alternate evenings by two different companies. $12. Mon. at 7, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 6. Opens 5/10;. through 5/28. *American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (802-5373, English; 501-2445, Spanish).*

The Players Club—The response of Premium Bob, a comedy team a.k.a. Paul Boocock and David Latham, to the Republican Contract With America. Sat. at 10:30, through 5/20. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Vertigo Park—A new play by humorist Mark O'Donnell, based on the title story of his most recent collection and dealing with such American obsessions as celebrity, class-consciousness, politics, media, sex, and power. The production is by the Zena Group, which also did the author's *Strangers On Earth* in 1990. $12; special gala performance 5/21, $25. Wed.–Sun. at 8; previews begin 5/12 for a 5/14 opening. Through 6/4. *One Dream, 232 W. Broadway, entrance on N. Moore bet. Varick and W. Broadway (431-0051).*

Onstage

The Lives of a Cell



While questioning a 14-year-old gang member arrested on suspicion of rape and murder, two police officers discover some unsavory facts—about themselves—in 'Police Boys,' opening Sunday at Playwrights Horizons.

Photographs: top, Gerardo Somoza/Outline; bottom, Joan Marcus.

Frisell...The Roots...Sinatra's Boots

Concerts

Faith No More—One might say this curious San Francisco-based band has switched its personnel as many times as it does genres, its ranks having swelled with everyone from Courtney Love to departed guitarist and could-be-Hell's Angel Jim Martin. One thing has remained consistent, however, from their early college radio single "We Care a Lot" to their monstrous hit "Epic" to the dark avant-metal and orchestral punk on their new *King for a Day, Fool for a Lifetime*: Whatever they do, they do it big. Despite the occasional sneering irony and winking Tom Jones–isms of singer Mike Patton, this is a band that, smart, subversive, and weird as its members may be, definitely comes to rock. With Steel Pole Bathtub. 5/13 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland. $17.50.*

Harry Connick Jr.—The fresh-faced neo-Sinatra returns, *sans* Nelson Riddle–esque arrangements and stage-filling orchestra. This time out, it seems that he's, er, funky. True, Connick's a Naw'lins native, and with contributions by Meters drummer Ziggy Modaliste, his latest, *She,* couldn't fail to evoke bayou funk somehow. Plus he does appear fairly comfortable out of his dinner jacket and tie, though hardly a Professor Longhair. Judge his digability for yourself as he gets down 5/9–5/11 and 5/13 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, (496-7070). $29–$39.*

A Tribute to Burton Lane—The 83-year-old Broadway composer (*Finian's Rainbow, On A Clear Day You Can See Forever,* others) gets his due from *Clear Day* star Barbara Harris, John Cullum, Tony Randall, Gavin MacLeod, and a host of others. 5/11 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St., bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (799-4276).*

Knitting Factory at the Whitney—Liminal on 5/12 at 6 P.M. *Whitney Museum, 945 Madison at 75th St. (570-3676).*

Mother's Day Uptown—R&B diva Ruth Brown sings with the sultan of scat, Jon Hendricks. 5/14 at 3 P.M. *Aaron Davis Hall's Marian Anderson Theatre, The City College West, 133-135th Sts. at Convent. (650-7100). $18–$35.*

Spyro Gyra—A name as synonymous with *fuzak* as Dizzy Gillespie is with *bebop.* They play with Hiroshima. 5/12 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway at 74th St. $28.50–$37.50.*

Babatunde Olatunji—One of the original and most compelling emissaries of African music to the U.S., Olatunji first visited nearly 40 years ago and continues to inspire. He performs with his seven-member "Drums of Passion" as well as with the Brazilian guitarist Carlos Roberto. 5/13 at 8 P.M. *Fulcrum Gallery, 144 Mercer St. (924-6164).*

Altan—Ireland's famed traditional band. 5/12 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824).*

Mother's Day Concert—Jerry "the Iceman" Butler, founder with Curtis Mayfield of the Impressions, chairs this uptown-based salute to Mom. 5/14 at 5 and 9 P.M. *The Apollo Theater, 253 W. 125th St. (864-0327). $22.50–$32.50.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Performance

Sing, O Muses

Under the stern hand of guitarist Kristin Hersh (center), the alternative-rock institution Throwing Muses reemerges as a sinewy, stripped-down trio, playing the harrowing songs from its new record, 'University,' May 12 at Irving Plaza.

Clubland

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 5/12: Maureen Doherty Macken, Siobhan Egan, and Mary Coogan, from the Irish-American women's ensemble "Cherish The Ladies" hold forth. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—Recently celebrating its twentieth anniversary, this top-notch venue has been giving folk, country, and rock artists one of the best presentations New York has to offer. Decent fries too. 5/8: Marc Shaiman. 5/11: Don Dixon; The Delevantes, with Everly Brothers-ish harmonies, country-rock. 5/12: Texas songwriter icon Guy Clark; Rosie Flores. 5/16: The wry folk singer Christine Lavin. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Quite a cozy little dive, for all the bare brick and Alphabet City street cred. Low-rent rock bands and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 5/11: Courtney Lee Adam, from Courtney & Western, fronts her own band, with former members of High Plains Drifters and Television. 5/15: Juicy; Picasso Trigger; Lazy; Three Mile Pilot. 5/16: Basehead's Citizen Cope. 5/17: Leaving Trains. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. *15 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Cafe Wha?—Once a famed beatnik watering hole, now a low-ceilinged home to hippy-ish good vibes, occasional celebrity sightings, and the funky Cafe Wha Band, Wed.–Sun. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3706).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A newish, big-budget blueserie, dedicated to the best and brightest from the Midwestern blues capital. 5/10–5/11: Larry Burton. 5/12–5/13: The Holmes Brothers. 5/17: Little Ed and The Imperial Flames. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Photograph by Steve Gullick.

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. Monday nights are curated by the thunderous Rollins Band drummer Sim Cain. 5/11: Avant-guitarist and sideman-to-the-hip Mark Ribot helms the anarchic East-European attack combo Shrek, which usually features Sim Cain. 5/13: Giant Step presents Groove Collective. 5/17: Chico Freeman's Brainstorm; Marc Anthony Jones and Jim Nolet. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A mid-sized bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage but has an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a pre-show aperitif. 5/12: Throwing Muses. 5/17: The Roots. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night "Soul Kitchen." Saturday nights, the trendily decadent party "Grey Gardens" fills the hall with gothic ambience, house music, and pale dancers. The next day: "Savoy Sundays," a weekly swingfest of ballroom dancing. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, three bars, and a screening room. 5/9 and 5/11: Allen Ginsberg performs a cycle of collected poems and songs. 5/10: Sola plays "Blues in the East." 5/12–5/13: John Zorn's thrash-jazz juggernaut Painkiller, powered by former Napalm Death drummer Mick Harris. 5/16–5/17: Philip Glass. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Limelight—In a famous remark, F. Scott Fitzgerald claimed that there were no second acts in American lives. Try telling that to Nancy Sinatra, who's currently restarting—after twenty years!—her singing career. The voice was never as interesting as the act, but that was in a class by itself: *Sprechstimme* as glam-rock. Can she sustain the pose, outside the pages of *Playboy?* Find out on 5/10. Disco 2000 is a Wednesday tradition here. *Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (307-7171).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells, there for Ladies Night. 5/10: Little Buster and the Soul Brothers. 5/11: Sonny Rhodes. 5/12: Big Ed and the Side Pockets. 5/14: Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. 5/16: The Flying Neutrinos. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUES).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, latterly one of the most happening venues for now-ish music, presenting country, folk, and rock artists groomed for the more au courant time slots on MTV. 5/10–5/11: The Bogmen. 5/12: 360s. 5/17: The Friggs. Shows nightly. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking, hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave. at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The compact, back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. Wednesday evenings it's the one-woman, multi-character performance piece, the Heather Woodbury Report, in which Heather becomes an 85-year-old woman, a rave kid, a prostitute, etc. This week, Steve Carter sings the songs of the late Phil Ochs on 5/10. 9 *94 Avenue A at 6th St. 473-7373.*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 5/10–5/11: John Lucien. 5/12: Diblo Dibala and Matchatcha play soukous. 5/13: Zaire's Kanda Bongo Man. 5/15: Eddie Palmieri, with Ismael Miranda. Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 5/13: The Blasters; The Motorkings. 5/17: Kitchens of Distinction; Ivy. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *N.B.:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. On 5/10: The drum-bashing, mud-slinging, flame-spitting, tribal-rock demolition squad Crash Worship tears in from San Diego. Do *not* wear your Sunday best. 5/12: Repercussions; Milo Z. 5/13: Rose Hill; Soft Parade. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 5/10: Stafford Hunter Quintet. 5/15: E.J. Decker and Richard Ship Quartet. 5/16: Derwyn Holder Quartet. 5/17: Afro-Blue. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Talent

Man of Steel

Bill Frisell makes a rather unlikely guitar god. Onstage, he's a slightly ethereal Garrison Keillor, introducing songs and band members in such a dreamy and distracted half-whisper that audiences often crack up before he finishes a sentence. But don't be fooled; the man's a terror. In John Zorn's genre-surfing attack combo Naked City, the guitarist leaps from twangy spaghetti-western music to bluegrass picking to canny post-bop improvisations with a stunning fluidity. And in his own trio (at the Village Vanguard through May 14), Frisell's ghostly, cinematic guitar evokes entire landscapes as it shifts from folksy ruminations to a searing Hendrix-like wail. He even covers Madonna. "It seems like the older I get, the less afraid I am to be honest with where I'm coming from," he says on the phone from Seattle. "There was a period where all I would listen to was jazz from the mid-forties to the mid-sixties, and I had shut off what made me want to play in the first place, like Jimi Hendrix, the Ventures, and the Beatles. Then everything just snapped." And snapped it remains. His latest project was a gorgeous two-CD soundtrack that was composed for a screening of Buster Keaton's silent films at St. Ann's Church. And, though he's 44 and comfortably settled in Seattle, where friends include *Far Side* cartoonist and amateur guitar player Gary Larson, Frisell remains as open as ever to new musical challenges. "One time Gary invited me to come over and jam with him and the *Beavis and Butt-head* guy, who plays bass," he recalls, somewhat wistfully. "Man, I wish I could have been there for *that.*"

Chris Norris

Photograph by Deborah Feingold.

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening, and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 5/9–5/14: Bob James Band, with guest Kirk Whalum. 5/16–5/21: Sadao Watanabe Quartet; Michel Petrucciani and strings. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 5/13: The elegant pianist John Hicks plays with bassist Curtis Lundy and drummer Idris Muhammed. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Cajun—A little bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style early jazz. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 5/9–5/14: Benny Golson Quartet. 5/16–5/21: Herb Ellis. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

Five Spot—A palatial *Dick Tracy*-looking ballroom and regular host to smoothed-out jazz musicians. 5/16–5/17: Bruce Barth, the jazz pianist, with trumpeter Eddie Henderson, alto saxophonist Steve Wilson, and bassist Larry Grenadier. *4 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium—Saxophonist Donald Harrison, emerged from Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers as half of a neo-trad hard-bop duo with Terence Blanchard. He then followed up by putting out a sheeny, alarmingly Kenny G-ish effort two years ago. What gives? Find out when he leads a quintet, with electric guitarist Mark Whitfield on 5/14. Sets Sat. nights at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 A.M. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts: Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. Wednesdays, jazz D.J. Ben Duncan hosts a jam session, with free eats from 10 to 11. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. On Fridays, the Jazz at Noon series moves here from Sardi's, featuring "open mike" playing by lawyers, doctors, stock brokers, etc., joined, on 5/12, by guitarist Joe Beck. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A feisty club that's come-as-you-are and stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's right around the corner from the Vanguard, so you can head over after the last set. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Through 5/14: Sonny Fortune Quartet. 5/16–5/21: The great Oliver Lake, of the World Saxophone Quartet, leads his own quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 5/9–5/14: Jimmy Scott. 5/16–5/28: Illinois Jacquet Big Band. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Through 5/14: Bill Frisell, one of the most influential guitarists of the last decade, holds forth with his regular cohorts, bassist Kermitt Driscoll and the stunning drummer Joey Baron. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno—who we're told was once funny—and many other greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. Wednesday nights, it's "El Barrio U.S.A.," a look at the lighter side of Latino–Puerto Rican living, starring Angel Salazar and Elizabeth Testa. 5/11–5/14: Thea Vidale. 5/15–5/16: Comic Kids. 5/17: Hot 97 Radio's "Phat Comedy" series. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 5/14: Wanda Sykes-Hall; Jeff Ross; William Stephenson; Dave Attell; Darryl Hammond. 5/15–5/21: Kevin Brennen; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attell; Larry Amoros; Mark Cohen. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 5/14: Mike Robles; Scott Bruce; Al Romero; Sean Donnellan; Quentin Heggs; Ben Creed; Danny Curtis. 5/15–5/21: Rich Ramirez; Mark Unger; Sean Donnellan; Mike Robles; Ben Creed; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club—A new comedy spot that serves food and presents regulars from Comedy Central, *An Evening at the Improv,* and *Caroline's Comedy Hour.* 5/12: Larry Vazeos; Debbie Shea; Vanessa Brown. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." 5/13: Mike Ivy; Sam Greenfield; Seymour. Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 5/12: Jim David; Todd Barry; Linda Smith; Dave Attel. 5/Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 5/20, singer Julie Budd in a show titled "You and the Night and the Music." Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—The pianist/singer Bobby Short is back in his accustomed seat at this elegant rendezvous, blithely crooning standards by Noel Coward, Cole Porter, and other such sophisticates. Through 6/24. $45 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (838-8000).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—Various performers nightly. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Le Figaro—Various performers nightly. No cover, no minimum. *184 Bleecker St. (677-1100).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—It's Lorenz Hart's 100th birthday, and parties are being held all over town; one of the more promisingly festive is "This Funny World," that fine singer Mary Cleere Haran's one-woman tribute to the great lyricist. Through 5/27. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quartet has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, Jamie MacKenzie performs a tribute to composer Sammy Fain. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Dama—Man-about-downtown Jean Claude Iacoveli and three fellow Eurocharmers have opened a playroom for themselves and their elegant and oversexed young trendies—some of whom (for fun, not profit) dance nearly naked. Though unnecessary, oysters are served until 3 A.M., or until they run out. *9 Seventh Ave. So., at Carmine St. (675-2638).*

Decibel—Descend the iron stairs and ring the bell to enter this speakeasy sake bar. There are dozens of varieties on the menu. The well-pierced wait staff seems knowledgeable enough, and the clientele is a pleasant mix of gawking interlopers, curious novices, downtown hipsters, and Japanese nightcrawlers. *240 E. 9th St. (979-2733).*

The Gold Bar—As gimmicks go, the bright light shining from the wide gash in the floor at the foot of the bar of this minimalist theme bar is, if nothing else, original. We know three guys who took it upon themselves to drop through the floor and guzzle as much of the warm beer being stored in the basement as possible before the cursing bartender chased them back up the stairs and out the door. That was long ago, and now there is a rail in front of the bar. *345 E. 9th St. (505-8270).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on doesn't detract from the good-time feeling, powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Les Poulets—The roar on Wednesday nights at this almost exclusively Puerto Rican nightclub is welcome relief from the self-congratulatory murmur of the typical Flatiron feedery. *16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000).*

Oak Bar—The perfect place to take your parents, unless you're paying. What are those bird-legged ladies talking so intently to those round old men about, anyway? Jackets aren't required, but you'll feel naked without one. *Plaza Hotel, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (546-5320).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head Bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Rebar—Breeders! Double-taking young professionals with "Get to know me" on the brain. *127 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (627-16890).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall/subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

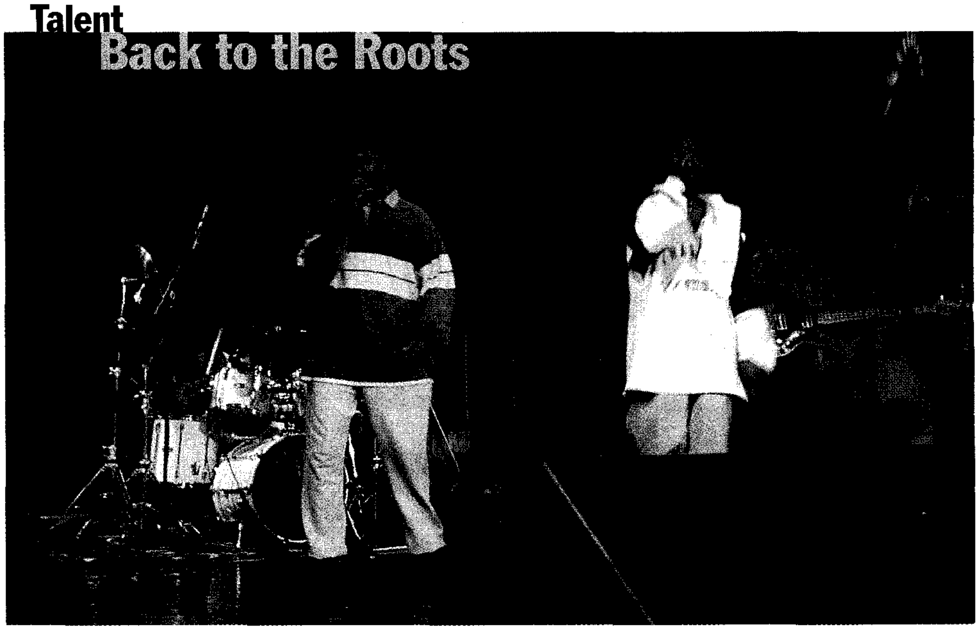
Teddy's—Soulful neighborhood haunt keeps the locals on the right side of the bridge even on the weekends. Live music occasionally, but the pressure to live up to the memory of the late in-house piano man Shorty Jackson keeps all but the ignorant or stouthearted away. *96 Berry St., at N. 8th St., Brooklyn (718-384-9787).*

Tenth Street Lounge—Former automotive chop shop still plying its trade, sort of, on the souls of a richer-than-thou herd. *212 E. 10th St. (473-5252).*

The Watermellon—Leave the guns at home. The two handsome monsters at the door conduct a weapons check that verges on a cavity search. Great dance-hall music and more traditional reggae from a D.J. that turn a get-drunk for old-timers into a late-night, always-room-for-one-more dance party. 1 OUT OF 79 WOMEN IN NEW YORK CITY HAS AIDS, reads the big yellow sign plastered across the condom machine in the men's room, next to a handwritten reminder: "Don't forget to wash your hands." *1302 E. Gunhill Rd., in the Bronx (no phone).*

Talent

Back to the Roots



Rappers Malik B. (left; not on tour) and Black Thought (right) are the savviest, funkiest, most word-drunk MCs ever to condescend to jamming with "real musicians." The hard-core rhymes and live-band rhythms of the Roots ignite Irving Plaza on May 17.

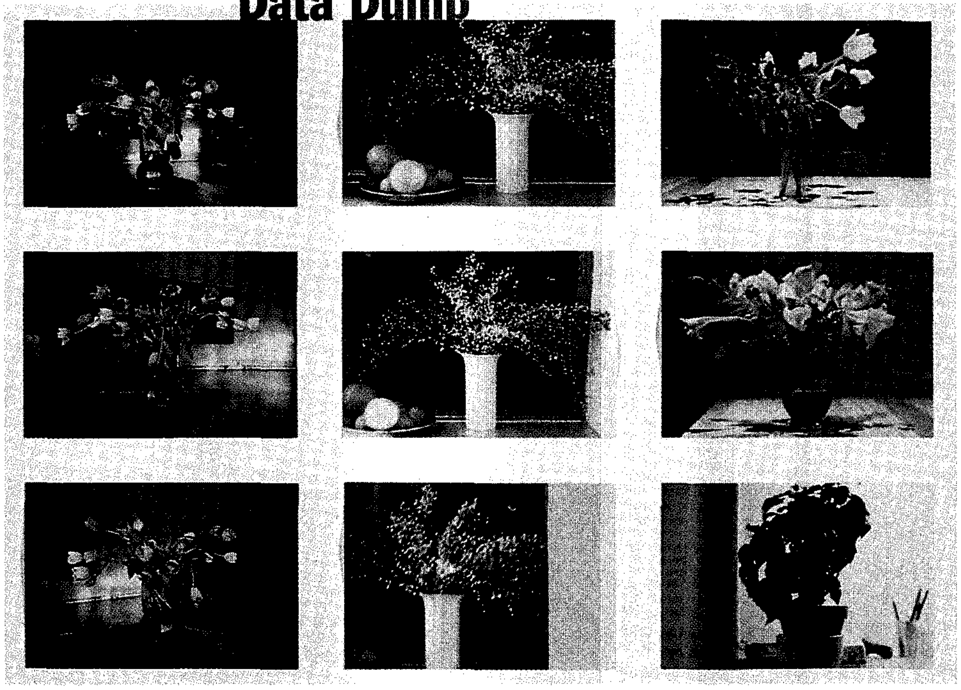
Photograph by T. Eric Monroe.

Yukinori Yanagi...George Stoll

Openings

Seventy-six American and European dealers bring their art to the **Second International Art Fair**, which concentrates on paintings, drawings, and sculpture from the Renaissance through Impressionism. Admission to the fair is $15 and includes a complimentary exhibition catalogue (5/12–16, Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Avenue at 67th Street).

Installation Data Dump



Gerhard Richter began his "Atlas" project in 1962, saving photographic images—his own and reproductions from magazines—that might become sources for his paintings. Now, weighing in at nearly 3,800 images, "Atlas" is an artwork in itself. At Dia Center for the Arts.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Ray Johnson—A memorial exhibition of collages and mail art from the fifties through the late eighties, including works on loan from Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Jasper Johns, the Warhol Foundation, and others; through 6/16. Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).

John La Farge—A survey of floral still lifes by this artist (1835–1910), who studied with William Morris Hunt and Thomas Couture and saw the still-life genre as a subject through which to explore modern color theories; through 6/9. Jordan-Volpe, 958 Madison Ave. (570-9500).

Michael Merchant—A multimedia installation titled *Abandoned Skyscraper* that tells the story of a classic Art Deco building and the people who lived and worked in it; through 6/6. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

Tomie Ohtake—An exhibition of large-scale abstract paintings celebrating the eightieth birthday of this artist who is a leading figure in postwar Brazilian art; through 6/30. Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950).

Pablo Picasso—Paintings and works on paper from the artist's estate that he made in his studio at 7 rue des Grands-Augustins, a former palace on Paris's Left Bank, where he worked throughout the Second World War; through 6/24. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Albert York—A loan exhibition of landscape paintings; through 6/9. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

57th Street Area

Adele Alsop—Paintings of Utah's mountains and riverbeds and of the artist's garden; through 5/26. Schmidt-Binham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Luis Cruz Azaceta—Each of the paintings in this new series is dominated by a single large image, such as a bed, a violin, or an exercycle and incorporates Polaroid photographs and a word that works with or against the painted image; through 6/2. Frumkin/Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).

Raymond Booth—Recent botanical paintings and watercolors by an English artist; through 6/30. Paine Webber, 1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885), Mon.–Fri. 8-6.

Burgoyne Diller/Charles Seliger—Paintings, drawings, and constructions from 1935 through 1963 by this abstract artist who is considered a forefather of the sixties minimalist movement./Small-scale paintings and watercolors from the forties and the nineties that illustrate the artist's lifelong exploration of organic abstraction. Through 6/3. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Richard Estes—Eighteen realist paintings of New York City executed over the past four years; through 6/3. Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. (541-4900).

Philip Guston—Paintings and drawings from the fifties; through 6/3. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Keith Haring—The late artist's first show with this gallery includes drawings, collages, and gouaches from 1989; through 6/9. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Alfredo Jaar—An installation of black archival boxes arranged in rows, stacks, and grids, each of which contains an eight-by-ten-inch Cibachrome that cannot be seen but is described on the box's exterior, and a related audio-visual presentation titled *Rwanda* that will be shown on Saturdays at 4:30; through 6/16. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Nina Levy—New resin sculptures; through 6/9. Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (581-2268).

Robert Motherwell—Prints made between 1961 and 1991; through 6/3. Long, 24 W. 57th St. (397-2001).

Odd Nerdrum—Recent figurative paintings by this Norwegian artist who is known for his apocalyptic themes; through 5/26. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

John Newman—Recent sculptures; through 6/2. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Pablo Picasso—Drawings from all periods of the artist's career arranged chronologically from 1898 to 1970, through 6/2, at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292)./Sketchbooks from 1900–1905, from the Marina Picasso collection, through 6/17, at Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Alberto Savinio—Books, film footage, and nineteen paintings executed between 1926 and 1948 by this artist (1891-1952) who played a pivotal role in the development of metaphysical art; through 6/9. Baldacci Gallery, 41 East 57th Street (826-4210).

Carol Wald—Figurative paintings that draw on the American Regionalism movement of the thirties; through 5/18. Kennedy, 730 Fifth Ave. (541-9600).

Jeff Wall—Large-scale Cibachrome transparencies mounted on light boxes that depict human subjects engaged in day-to-day social activities or in psychological dramas; through 6/10. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Andy Warhol—Paintings and drawings of nudes from the fifties, seventies, and eighties, through 6/16, at Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454), and selected works from 1961 to 1986, through 6/3, at O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (355-3330).

Tom Wesselmann—Recent three-dimensional paintings on cut aluminum that combine images of the human form and landscape; through 6/10. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ilan Averbuch—New monumental sculptures in wood, stone, lead, and copper; through 5/30. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Jennifer Bartlett—Recent paintings and ink drawings; through 5/31. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Photograph courtesy of Dia Center for the Arts.

Herbert Bayer—Paintings, sculpture, and design works by this artist who was one of the principal members of the Bauhaus; through 6/3. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Christopher Brown—Large-scale paintings whose imagery is derived from the Zapruder film of the Kennedy assassination; through 6/10. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Mark di Suvero—New sculpture; through 5/27. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Jimmie Durham—Sculptures in which clothing is combined with dirt, sand, hair, paint, plaster, and other materials; through 5/27. Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (925-5157).

Ruth Ann Fredenthal—Paintings that appear to be monochromatic, but incorporate various hues with a single color; through 6/3. Stark, 560 Broadway (925-4484).

Jesse Goode—Sculptures created from torched and melted Rubbermade garbage cans; through 6/3. Black + Greenberg, 79 Grand St. (431-1670).

Toon Kuijpers—Paintings in which still-life objects are scattered across richly-layered crimson, ochre, or gunmetal-gray backgrounds; through 6/3. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Michael Lucero—New ceramic sculptures from the "Reclamation Series" that incorporate salvaged found objects; through 6/10. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Sylvia Plimack Mangold/Matthew Benedict—Paintings of elm- and maple-tree motifs in which the tree fills the entire space of the canvas./An installation of wallpaper designed by the artist and embroidered samplers based on Herman Melville's novel *Moby Dick*. Through 6/3. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Malcolm Morley—These new paintings depict boats and planes rendered from actual models and engaged in events of the artist's imagination; the settings, however, are real, based on watercolors from his extensive travels; through 6/24. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Nam June Paik—A new video wall sculpture in the form of a map of the United States; through 6/3. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Roxy Paine—New sculptures, among them "Dinner of the Dictators," a glass-encased table with place settings for twelve dictators and freeze-dried versions of what they ate; through 6/3. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Francis Picabia/Luc Tuymans—Paintings from the last decade of the artist's life./Paintings by this Belgian artist that cross the boundaries between representation and abstraction. Through 6/17. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Brian Rutenberg/Jon Serl—Paintings based on the *Four Last Songs* by Richard Strauss./Paintings by the self-taught artist. Through 5/27. Cavin-Morris, 560 Broadway (226-0155).

Steven Skollar/Romolo Del Deo—Portraits in which the artist has eliminated the sitters' personas and replaced them with personalities of his own creation./Bronze sculptures of fragmented body parts. Through 6/3. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Rebecca Quaytman—Four paintings that are installed so they can be viewed simultaneously as an environment; through 6/10. Cevern-Harwood, 304 Mulberry St. (343-1503).

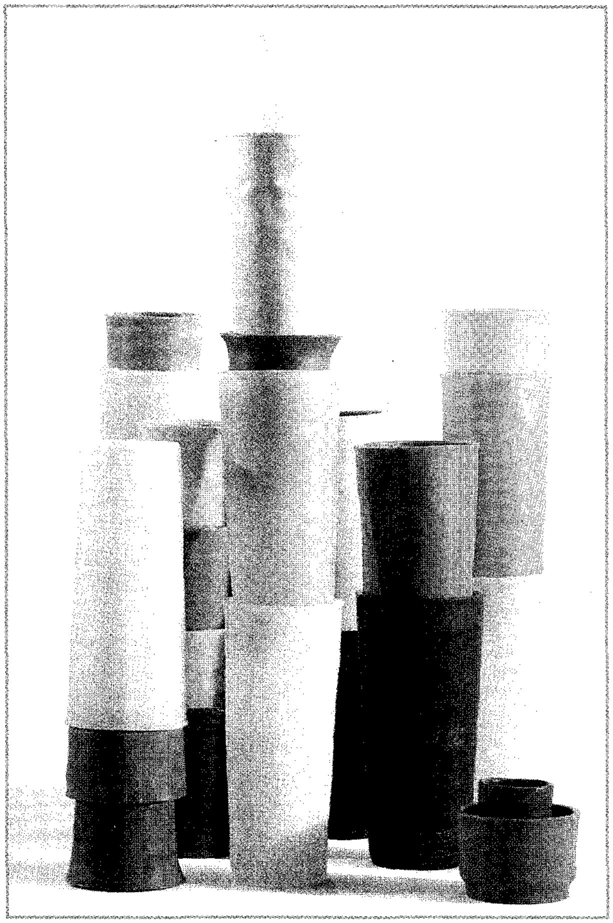
Not Vital—Recent large-scale plaster sculptures that incorporate human and animal forms; through 6/10. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Marjorie Welish—Geometric abstract paintings; through 6/3. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Paul Winstanley—Paintings of bleak abstracted landscapes and claustrophobic interior spaces that allude to the feelings of paranoia and isolation inherent in contemporary living; through 6/2. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Christopher Wool/Fiona Banner—Dense, associative abstract paintings that incorporate the use of silkscreen, paintbrush, and spray paint./Texts which read as blow-by-blow accounts of entire films. Through 6/3. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Yukinori Yanagi—An installation titled "The Chrysanthemum Carpet" that explores identity and nationality in postwar Japan and whose central piece is a red wool carpet; also on view is "Asia-Pacific Ant Farm," an ant farm comprised of the flags of the 42 nations that were included in "The Great East Asian Co-prosperity Sphere"; through 7/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).



Talent Stacked together, George Stoll's pigmented-beeswax casts of Tupperware glasses, bowls, Popsicle molds, and storage containers suggest their true roots, even in their Fiestaware hues. Isolated, or in small groups, they have a more eloquent presence, like Morandi's painted images of bottles. Then again, the casts' translucence brings to mind those chewable, wax liquid-filled soda bottles and lips, staples of fifties candy stores. At Paul Morris, 530 West 22nd Street.

Hyun-Mi Yoo/Gary Stephan—Suspended from the ceiling, these white sculptures of oversize dresses, eggs, bird cages, and other materials refer to dreams of flying./New paintings. Through 6/10. Cristinrose, 395 W. Broadway (431-1862).

Ton Zwerver—Large-scale Cibachrome photographs of on-site installations created by the artist in abandoned spaces in New York, Holland, and Brazil; through 5/27. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Other

Richard Serra—An installation titled "To Whom It May Concern" that is the largest indoor work the artist has shown in New York since 1981 and consists of nine freestanding Cor-Ten steel plates that are spaced at regular intervals across the gallery; through 6/25. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

George Stoll—Cast beeswax sculptures of Tupperware; drawings of paper towels, plywood, and newsprint; paintings of fast-food sandwiches, and sculptural and two-dimensional re-creations of holiday decorations; through 6/4. Morris, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). An exhibition of works on the subject of entertainment—vaudeville, dance, theater, opera, burlesque, and the circus—by nineteenth-and early-twentieth-century American and European artists, among them Calder, Cassatt, Degas, Demuth, Henri, Hopper, Picasso, and Shinn; through 6/2.

Marks—1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455). Works on paper by Baselitz, de Kooning, Freud, Kelly, Marden, Newman, Richter, others; through 6/24.

Salander-O'Reilly—20 E. 79th St. (879-6606). Paintings by Arnold Friedman, Marsden Hartley, and Alfred Maurer; through 6/30.

57th Street Area

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Landscape paintings by Atkinson, Bogosian, Linehan, Patterson, Sullivan, others; through 5/27.

Sheehan—41 E. 57th St. (888-4220). Prints by Johns, Kelly, Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, and Warhol that use appropriated imagery; through 6/30.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). "Art of the Old West," with paintings by Benton, Bierstadt, Dixon, Farny, Moran, Remington, Russell, Whittredge, and others; through 6/30.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Drawings from the Albertina: Landscape in the Age of Rembrandt"; through 6/3.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Way Cool," with works in all media by 31 emerging artists; through 7/14.

I.C.—100 Wooster St. (343-0573). Drawings and wall works by Andre, Darboven, LeWitt, Weiner; through 6/3.

National Association of Women Artists—420 W. Broadway, 4th floor (675-1616). The association's "106th Annual Exhibition" features 300 recent works by member artists; through 5/30.

Other

Onetwentyeight—128 Rivington St. (674-0244). Interpretations of the traditional format for Asian scrolls by 30 New York artists; through 5/31.

Photography

Tina Barney—New color photographs on the subject of couples; through 5/31. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Isabella Gherardi/Dorothea Rockburne—Photographs of greenhouses that incorporate hand-drawn areas./Photographs by the painter. Through 6/3. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "PhotoDiary: Lynn Goldsmith." Large-format photographs of musicians; through 7/16. "Ruth Orkin: Retrospective." The photographer's early assignments for *Life*, *Look*, and other publications; portraits; and scenes of Central Park shot from her apartment window; through 7/16.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Workers, An Archeology of the Industrial Age—Photographs by Sebastião Salgado"; through 5/26.

Andrea Robbins and Max Becher—Color photographs of Dutch-style houses in Holland, Michigan; through 6/3. Basilico, 26 Wooster (966-1831).

Spencer Tunick—Photographs that intertwine images of props, naked bodies, and cityscapes to evoke the surreal state of dreams; through 6/3. Thicket, 77 Lispenard St. (343-2849).

Photograph courtesy of Paul Morris Gallery.

JoAnn Verburg—Multi-panel color photographs that depict images from the artist's everyday life; through 6/24. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Joel-Peter Witkin—In his latest works, the photographer has endowed the seemingly grotesque with dignity and beauty, as in *Glassman,* an image of a corpse whose hands are turned upward in a gesture of release, symbolizing the spirit at peace; through 6/24. Pace MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Wanda Gu: Oedipus Refound #3A"; "Yoshiko Kanai: Untitled."; "Bjarne V. H.H. Solberg: Memory Boxes." Through 6/24. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tue.–Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Inside/Outside: Ceramic Works and Drawings by William Daley." Through 6/25. . . . "Jewelry From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. . . . "Fiber: Five Decades From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society— "Monkey." Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke. Through 9/10. . . . "New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection." Through 6/18. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Division of Labor: Women's Work in Contemporary Art." Through 6/11. . . . "The Path to Memory: An Installation by Gladys Triana." Through 6/11. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2.

Brooklyn Museum—"A Graphic Odyssey: Romare Bearden as Printmaker." Through 7/9. . . . "The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb." The first in-depth examination of the artist's pictographs, a series of paintings dating from 1941 to 1951. Through 8/27. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper From the 1950s." Through 8/27. . . . "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum." Through 9/3. . . . "Elaine Lustig Cohen: A Modern Graphic Designer." Through 5/23. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Gerhard Richter: *Atlas.*" An ongoing work that the artist began in 1962, when he decided to put together photographs that had been or could become pictorial sources for his paintings. Through 6/18. . . . "Andy Warhol, The Last Supper Paintings." Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, Worlds Envisioned." Through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"Romantics, Neoclassicists, Realists: European Drawings From the Stanford University Museum of Art." Through 5/14. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Ross Bleckner." Through 5/14. . . . "Félix Gonzalez-Torres." Through 5/10. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Gary Hill." Video installations by the Seattle-based artist. 5/11–8/20. 575 Broadway (423-3840); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Gems of the Floating World: Japanese Ukiyo-e Prints from the Dresden Kupferstich-Kabinett." Through 6/4. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); Tue.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic." Through 7/30. . . . "Tricksters, Tailors, and Fools: Yiddish Tales Through Artists' Eyes"; through 7/30. . . . "Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator." Through 7/16. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Nadar." The first comprehensive exhibit of the work of the French photographer Felix Tournachon, known as Nadar. Through 7/9. . . . "Herter Brothers: Furniture and Interiors for a Gilded Age." 5/10–7/30. . . . "Decorating the American Home, 1850–1900." 5/16–7/30. . . . "Assyrian Origins: Discoveries at Ashur on the Tigris; Antiquities from the Vorderasiatisches Museum, Berlin." Through 8/13. . . . "Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum." Through 8/13. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art." Through 10/15. . . . "R. B. Kitaj: A Retrospective." Through 5/14. . . . "Paul Cadmus: The Seven Deadly Sins and Selections from the Collection." Through 7/4. . . . "Masterplan for the Greek and Roman Galleries." Through 8/6. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995." Through 9/3. . . . "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Garden." Through 8/20. . . . "Princely Patrons: Three Royal Persian Manuscripts." Through 6/4. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts." Through 8/27. . . . 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." Through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Victorian Vernacular: The American Quilt Show." Through 9/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tue.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

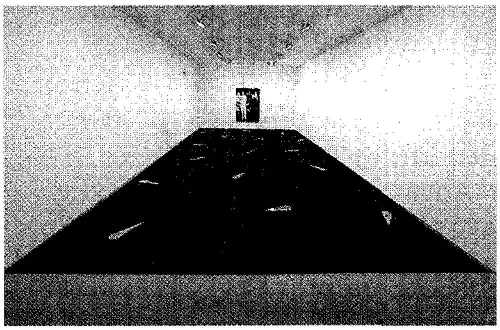
El Museo del Barrio—"Reaffirming Spirituality." Works by 34 Latino artists paired with works they selected from the museum's permanent collection. Through 8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Bruce Nauman." Through 5/23. . . . "American Sculptors on Paper: A Selection From the 1960s." Through 6/13. . . . "Typography and the Poster." Through 6/4. . . . "Projects:

On View

Travels With My Ant

Shortly before he received his graduate degree in painting from Tokyo's Musashino Art University, Yukinori Yanagi revealed his feelings about the medium in his graduation project, an installation of large-scale empty frames. Because the work lacked painted surfaces, it was rejected from the graduate-works exhibition at the Tokyo Metropolitan Museum. Yanagi's first one-man exhibition, held at a gallery in the Ginza, was even more radical—the artist burned all the works he'd produced as a student, interring their ashes in huge wooden boxes. He also created his first ant-farm work for that show, placing ants in a glass wall case filled with layers of sand pigmented in various colors. Three years later, Yanagi realized his situation was much like that of those ants. "I was trying to express my desperate desire to get out of the ghettos of Japanese art education, Japanese modern art, and the Japanese art system," says Yanagi, who left his homeland when he was accepted into Yale's graduate sculpture program.



Since that time, Yanagi's works have won critical favor both in Japan—in museum shows such as "Scream Against the Sky: Japanese Art Since 1945" (which also traveled to the Guggenheim)—and internationally (he won the Swatch award at the Venice Biennale's Aperto '93). In his latest works, *The Chrysanthemum Carpet* and *Asia-Pacific Ant Farm* at Peter Blum (through July 31) and "Project Article 9," a neon-and-sculpture installation at the Queens Museum of Art (May 12 to July 16), Yanagi continues to explore conflicts of identity and nationality in postwar Japan. There are echoes of Jenny Holzer and the late Alighiero e Boetti in Yanagi's use of language, embroidered carpet, and flashing neon texts. But his themes, such as Japan's "Great East-Asia Co-prosperity Sphere"—a conglomeration of Asian countries that the Japanese army had planned to conquer in the prewar era—are more overtly political. Like Boetti's, Yanagi's humor is subtle and complex (not at all deadpan like Holzer's) and it comes through most vividly in his self-destructing ant-farm "flags." During the opening of Yanagi's show at Peter Blum, a crowd had gathered in front of *Asia-Pacific Ant Farm,* straining to watch as ants tunneled their way though 42 Plexiglas cases connected by tubes and filled with colored sand arranged after the flags of the 42 "Co-Prosperity Sphere" nations. As they traveled, carrying grains of sand from "country" to "country," it became clear that the individual "flags" would eventually disintegrate. One viewer could hardly tear himself away from the spectacle. "Obviously," he said, "this is one of those shows that we're going to have to come back to." EDITH NEWHALL

Photograph courtesy of Peter Blum.

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Tom Friedman." Through 5/18. . . . "Helen Chadwick: *Bad Blooms*." Through1 7/11. . . . "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection." Through 8/22. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem"; 5/13–11/5. . . . "New York Saved: Thirty Years of Landmarks Preservation." Through 7/30. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Masterpieces of Nineteenth-Century Italian Painting from the Gaetano Marzotto Collection." Through 6/11. . . . "Nature Observed, Nature Interpreted: 19th-Century American Landscape Drawings and Watercolors from The National Academy of Design and Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution." Through 6/13. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (free on Fri. from 5 to 8); $3.50, $2 students, seniors, and children.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasury of the Past." Paintings, sculptures, and historic objects and documents from the museum's collection. 5/11–9/17. . . . "On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue." 5/11–9/17. . . . "Inventory: Christian Boltanski." An installation that is a museum display of actual belongings of a contemporary New Yorker. 5/11–9/17. 2 W. 77th St (873-3400); Wed. 12–8, Thur.–Sun. 12-5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Human/Nature." Works by more than 150 emerging and established artists. Through 5/18. 583 Broadway (219-1222).

New York Public Library—"e e cummings @100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 5/20. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Queens Museum of Art—"Yukinori Yanagi: Project Article 9." 5/12–7/16. . . . "The View from Within: Japanese American Art from the Internment Camps, 1942–1945." 5/12–7/16. Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat.–Sun. 12–5; $3; $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mothers, Fathers, and Legendary Ancestors: Selections of Classical African Sculpture." Through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed., Thur., Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum—"1995 Biennial Exhibition." Through 6/25. 945. Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8, Fri. 11–9; $7, $5 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8 and Fri. 6–9).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 5/10 at 10 and 2: "Old Master, American, and Modern Prints and Illustrated Books." On view from 5/6. 5/10 at 2: "Contemporary Prints and Multiples." On view from 5/5. 5/10 at 7: "Important Modern Works of Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Colin." On view from 5/5. 5/11 at 10:30 and 2: "Impressionist and Modern Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture (Part II). On view from 5/5. 5/11 at 11:45: "Nineteen Works by Edgar Degas from the Collection of David Daniels." On view from 5/5. 5/11 at 7:30: "Impressionist and Modern Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture." On view from 5/5. 5/16 at 11: "Latin American Paintings, Drawings, and Sulpture." On view from 5/13. 5/16 at 7: "Important Latin American Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture, Part I." On view from 5/12.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 5/16 at 10 and 2: "European Decorative Arts." On view from 5/13.

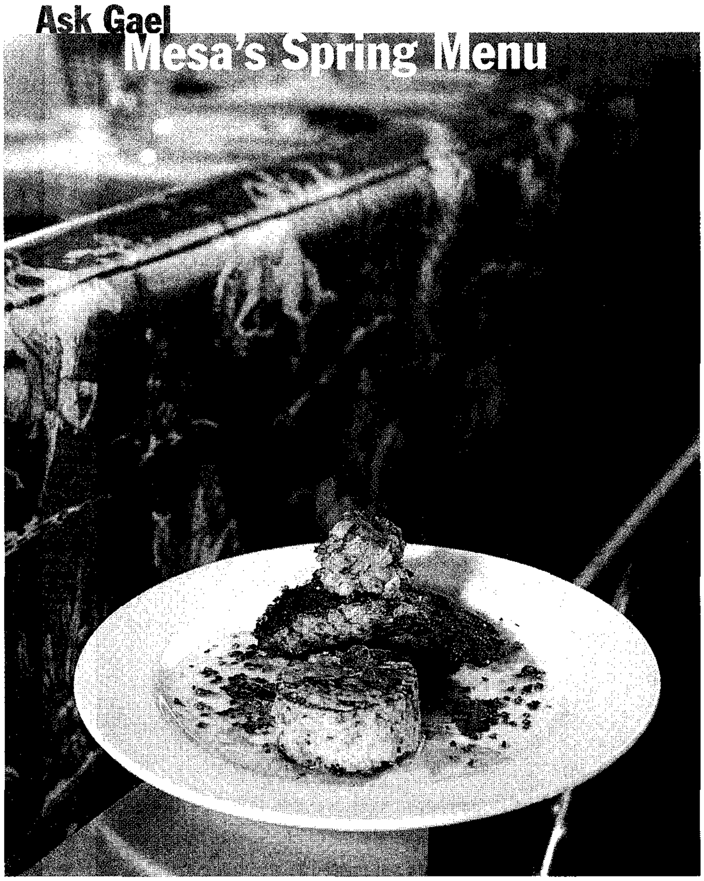
Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 5/10 at 10:15 and 2: "Impressionist Paintings." On view from 5/5. 5/11 and 5/12 at 10 and 2: "19th- and 20th-Century Prints." On view from 5/6. 5/13 at 10 and 2: "Contemporary Prints." On view from 5/10. 5/16 at 10:15 and 2: "Pre-Columbian Art." On view from 5/12.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 5/11 at 10:30: "Art & Architecture Books." On view from 5/6.

restaurants

Mexican Chocolate Cake...Colors, Again...Mesa

Ask Gael
Mesa's Spring Menu



What's the way to your heart?

In my neophagic wanderings, I rarely get to go where I long to go. So take me to Mesa Grill. Let's huddle in the nasty din and explore the new spring menu. I love the corn-and-zucchini quesadilla and Bobby Flay's old faithful toss of frisée, chorizo, and asiago cheese. The sweet intensity of his roasted-corn-and-black-bean soup and the barbecued salmon filet with papaya-tomatillo salsa and black-pepper spoon bread are triumphs. Chile-crusted rabbit comes with sweet-potato polenta, and shellfish mole adds punch to red-pepper-crusted tuna.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Donald Sacks—A corporate dining room for those brave enough to leave the confines of their own glass walls. Straight-up American bistro fare for a strictly business crowd and peckish Century 21 shoppers. *220 Vesey St. (619-4600). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the guilded age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Filli Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to re-invent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center. (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pescadou—This inovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. Catch the jazz brunch in this cozy dining room every Sunday. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE only.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this mutted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cave-like bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heart-warming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB,*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

DC, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC,*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef/owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V*

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the Peking, Ambrose, and Waverly moored at the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po'boys. Innovative booth deployment in the front of the room gives you a window view. *14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-baby). (M) AE only.*

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M.) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. May be old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. *387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($).*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steak house with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. *117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-0890). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also, 58E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Jane Street Seafood Cafe—Can you imagine a first-rate seafood grill in the middle of Ohio? That's the feel of this Greenwich Village favorite. Some of the best prepared but least imaginatively presented fish in town—try the pompano whenever it's available. *31 Eighth Ave., at Jane St. (242-0003). (M) ($).*

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. *546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Panchitos—Broken-marble-and-granite floors lend an understated elegance to this well-worn Mexican hang. Don't bother asking for Cuervo Gold in your Margarita; it's already in there. *105 MacDougal St. (473-5239). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. *319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Villa Moscone—Peter Moscone and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Zinno—An unexpected coupling of Northern Italian fare and live jazz. Sets end early, so you can catch a few and relieve the baby-sitter at a reasonable hour. *126 W. 13th St., nr. Sixth Ave. (924-5182). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

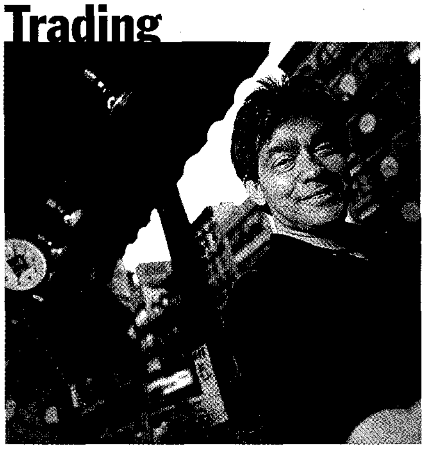
14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—*The Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that? . . . Despite the frenzy of having become media central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild

Restaurants
Insider Trading



All the waiters sing out greetings to Barry Nass as he wheels into Big Wong restaurant for lunch. After ordering (in fluent Cantonese, and without looking at the menu) Nass, who runs an Asian specialty-supply operation for some of the city's best restaurants, lays ten pounds of first-of-the-season lotus roots on his table. But the rare tuber isn't for this scruffy Chinatown kitchen: It's bound for the plates of midtown business lunchers at JUdson Grill.

Nass, a bear of a man known in the business as Swamp Thing, employs his insider credentials—earned during fifteen years in Chinatown as an English teacher and martial-arts student—to get the heads-up from local merchants and importers during his daily rounds. "It's very hard to form business relationships here if you're an outsider," he says, "but I even get invited to weddings and funerals." Nass spends the day navigating between two very different worlds: Chinatown's back alleys and *haute* kitchens like Lespinasse, where he once worked as a prep chef under *Über*chef Gray Kunz. He also counts as clients chefs from Le Bernardin, SeaGrill, Petrossian, Vong, and the Park Avenue Cafe.

Not only do cooks rely on this undecorous purveyor with his trademark green backpack to deliver Asian esoterica like kohlrabi, annatto, pomegranate molasses, and kaffir leaves; they call on Nass when their regular purveyors come up short on more workaday items like tofu and cilantro. "You'd be surprised how many chefs call on Sunday at two in the morning looking for delivery by lunchtime the next day," says Nass, who claims to be on duty 24-7. "I'm almost an emergency-service unit for kitchens," he boasts, strapping on his backpack and charging off down Mott Street. MANNY HOWARD

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with—surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

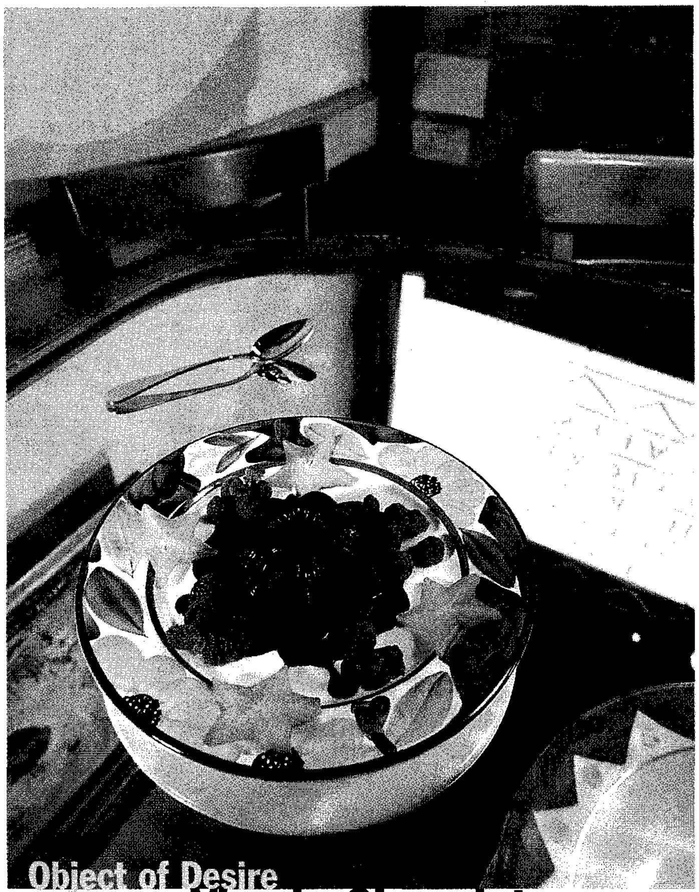
Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Secret Harbor Bistro—A neighborhood lunch crowd from the outskirts of the fashion district. At dinner, local residents with hotel guests stop in for generous portions of American food with an Italian accent. *303 Lexington Ave., at 37th St., in the Shelburne Murray Hill (447-7400). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stella del Mare—A surprisingly good hideaway for fresh seafood and intimate settings. *346 Lexington Ave., nr. 39th St. (687-4425). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Object of Desire

Viva la Chocolate

The warm Mexican chocolate torta at the Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe (182 Eighth Avenue, at 19th Street) is a marvel of modern recycling: A pedestrian chocolate cake is crumbled; cranked up with cinnamon, nutmeg, and heavy cream; then steamed and finished off with cinnamon ice cream and chocolate sauce.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Lola's—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theater for its reliable and very current American offerings. *169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-themed café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with art that customers have drawn at the tables. *182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at 6, and sails from 7 until 10. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd-56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. *100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840). (M) AE only.*

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. Its packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. *5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—A Côte d'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of southern France to a rustic room in midtown. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. For 30-odd years, André Soltner has run this consistently fine kitchen. Nobody does it better. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chef in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd-56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imagina-

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tions captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 p.m. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/726). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pre-theater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurley's—An original 1892 saloon now serving American seafood classics. This midtowner was once frequented by radio and television stars from yesteryear like Steve Allen and Johnny Carson. When Mayor John Lindsay and Henry Kissinger had a party here, they had such a good time they were asked to leave. *1240 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (765-8981). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American pattern. Lots of steaks and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. *307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A bustling spot in the theatre district with two private party rooms to get away from it all in. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Patio—Tapas bar and light fare for hotel guests and after-work diners. *119 W. 56th St., in the Parker Meridien (245-5000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neopolitan eatery rooted in the glorious 1950s. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. *1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th-60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. *112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The county's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded bird song, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at Central Park So. (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bar Bat—They crowd five deep at the bar, stalking one another; young melting-pot faces with briefcases and the curious come to eat. *311 W. 57th St.*

(307-7228). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Le Taxi—Chef Frederic Feufeu has made a bistro authentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. *37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. *Bloomingdale's, sixth floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Veau d'or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

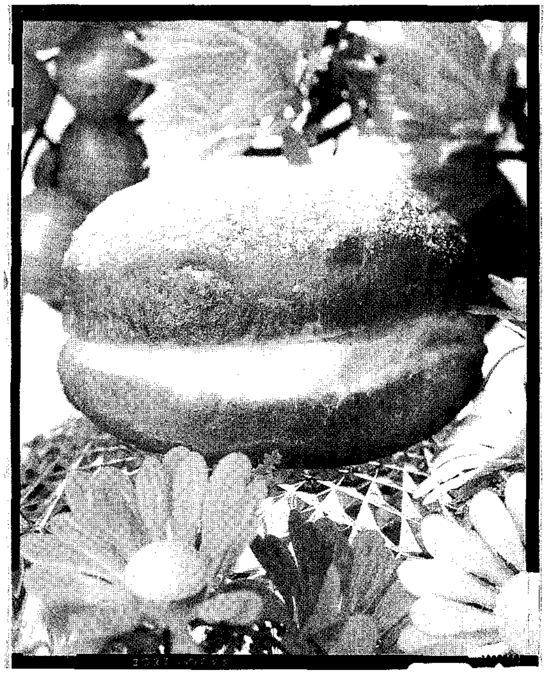
March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pierro's on the Park—Italian with a twist of art history. This parkside restaurant features Art Deco furnishings from the thirties: frosted glass, black lacquer, and original lighting. *150 Central Park So. (541-4090). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Takeout **Tres leché—the surprisingly uncloying Central American custard cake—is just about the national dessert of Nicaragua. And Floridita, 3451 Broadway, at 126th Street, has some of the best we've found.**

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. *140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres and spitting distance from Bloomingdales. Adobe-like setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Chopin—Very casual spot, often warm and candlelit. Featuring Eastern European fare—lots of roasts, goulash, and stuffed cabbage. With live piano music. *339 E. 75th St. (628-7171). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE only.*

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . mon cheri. And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. *1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people watcher's paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.*

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; in this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. *50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. *1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. *151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340*

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First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Previews

Bright New Colors

237
PARK AVENUE
COLORS
restaurant

New Juicy Fruit awnings and vivid flavors mark the revival of Colors, no longer quite so hidden inside the Park Avenue Atrium (237 Park Avenue, entrance on 46th Street). Chef Stefano Battistini (The Four Seasons, SeaGrill) floats oysters in luscious pea-leaf soup, crisps lotus-root chips for fine crab cakes, and successfully wreathes salmon with an odd pairing of sauces: port-wine and miso. G.G.

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls and all that. *680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Le Relais—Ask the folks at this French meta-eastsider serving a proud gaggle of fashionable internationals what to expect from their bistro, and they'll tell you they are the "heart and soul of Madison Avenue." They may well be right. *742 Madison Ave. at 63rd St. (751-5108). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian . . . good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. *1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. *1485 Second Ave., bet. 77th and 78th Sts. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerked chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin, too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow on the Hudson—Authentic Russian fare. After that, there's live entertainment with music, dancing, and a live gypsy show. *803 Second Ave., at 93rd St. (534-4866). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the fired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Boat House Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find the kind of Italian food made only in America, some of it pretty good. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local *haute*-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. *840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Velvet Room—Late-night kitchen open until 4 A.M.; garden out back starts hopping on Wednesday and doesn't stop till Sunday. *209 E. 76th St. (628-6633). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tony Di Napoli's—Family-style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. *1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and a velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned, everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Fredrick Douglass Blvd. at 140th St (234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Upstairs at Jack Sprat's—A second-story spot with an atmosphere that lies somewhere between a speakeasy and a hotel lobby. Healthy American fare with a creative twist—but never fear, they have burgers too. *169 Columbus Ave., at 68th St. (496-9494). (M) AE, DC, DS ,MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nicefied steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

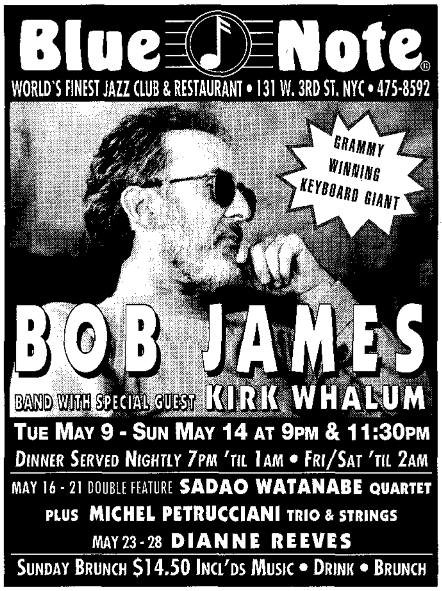
Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bronx

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($)*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Step Into My Dream...A Night of Amy Beac

Classical Music

Tuesday, May 9

New York Philharmonic—Zdenek Macal conducts Schoenfield's *Klezmer Rondos,* Mozart, and Strauss. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—The pianist performs Chopin, Ravel, Debussy, and others in a concert with comment. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $15.*

S.E.M. Ensemble—Performs Morton Feldman's five-hour-long piece *For Philip Guston. Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. (718-488-7659), at 7; $12.*

Performance
The Russians Are Coming

Like Cecilia Bartoli and most other hot young classical performers, Russian mezzo-soprano Olga Borodina (above) and baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky combine striking good looks and genuine talent. They perform together at Carnegie Hall on May 17 with the Opera Orchestra. Call 247-7800.

Photograph by Mike Owen.

Wednesday, May 10

Tokyo String Quartet—Performs an all-Beethoven concert. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$30.*

Thomas Tirino—The pianist performs an evening of works by the Cuban composer Ernesto Lecuona. *The Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., bet. 68th and 69th Sts. (628-0420), at 6; $12.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Thursday, May 11

New York Philharmonic—André Previn conducts Debussy, Mozart, and Strauss. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Daniel Comegys—The baritone performs. *Green Auditorium, 40 W. 68th St. (866-2086), at 1; free.*

Lois Svard—The pianist performs premieres of works by Elodie Lauten and others. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $10.*

Friday, May 12

New York Philharmonic—See 5/11. This performance at 2.

Concert Royal—James Richman conducts Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* and other works. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160), at 8; $18.*

St. Cecilia Chorus and the Camerata Chorale—Perform Dvořák's *Requiem,* with the Martinu Philharmonic. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$40.*

Saturday, May 13

New York Philharmonic—See 5/11.

An Evening of Amy Beach—Ransom Wilson conducts numerous works by the American composer, with soloists soprano Lauren Flanigan and pianist Christopher O'Riley, the New York Concert Singers, and many others. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $25.*

Sunday, May 14

Met Orchestra—James Levine conducts. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $15–$70.*

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Perform Bach, Kodály, Rush, and Schumann. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 3; $15.*

Monday, May 15

Eugenia Zukerman—The flutist performs Mozart, Foote, and Debussy with the Borromeo String Quartet. *Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (983-4142), at 12:30 P.M.; free.*

Opera

Amato Opera—5/12 and 5/13 at 7:30: Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro. Amato Opera House, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $18.*

Dance

American Ballet Theater—Performances Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $15–$110.*

New York City Ballet—Performances Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 7. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $12–$60.*

Anglo-American Ballet—5/12 and 5/13 at 8, 5/13 at 2, 5/14 at 3: The New York premiere of a company headed by Catherine Kingsley. Opening-night benefit is $50. *Rose Building, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (307-6909); $12–$15.*

Chen & Dancers—5/11–5/13 at 8, 5/14 at 3: Perform Chen's *Red Spot. Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $12.*

Eva Dean Dance Company—5/12 and 5/13 at 8: Performs "Feet On, Forks Off," an evening of new and repertory work. *The Brooklyn Music School, 126 Saint Felix St., near BAM (718-857-8368); $10.*

Ritha Devi—5/13 at 8: Performs in the tradition of the temple dancers of Eastern India. *Lillie Blake School, P.S. 6, 45 E. 81st St. (988-7697).*

Fresh Tracks—5/9 at 8: Seven works by young choreographers. *Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $12.*

Mimi Garrard Dance Theatre—Through 5/14: Two premieres (*On Renderings* and *Potpourri*) and numerous revivals. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre of the Riverside Church, 120th St. and Riverside Dr. (864-2929); $12.50.*

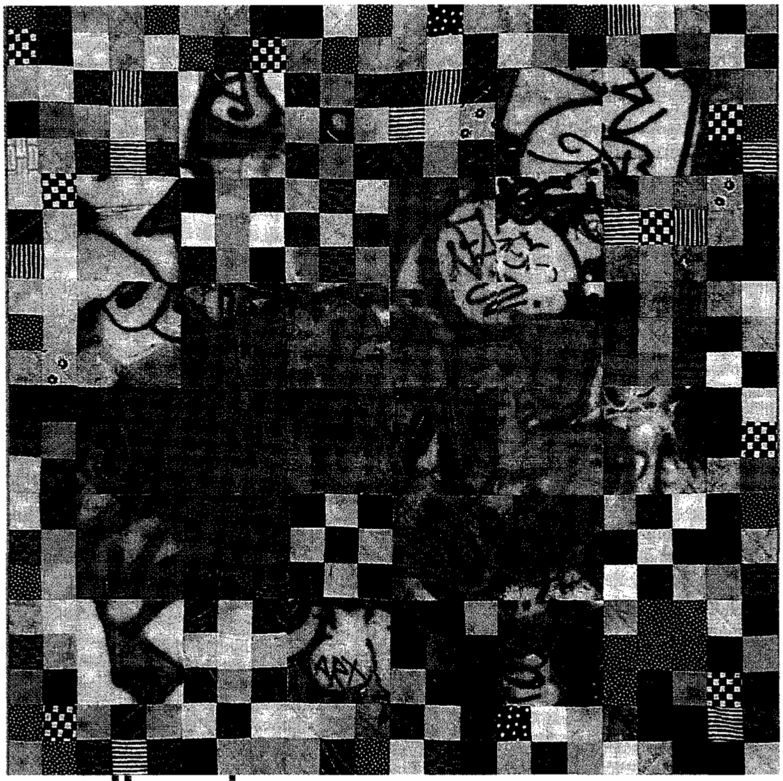
Phoebe Neville Dance Company—5/11–5/14 at 8:30: Performs a duet between Neville and percussionist Philip Corner, as well as other works. *Danspace Project at St. Mark's Church, 10th St. and Second Ave. (674-8194); $10.*

Parsons Dance Company—5/9–5/21: The ten-dancer troupe offers the New York premieres of *Step Into My Dream, Mood Swing: Prozactic Variations,* and other pieces. Opening night and Sundays at 7:30. Otherwise, Tues.–Sat. at 8, 5/13 and 5/21 also at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.*

Lorna Sinclair—5/11 and 5/12 at 8: Performs *Phenomenal Obsessions. Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. (718-965-8434); $10.*

Wyoming Dance Theater Project—5/11–5/14 at 8: Pat Cremins's company performs *Solo/Duet/Quartet* and a reworked *Cassandra. Squid Dance Performance Space, 127 Fulton St. (566-8041); $7.*

Céline...Dupond...Who's Online



Happening Beyond Patchwork

No longer the exclusive domain of stouthearted ladies, quilts are showing up these days with guerrilla art ("Night Writer," above) and political import. Viewing them, buying them, and even learning how to make them is the focus of this year's New York Quilt Festival. (See listing.)

John Leonard's Television Notes

Deadline for Murder: From the Files of Edna Buchanan (5/9; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is the second TV movie based on the real-life adventures of the Miami crime reporter, with Elizabeth Montgomery no longer quite as bewitching as she used to be, but running "cute" up the flagpole like a pennant to see if anybody whistles or salutes. While she investigates what looks like a mob hit but may have more to do with messy politics and feverish love in the anti-Castro–Cuban–refugee community, she enjoys a good cigar with her cop buddy, Yaphet Kotto; fends off her meddlesome and termite-ridden mother, Audra Lindley; and plays footsie in the Dade County morgue with the coroner, Dean Stockwell, who is even cuter than he used to be.

As Good As Dead (5/10; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) lets Crystal Bernard, from *Wings,* show off as a supergoody-two-shoes from Houston who is no sooner befriended in Los Angeles by the blonde party animal Traci Lords than Traci is felled by an ulcer and enters a hospital under Crystal's name, with Crystal's medical insurance, where she will die mysteriously, leaving Crystal to dye her hair and pretend in a micro-mini to be Traci as she investigates what may be her own murder and finds someone claiming to be her long-lost father, while she's followed around by Judge Reinhold, who isn't who he says he is, nor who we think he is, because we are too clever for our own good and this TV movie isn't. Some surprising facets, however, to the likable Crystal.

Deadly Whispers (5/10; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) does terrible things to one of my favorites, Pamela Reed, rendering her first of all hunched over and feeble-minded from a long Appalachian suffering of low expectations and poor diet; marrying her off to a Tony Danza who not only is overprotective of their nubile daughter (Heather Tom) but never quite gets the hang of his cracker accent; obliging her to deny the obvious truth when that daughter goes missing and comes back dead, naked in a river; refusing for two hours to permit her a single ravishing smile or glint of intelligence in those remarkable gray eyes; wasting a national treasure and our time on yet another childhood-traumatized multiple-personality disorder.

The Rockford Files (5/14; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), bringing back Jim Garner as the soft-shoe gumshoe for a second TV movie that tries to capitalize on our affection for the bygone series, is a lot zippier than the first one last November, probably because of an original script by Stephen J. Cannell. If you really must know, Angel (Stuart Margolin) has become a televangelistic prophet of Our Lord, who rents out his angry parishioners to those Hollywood producers who need a protest and a picket line to boost the box-office take at their own smutty movies. Jimbo is hired as a bodyguard for the threatened starlet of one of these bombs, an exceedingly refreshing Renee O'Connor. Also making a comeback, without any sign of popular demand that I have noticed, is Morton Downey Jr., playing his regrettable self.

Stephen King's The Langoliers (5/14 and 5/15; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), when at last we get a glimpse of them, look like killer moths, toothy tumbleweeds, or Black-and-Blue Meanies. They also make lots of noise while they eat, "like a bunch of coked-up termites on a balsa-wood glider." What they eat, besides Bronson Pinchot, is the past. Pinchot, a bond trader, and David Morse, an airline pilot, and Patricia Wettig, a schoolteacher, and Dean Stockwell, a mystery novelist, and Mark Lindsay Chapman, a British 007 agent, and Kate Maberly, a blind prepubescent with psychic seizures, on a jumbo jet from Los Angeles to Boston, somehow nap through "a rip in the temporal fabric"; wake up to find that everybody else on the plane has vanished; and emergency-land . . . in Bangor, Maine! . . . where no bird sings! But there is this odd crunching sound . . . as if Marcel Proust, gnawing on a madeleine, had been transported to a Little Shop of Horrors. The setting-up on Sunday is engrossing; the winding-down on Monday, less so.

Naomi & Wynonna: Love Can Build a Bridge (5/14 and 5/15; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) insists that "there's more to sing about than drinkin' and cheatin' . . . I think." And they try, these Judds: Kathleen York as the willowy mother and Viveka Davis as the big-hair daughter, harmonizing in honky tonks, on a bus, all the way to Nashville, in spite of teen pregnancy, the Big C of Hodgkins disease, brutal rape, chronic hepatitis and years of rejection, between girlish screams, wearing the damnedest clothes you'll ever see outside an acid dream. If four hours seems twice as long as this story needs, at least we get a generous helping of their country-blues music, and the resemblance of York and Davis to the real Naomi and Wynonna is startling, even creepy.

Anime 95 (5/15 through 5/19; 9 to 11:30 P.M.; Sci-Fi) is a week-long fan-boy marathon of full-length feature films from the dream factories of Japanese animation, dubbed into English. Alien invaders! Eco-warrior robots! I've seen only Thursday's *8-Man After,* about a private eye turned cyborg superhero to save the world from corrupt cops, organized crime, mind-destroying pharmaceuticals and bio-techno "cyberjunkies." Besides some sex that's not as graphic as the violence, there is also, inexplicably, a lot of American football, not to mention rap. But the plots are twice as complicated as the average network movie, and the cartoon art is less Walt Disney than it is Hieronymus Bosch.

Radio Highlights

"The Assassination of New York City and New York State"—5/11 at 7:30: The socioeconomic effects of Newt's *Contract* and the Albany cuts will be examined in this "Building Bridges" special with producers Bob Fitch, Ken Nash, Mimi Rosenberg, and Doug Henwood. WBAI; 99.5 FM.

"An Hour With the New York Philharmonic"—5/14 at 1, with comments by music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

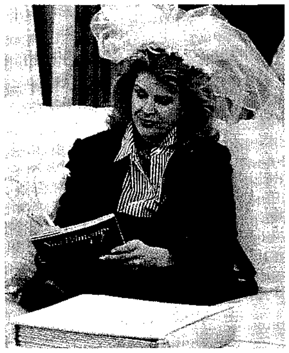
"Symphony Hall"—5/8: Paisiello's Piano Concerto No. 4 in g and Gottschalk's *Cakewalk Suite.* 5/9: Schumann's Manfred Overture and Mozart's Symphony No. 39 in E-flat. 5/10: Haydn's Symphony No. 98 in B-flat and Liadov's *Eight Russian Folksongs* and *The Enchanted Lake.* Every weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"New York and Company"—5/8: Bibi Andersson on her career with and without Ingmar Bergman; Jeffrey Meyers on his new biography of Edmund Wilson; Jenna Joselit on Jewish culture from

Preview
Sweeps Stakes

It's May sweeps, the end of the TV season. Advertisers are measuring ratings, talent agents are renegotiating contracts, networks are starting to assemble their fall schedules. And in a land where definitions are relative, *to sweep* means not to sweep away, or get rid of the old, but to amplify, to increase, to take whatever you have and make it more. So Aaron Spelling, Tori's pop and once again the king of prime-time meretriciousness, has decided that his legendary bombing of Moldavia on *Dynasty* several seasons back should indeed be revisited as his own Götterdämmerung. On May 22, Spelling and friends blow up Melrose Place, that swimming-pool-centered apartment complex where Heather Locklear has single-handedly resuscitated self-referential irony without ruining her mascara. Critics have already made a fuss about this episode in light of the tragedy in Oklahoma City.

In less upsetting developments this month, Murphy Brown may marry the guy from *Quantum Leap;* Sherilyn Fenn, the nymph from *Twin Peaks,* gets eight husbands and a bunch of diamonds in *Liz: The Elizabeth Taylor Story;* and Quentin Tarantino and Barry Levinson make directors' appearances, helming, respectively, the overhyped (but still quite excellent) *E.R.* and the woefully underappreciated *Homicide.* The ultimate climax of this TV season, however, is more subtle: Our guess is that by the end of the month, Cybill Shepherd will have either surrendered her sitcom to the splendiferous Christine Baranski, who plays her wickedly inebriated best friend, or demanded that her Eve Harringtonian co-star be spun off to her own series, and pronto. Now there's an explosion that might give even Aaron Spelling pause. **Roger D. Friedman**



Photographs: clockwise from top left, Paul Drinkwater/NBC; Doug Hyun/Fox; Byron J. Cohen/CBS; Chris Haston/NBC.

1880 to 1950. 5/9: Deborah Meier on educating children in Harlem; Russell Banks on his novel *Rule of the Bone;* Dr. Paula Caplan on the world's most powerful psychiatrists. 5/10: Alexander Stille on the mafia and the death of the first Italian republic; Harvey Klehr on American communism; Lars Lih on *Stalin's Letters to Molotov;* Dr. Alan Cooper on the most frequently misspelled words. Leonard Lopate hosts the program, which is broadcast every weekday at noon on WNYC, 820 AM.

"Healthstyles: Special Women's Health Edition"—5/12 at 3: Endometriosis, the little-known, frequently misdiagnosed disease without a cure that afflicts more than half a million women in the greater New York area is the focus of this three-hour special on WBAI; 99.5 FM.

"Ask the Governor"—On the second Thursday of every month, WCBS drive-time anchorwoman Therese Crowley welcomes New Jersey's Christine Todd Whitman to the studio to take your questions and comments. 5/11 at 7; Newsradio 88 AM.

"Casper Citron"—5/20 at 10 P.M.: New York City public advocate Mark Green talks about his new book *The Consumer Bible: 1001 Ways to Shop Smart;* actor Rob Becker discusses his role in Broadway's *Defending the Caveman;* Todd G. Buchholz explains *From Here to Economy: A Shortcut to Economic Literacy.* WOR; 710 AM.

Recorded Music

Various Artists *Panther: The Original Motion Picture Soundtrack* (Mercury)—The producers of the Black Panther panegyric herein submit their sonic Ten-Point Plan. By the end of the first song, we've heard from practically every new female star of black pop, and the record's infectious, power-to-the-people spirit just picks up from there. "Freedom," a stunning choir remix of the Joi single, unites Brownstone, Changing Faces, Crystal Waters, En Vogue, Mary J. Blige, MC Lyte, Me'Shell NdegéOcello, Queen Latifah, Salt-N-Pepa, SWV, TLC, Vanessa Williams, Yo Yo, and about 50 others in two "We Are the World"-style jammies. The bicoastal rap caucus "The Points" consolidates Biggie Smalls, Coolio, Redman, Bone Thugs N Harmony, Ill Al Skratch, and Jamal, among others, and "We Shall Not Be Moved" sets the gospel choir the Sounds of Blackness with the ultrastylish rappers Black Sheep. Musical gadflies George Clinton and the Last Poets also make appearances, and there's even a solo by Guns N' Roses' half-black guitarist, Slash. All of which makes the one truly noticeable omission—Public Enemy—all the more curious. Is the group that first brought Panther-style Afrocentrism to hip-hop—and, in fact, to all recent youth culture—too dated to be fresh, too recent to be retro? Or is it that they'd be too much like a Malcolm X guest spot in a song by Bobby Seale? (CHRIS NORRIS)

Duke Ellington *The Far East Suite—Special Mix* (Bluebird/RCA)—Probably their greatest suite ever, Ellington and Strayhorn's *Far East* was actually more *Middle* East in conception, inspired by their State Department tour through Damascus, Baghdad, and other David Lean–worthy locales in 1963. Thirty-one years after its recording, though, this masterwork hardly suffers from a little geographical fudging. Here, reissued with a spectacularly pristine remix and four perfectly worthy alternate takes, is an utterly transporting meditation on these once-mysterious fantasy lands, since lost to CNN. Paul Gonsalves's breathy, luxurious tenor sax rambles through "Tourist Point of View" like the soundtrack to a train ride through the Caucasus. Jimmy Hamilton's chirping clarinet becomes a mynah on "Bluebird of Delhi," and Johnny Hodges's alto sax wafts through the languid "Isfahan" like a Persian "Harlem Nocturne." Having made his name playing "jungle music" in the thirties, Ellington is clearly a master at breathing his own poetic voice into ostensibly "exotic" musics, and he doesn't do it anywhere better than here. As the Duke himself told a reporter, "Baghdad? It was swinging!" (C.N.)

The Written Word

"Selected Shorts"—5/10 at 6:30: Marian Seldes reads Saki's *The Schartz-Metterklume Method*; Keir Dullea reads Thomas McGuane's *War and Peace*; Mia Dillon reads Alice Munro's *Walker Brothers Cowboy*. Reader of Alice Schell's *Kingdom of the Sun* is to be announced. 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $14.

"Discovery/*The Nation* Contest Winners"—The winners of this 21-year-old award for poets who have not yet published a book will be announced—and will read—at the 92nd St. Y on 5/8 at 8:15. At Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $6.

Walter Mosley and Frederic Tuten—Reading at The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793) on 5/8 at 7:30.

Russell Banks—5/9 at 7:30, Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave. at 81st St. (787-6300); free.

Rita Dove—The poet laureate reads from her work at Barnes and Noble Chelsea, 675 Sixth Ave. (727-1227) on 5/9 at 7:30; free.

Jeffrey McDaniel—At an open reading on 5/9 at Exoterica, An Beal Bocht Cafe, 445 W. 238th St., bet. Greystone and Waldo Ave., Bronx (718-549-5192), at 8:30; free.

Anna Quindlen—5/10 at 6, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (930-0571); $7.

Quentin Crisp—Reading from transcripts of the trials of Oscar Wilde. Jess Nunokawa will introduce. A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850), 5/11 at 8; free.

Cathleen Schine—Reading from her new novel *The Love Letter* on 5/11 at 8 at Barnes and Noble West, Broadway at 82nd Street (362-8835); free.

Lectures and Panels

Edmund Wilson Centenary Lecture—5/10 at 6: "Wilson, Diarist and Autobiographer." James Atlas moderates the evening, and Carol Brightman and Neale Reinitz participate in the discussion. Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. (755-6710); $5.

C U

Kim France
Editor

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Michael Giltz
Movies
In Concert
Dance

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

Linda Hall
The Mix

Manny Howard
Restaurants & Ba
Sports

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Data

Who's Wired Now?

C*onde Nast Traveler* Online will be the behemoth publishing conglomerate's first foray into Cyberspace, a small step for the public at large perhaps, but a large one for online publishing; the much-anticipated arrival of Conde Nast to the field of electronic publishing means that cybermagazines are here to stay. What follows is an update on what you can read, and where.

	AOL	Compuserve	Prodigy	World Wide Web
Atlantic Monthly	X			
Consumer Reports		X	X	
Elle	X			
Fortune		X		www.pathfinder.com
Mother Jones				www.mojones.com
Newsweek			X	
OMNI	X			
People		X		www.pathfinder.com
Playboy				www.playboy.com
Popular Mechanics				www.popularmechanics.com
Sports Illustrated		X		www.pathfinder.com
SPIN	X			
Time	X			www.pathfinder.com
Travel & Leisure	X			
US News&World Report		X		
Wired (hotwired)	X			www.wired.com
SPINonline	X			

Fairs and Festivals

The New York Quilt Festival—5/10–14, Pier 92, West 55th St. and the Hudson River: 110 exhibitors display more than twice that many quilts at the five-day fair, and educational programs, how-to workshops, quilt appraisals, and a one-act play (about six black women and their craft) round out the event. The pier is wheelchair-accessible, and admission is $10 per day. Call 777-5218 for information on two- or five-day passes and hours.

"Crafts on Columbus"—The Avenue will be filled with a marketplace of American handcrafts on 5/13-14 from 77th to 81st Sts. More than 150 exhibitors will be on hand, admission is free, and the fair is from 10 A.M. to 6 both days—rain or shine. Call 866-2239.

Tours

"The Upper East Side"—5/14 at 2: See the Colony Club, the Cosmopolitan Club, the Union Club and several historical landmarks while learning about the architectural and residential history of the neighborhood. Meet at the southwest corner of E. 58th St. and Park Ave.; call 979-2388 for further information. $10.

"A Tribute to Jackie"—A two-hour stroll through Mrs. Onassis's neighborhood one year after her death, with stops at many of her haunts. Call 662-5300 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

Exhibits

"I Believe in Agitation"—Last chance: The Morgan Library, in recognition of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Frederick Douglass, presents a selection of his letters. The documents come from the Lehrman collection as well as the library's own holdings. Through May 14 at 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008).

"Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"—Shopping in the 1880s has been re-created by the Museum of the City of New York. The area bounded by Union and Madison Squares from Broadway to Sixth Ave. was the center of New York's fashion and social worlds from the late 1860s to the turn of the century. Using objects and images drawn from the museum's own collection, the exhibition brings back the clothing, accessories, and ephemera of the area's department stores, shops, restaurants, and theaters. Among the articles on display: a shirt belonging to Diamond Jim Brady, a gown worn at President Rutherford B. Hayes's inauguration, a little boy's suit from Best & Company, and combs, fans, jewelry, purses, and silver from Tiffany & Co. Fifth Ave. and 103rd St. (534-1672).

Sports

Baseball

The Mets begin their season against Atlanta on 5/9 at 7:40. Then they welcome the Braves to Shea Stadium on 5/10 and 5/11; both games are at 7:40. The series against Montreal begins on 5/12 at 7:40 and continues on 5/13 at 1:40, 5/14 at 8:05, and 5/15 at 7:40. The Yankees play a series in Toronto from 5/9 to 5/11 and then travel to Boston, playing games on 5/12, 5/13, and 5/14.

Basketball

If the Knicks ever pull it together and start playing Cleveland the way a team with 48 wins deserves to be played—can you say *dominated?*—then they'll start the second round of the playoffs, probably against Michael and the Bulls, on 5/7.

Preview **Although fashion likes to think itself a friend of all arts, its relationship to dance has mostly consisted of appropriating ballet shoes and leotards. On May 23, however, the house of Céline takes matters seriously: The multimedia showing of its fall collection features ballet star Patrick Dupond in a performance of Béjart's *Salome.* Dancer and company have joined forces to benefit the American Ballet Theatre and God's Love We Deliver. (Call 581-1212.)**

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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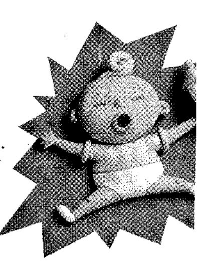

Children's Events

That's Entertainment—"Honorary Chairpuppet" Kermit the Frog welcomes children to the Brooklyn Academy of Music's eclectic **International Children's Festival of Theater and Music** (see photo and caption). **Smala et Compagnie,** a theater company from Lyon, France, performs with a bear puppet. 5/13 at 11 and 3; 5/14 at 1 and 3. **David Parker** incorporates sign language, music, dance, pantomime and audience participation. 5/13 at 3 at Carey Playhouse. Chuck Davis's **African-American Dance Ensemble** performs 5/13 at 11 and 5/14 at 4. **The World Music Festival** features Grammy award–winning accordion player Queen Ida and her Zydeco Band; Los Pleneros de la 21, a ten-member band; and the Klezmatics—Jewish klezmer music meets jazz, rock, and Near Eastern pop. 5/13 at 4, 5/14 at 11. Throughout the weekend learn circus acrobatics, get pointers on African-American dance and storytelling. The Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100). Tickets are $6 for the first performance, $3 for each successive play. One-day festival passes are $9 for children, $12 for adults. For tickets and further information call 636-4129.●

Festival
Foolish Mortals

The members of Cirque Eloize (above), a zingy little acrobatic troupe composed of former Cirque du Soleil performers, give ladders, juggling pins, and bicycles hectic lives of their own at the International Children's Festival of Theater and Music this weekend. May 13 and 14 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Individual ticket prices are $6 for the first performance and $3 for subsequent shows, or $12 for one-day festival passes. (See listings or call 718-636-4100 for details.)

Something Fishy—The Annual **Shad Festival** celebrates the annual shad migration up the Hudson River. Attractions include free tastes of shad—cooked Iroquois-style over an open fire—police and rescue boats zipping through the waters, Native American songs and dances, kayak "rolling," toolmaking, and diving demonstrations. 5/14 from noon to 4. Riverside Park at 74th St., playground by the Hudson River. (870-3070).●●

Time Machine—Don't look now, but a man will be swallowing lightbulbs alongside a bearded lady juggling machetes outside the just-renovated **New-York Historical Society**—in memory of Coney Island Sideshow acts. Certain historical figures even come back to life at a family festival that celebrates the reopening of the country's oldest museum. 5/13 from noon to 5. 2 West 77th St., at Central Park West (873-3400).●●

Mother's Day Prep—Make a Mother's Day present from another era: an embroidered handkerchief or a piece of jewelry from Colonial times, perhaps. Workshops are 5/13 from noon to 4. **Fraunces Tavern Museum,** 54 Pearl St., at Broad St. (425-1778) free with admission: $1 for students, $2.50 for adults. Or concoct a Victorian-era sachet, pincushion, stocking holder, or other nostalgic little luxury at the **Museum of American Folk Art,** 5/13 at 2. Columbus Ave., between 65th and 66th Sts. (595-9533). $1. Register. Mother's Day pop-up card-making workshops for children ages 6 and up are at the **Children's Museum of the Arts,** 5/13 and 5/14 at noon, 1, 2, and 3. 72 Spring St. (274-0986); $6. A basketmaking class at **My Essentials** is 5/10 to 5/12 from 3 to 7 and 5/13 from 10 to noon. The idea is that you then pile it with bath salts, bath beads, candles, and other nurturing substances for Mom. Second floor, 1300 Madison Ave., at 92nd St. (987-8030). $12 includes the baskets, gifts, ribbons, and a card. Reserve.●

Listen Up—Patrick McGrath reads Pecos Bill and Johnny Appleseed, and Eric Bogosian reads from Kipling's Just So Stories. Wow. 5/14 at 3. **The Drawing Center,** 35 Wooster St. (219-2166).●●

"Cirque du Soleil"—Older children may yearn to join this sophisticated circus, with its jaw-dropping acrobatics, contortionists, and total lack of animal manure of any kind; but the evening tends to drag a bit for children under 12, who could use an elephant or two. The yellow-and-blue circus tent is pitched in Battery Park City through June 4. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. at 6 and 9:30; Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30; and Sun. at 1 and 5. West St. between First and Second Places, near the World Financial Center (952-1200). $8.75–$33.50 for children, $17.50–$48.50 for adults.

School Fare—Pie-baking contests, temporary tattoos, fiddlers, free lemonade, and a petting zoo are all at **P. S. 9's** Spring Fair. 5/13 from 11 to 5. 84th St. between Amsterdam and Columbus Aves. Children dress as their favorite Broadway characters for photo-booth opportunities and a costume contest at **Columbia Grammar and Preparatory School.** 5/20 from 10 to 4 (rain date: 5/21). Make your own music video, enter a fun-house maze and board the hayride at **Friends Seminary's** annual fair: 5/13, rain or shine, 11 to 3. Admission is $2 for children, $3 for adults. **City & Country School Spring Fair** boasts a moonwalk, pony rides, and a real fire truck. 5/13 from 11 to 6. 146 W. 13th St.●●

Sweden on Celluloid—*Ronia, the Robber's Daughter*—based on a story by Astrid Lindgren, author of *Pippi Longstocking*—is the tale of a girl who grows up in the forest amid a band of robbers. 5/13 and 5/14 at 2. (English dialogue can be heard live over headsets—unless children prefer to read subtitles.) "Springtime in Sweden" children's film festival runs through the end of the month at **The Walter Reade Theater,** Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600). Tickets are $2.●

Sleeping Beauty—A one-hour narrated performance of the fairy tale, performed by the **Anglo-American Ballet Company.** 5/13 at 2 and 5/14 at 3. Samuel B. and David Rose Building, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (307-6909). Tickets are $8 for children and seniors and $12 for adults.●

The Play's the Thing—Family-oriented performances around town include: **Ferdinand Faithful,** a new larger-than-life puppet opera based on the Grimm fairy tale. 5/11, 5/12 and 5/13 at 8 and 5/13 at 3. Arts at St. Ann's, St. Ann's Church, Clinton and Montague Sts., Brooklyn (718-834-8794). $12.50 for children, $25 for adults. Reserve. **Story Salad VIII,** an adaptation of eight popular children's books—among them *Amelia Bedelia* and *Are You My Mother?* 5/14 at 11. 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100) Tickets are $7.50, free for grandmas with one or more grandchildren. **"Power Source"** follows Wizard Puoff as she tries to shape the android Ditto into a copy of herself. 5/13 and 5/20 at 2. Henry Street Settlement, Abrons Art Center, 466 Grand St. (598-0400). $3.50 for children and seniors, $5 for adults. E. B. White's **Charlotte's Web,** adapted for the stage, is performed by 30 children (ages 7 to 15) with the City Lights Musical Theatre Ensemble. 5/12 at 7:30. 28th St. Theatre, 120 West 28th St. (262-0200). Tickets are $2.50 for children, $5 for adults. **Jack and the Beanstalk** is at Puppetworks Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 2:30. 338 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn (718-965-6058). Tickets are $5 for children, $7 for adults. Reserve.●

Open Auditions—Children, aged 6 to 17, are invited to audition for a production called **History Mystery,** in rehearsals after school four days a week beginning May 31; six days a week once school gets out. Performances—all matinees—run July 14 through August 13. Auditions are at 120 W. 28th St. 5/12, 5/13, 5/17, 5/19, 5/20. Call Tada! at 627-1732 for times and additional information.●●

Fabric of Life—Kids can put together quilts using fabric-crayon designs ironed onto muslin; and the public is invited to bring quilts for "show and tell discussions." 5/14 from noon to 5. The Month of May Quilting Festival runs through May 28. Dana Discovery Center, Fifth Ave. at 110th St. (860-1370).●●

Coming Up—An **"Old Tyme Family Circus,"** complete with aerialists and elephant rides. Performances are 5/20 at 1, 3:15, and 5:30. Southtown Field on Roosevelt Island, directly across from the tram. Tickets are $7. Call 752-1754 for further details.●

Ground Rules:

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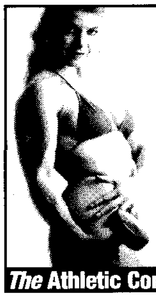

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Tall, Attractive, Green-Eyed Brunette—Silky skin, 52, cultured, Jewish, works in the arts. Sophisticated, warm, witty, sensuous, affluent, well-traveled, looking for well-established, dynamic, caring, active man, 6' plus, with similar attributes and interests, who is seeking a serious relationship. (914) area. 7300 ✉

Young And Successful—Jewish, 31, entrepreneur, 5'8", athletic, handsome and normal. Looking for someone very special to share my already amazing life. My perfect woman is around 5'2", 105 lbs, very pretty, extremely happy, well-educated, loves her career yet has independent hobbies and interests. She enjoys family, friends...and romantic everything. She would be equally happy in the city as she would in my country home (I go almost every weekend). She would not have more than one earring per lobe, none in navel, no tattoos, and be a nonsmoker. P.S. My grandmother says "Whoever gets you is going to be very lucky." If this could be you, please send a note and recent photo. 7323 ✉

Tall, Pretty, Single Female—44, scientist with doctorate, socially adept, warm, funny, genuine, fit, streak of funk, interested in everything, seeks a soul mate who appreciates these qualities and who enjoys responding in kind. 7325 ✉

Tap My Potential:—Full of life, very attractive, green eyes, sensational smile, sexy, seeks handsome, accomplished gentleman, 48-60, to join her in NY arts, tennis, golf and more. Note/photo/phone. 7302 ✉ ☎

Athletic, Successful, Generous—White Christian male, Ivy-educated MBA, business owner. I'm easygoing and neither smoke nor use drugs. I'm 6'1", a fit 188 lbs, age 41 - look younger, nice head of hair. Interests include dining, Montauk, sports, comedy, travel, CD music. Seeks single or divorced woman, 25-37, who's fit and shapely, to enjoy some mutual interests. Long Island or Queens preferred. Photo and note please. 7328 ✉

Korean Professional Lady Sought—By highly successful PhD. 7259 ✉

Jeopardy-Smart?—Funny guy? Yes to both wins my heart. Warm, sexy man - nonsmoker, lover of the arts - desired by this 40, very attractive Jewish woman, MBA, fine food and jazz fan, who's learning to draw and paint. For love, marriage. Photo please. 7365 ✉ ☎

Lives Life With Passion!—A humorous, warm, prominent CEO with sincere, caring nature, ruggedly handsome, muscular, tall, fit, 38, extremely successful, loves art, working out, seeks a woman who is kind, fit, vibrant, tall, under 38, for fun, passion, family. Note with Kodak moment necessary for reply. 7367 ✉

Attractive, Accomplished, Alluring—Professional young woman with personality to match and diverse interests ranging from tennis to the outdoors to the symphony, seeks warm, intelligent, successful Jewish man, 50-60, to share the fun and finer things in life. Note/photo appreciated. 7376 ✉

Pretty Jewish Widow—Slim, 5'7", looking for a true, honest love relationship. Have many interests, sense of humor, financially secure. I want the same in return. Photo a must with response. Mid 50s-mid 60s. 7382 ✉

Exciting Fashion Boutique Owner—Attractive, 52, divorced, pleasantly plump, sweet, classy, vivacious, with sense of humor, seeks independent Jewish man, late 40s-late 50s, with integrity and intelligence, who wishes to share in romance, laughter, dining, and loves to travel. Note/photo/phone. 7317 ✉

Soft Heart, Sharp Mind, Sensual—Spirit, warm, lovely, intuitive, generously curved brunette, 39, seeking passionate life partner. Like me, you're an affluent, intelligent, highly successful Jewish professional, with integrity, depth and humor. 7272 ✉ ☎

Smart, Sexy Media Director—29, very cool life, seeks man - 30-38, smart, successful, funny, ambitious and a mensch, for love, adventure, marriage and family. Please send photo and note. 7271 ✉ ☎

Spontaneous, Sensitive—Black female, 40-something, with many interests, seeks professional male, 38-46, for meaningful relationship. 7287 ✉

Smart, Sexy Producer—Theater and film, 50s, very attractive, seeks man, 50-60, smart, funny, presentable mensch, for friendship and good times. 7282 ✉

Great-Looking, Successful Man—Entrepreneurial, trim, witty, spiritual, creative, stylish, 52, 5'9", divorced, grown kids. You're very pretty and know it, trim, fun, bright, financially secure and under 42. Moms with time for a great guy are welcome. Photo/note. 7270 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Articulate Professional—PhD, 38, athletic, genuinely warm, Jewish. Seeks slim, pretty, intellectually curious woman, 27-38. Photo please. 7349 ✉

Wheelchair Winner—Interests and profession include theater, computers and people. Handsome, funny, 31, 6mph. Seeks woman for fun and serious relationship. I'm 3/4 black, 1/4 white - and all heart. But enough about me... 7296 ✉

Jewish Physician—With mesmerizing blue eyes and wit - all-around good looks (35), seeks a woman (24-34) who is beautiful inside and out. Note/photo. 7263 ✉

That Girl—5'6", thin, auburn hair, 39 but looks and acts 38, attractive professional - likes maps, martinis, real life and northern lights; searching for a smart Jewish man who needs a dance partner, traveling companion, pen pal and soul mate. 7361 ✉

Modern Orthodox—Jewish professional male, divorced, 38. Me: intelligent, loving, passionate. You: slim, attractive, feminine. Us: perfect together. 7175 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Very Successful—NJ business owner, very young 47, 5'7", 140 lbs, Jewish, good humored, family oriented, commitment minded, laid-back, unpretentious, generous. Not into singles scene. Looking to meet fit, attractive, intelligent lady with that special spark, 25-40, to spend quality time and possibly build a future with. Note/phone/photo. 7377 ✉

Good-Looking, Well-Built—Entrepreneur, 50-something - looks 40-something, Manhattanite, searching for a soul mate. Summers in the Hamptons, winters in FL. Tennis and golf are just some of my activities. You should be slim and attractive, 30s-40s, and be your own person. Pretty legs a help. Manhattan and LI only. Nonsmoking, of course. I'll respond to a current picture only. 7252 ✉

Petite Woman Wanted—A single, professional Jewish man, 48 years old, 5'6", 150 lbs, cute and fit, intellectual and sensual, intense and easygoing, is seeking a comparable woman who is looking for a good man. Race or age unimportant. Send letter and photo to POB 1896, New York, NY 10025. 7337 ✉

Long Shot—If you live in, or travel frequently to, the San Francisco area and would like to meet a very pretty, very nice, 30-something professional, Jewish Ivy lady, let me hear from you. 7396 ✉

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Looking—Attractive male, 59, athletic, 6', well-educated (JD/MBA), seeks slim Christian female, 35-50, blond or redhead, nonsmoker. Photo please. 7267 ✉

Spiritual, Sensual, Successful—36, 5'10", 175 lbs, good-looking, in great shape, entrepreneur - kind, intelligent, sexy, sensitive. Interests include travel, tennis, skiing, yoga, theater, reading, cultural endeavors. Seeking a smart, attractive woman, 24-38, with similar interests, values...to create/experience life with. Note/photo. 7161 ✉

Kind, Handsome, Creative—Trim, 6' Christian professional, youthful 44, loves water, outdoors, travel, NYC, the arts, music, entertaining, cooking, fine wines and dining. Seeks easygoing, dark-haired, pretty woman, 30-40, for laughter, love, possible family. Note/photo. 7336 ✉ ☎

Professional Jewish Male—39, likes outdoors, adventure, conversation, movies, walks. Looking for female counterpart (no children), 25-32, dog lover. Note/phone. Photo optional. 7303 ✉

Gay White Female, 34—I won't bore you with details - well, maybe a few. I'm slim, attractive, feminine professional, financially and emotionally secure, with positive attitude, nonsmoker. Love theater, film, biking and fine dining, travel, blue water, white sand and friendship. Seek gay white female with same qualifications. 7370 ✉ ☎

Somewhere Out There—Is my soulmate. You are handsome, intelligent, successful business professional with a zest for life. I'm 37, classy, sexy, vibrant dark-haired beauty - looking for passionate romance. Note/phone/photo a must. 7334

Fore!—Adorable blond golfer looking for a successful, handsome Jewish birdie! 30s, slim, sincere, witty, playful gal seeks guy 36-45, 5'9" plus, to be lifetime best pal. Note/photo/phone. 7298 ✉ ☎

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Sunsets And Champagne—Are best shared. Intelligent, 28, handsome Jewish man, 5'9", blond hair, blue eyes. Successful professional, funny, passionate and giving. Loves the beach, surfing, skiing, animals, travel. Seeks intelligent, adventurous, athletic woman, 22-30. You are cool, down-to-earth, sensual, enjoy nature and the arts, and are looking for that someone to share fun, laughs and life with. Note and any photo. 7353 ✉

Bored Staying Home?—Mature professional, 55, comes to NYC once a week, seeks woman, 25-50, to join him at nice restaurants, theater, music, dancing. 7357 ✉

Brown-Eyed Beauty, PhD—Upbeat, athletic, caring, playful, slender Jewish woman, 40s, seeks successful, intelligent, cultured, fit soul mate. A man with warmth, humor and depth, ready for the best in fun, friendship and love. Tennis, dancing or jogging a plus. Photo appreciated. 7311 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Brunette—35, seeks sophisticated, super-successful gentleman, 45-65 plus, who appreciates life's finer things, enjoys travel and automobiles. 7306✉☎

Ready To Magically Sweep—The right one off her feet. Cutting-edge Wall Streeter, MBA, 38, 5'10", in-shape athlete, Christian. Seeks pretty, in-shape, athletic, *under 35, vibrant Christian college graduate*, single white female. Photo. 7346 ✉

Vivacious Brunette—Divorced Irish-Catholic professional with sultry blue eyes and a great sense of humor, seriously seeking equal partner - 40s-50s guy who likes Scrabble, movies, the beach and a turn on the dance floor. Note/recent photo. 7289 ✉

Lithe, Leggy Lawyer—Extremely pretty, warm, worldly, athletic, fun female seeks tall, good-looking, Jewish, successful, smart, sincere soul mate, 35-45. Photo/note please. 7399 ✉

Single White Male—Nonsmoker, professional, 5'6", 30s, handsome, honest, hopeless romantic - Marco Polo type, with various interests. Seeks soul mate with an appreciation of music, food, travel, movies, city strolls and country drives. Books, antiquing and running are a few of the things I enjoy. Let's explore the world together and enjoy each other's company. Sensitivity and a keen sense of humor earn bonus points! 7137 ✉

Pretty Widow—Curly blond hair, blue eyes, slim. Loves country, city and warm Southern life style. Seeks tall, classy Jewish gentleman, 48-60, for friendship/romance. Photo please. 7351 ✉

LI Handsome—Tall, thin Jewish male, nonreligious, educated, athletic, successful, youthful late 50s, seeks pretty female. NYC okay! Photo please. 7391✉

Sequins to Levi's—Picasso to Ewing, Mozart to Clapton, blond, blue-eyed, bright, attractive, athletic, 35, professional gal, dreams of meeting secure, handsome (33-42), spontaneous, class-act guy with a lust for life, love and sports. Photo. 7343 ✉

Hard Body—Good-looking (really), single Jewish male, 39, 6', dark hair, blue eyes, independently wealthy - enjoys body building, fine wine and good times. Looking for a woman, 25-35 - must be really attractive inside and out. 7395 ✉

Running Partner Wanted And More—Must be honest, intelligent, healthy, pretty, younger than 50, Jewish, and interested in much more than running. 7332 ✉

Divorced White Male—Would like to meet woman, 50-60, who enjoys books and art, for adventurous travel. 7293 ✉

Those Fabulous 50s—Quintessential Manhattan woman, youthful 50s, pretty, petite and traditional, with class, charm and sparkle, seeks quality man with a zest for life, to share faraway places, theater, film, the NY Times and the pleasure of each other's company. Bio. 7348 ✉

Attorney, 51—Divorced, with many interests, seeks professional woman, 35-50, for serious relationship. 7320 ✉ ☎

Charming, Handsome, Fun-Loving—Sexy, *successful Jewish male*, 38, 5'9", 160, into riding horses, sports, comedy, ethnic food, dancing, karaoke. I'm still looking for that special, pretty, slim, trim, smart, adventurous Jewish lady. Note/photo/phone. 7369 ✉ ☎

Huggable—Tall, athletic, successful Jewish professional man, 47, handsome, with good sense of humor, seeks lady under 45, bright, supportive, warm and attractive, who feels communication is necessary for a mature relationship, and who enjoys good conversation, music, tennis, ballet, drives in the country, doing Saturday errands together and just hanging out. Photo/note/phone please. 7401✉

Playful, Passionate and Worth It—Warm, bright, beautiful, vivacious, tall Jewish professional is hopeful that a vital, warmhearted, tall, accomplished mensch (38-48), with a sense of humor and self, is looking to end his search for a loving partner and lifelong best friend. Note/photo please. 7340 ✉

Very Cute Reform Jewish Woman—Professional, 31, slim, warm, witty, unpretentious, self-aware. Seeks Jewish, classy professional - attractive man, 28-38, who enjoys dining, travel, movies, music, laughing and working out - for love and commitment. Photo, please. 7392 ✉

What Are You Doing—With the rest of your life? Want to share it with an affectionate, witty, foxy New Yorker, 60, interested in theater, travel, CNN, mysteries, having fun and chocolate chip cookies? Sound good? Note/photo. 7304✉

June At The Hague—You expected Paris? Let's meet there after my business trip! Very pretty, very fit, feminine attorney (5'4", 112 lbs), Jewish, incurable romantic, seeks male counterpart (38-48) who is cute, fun, bright and ambitious. I love tennis, cycling, reading fiction, theater and dance. CT and NY ties. Photo essential. 7291 ✉

New York's Premier Matchmaker

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As featured on Maury Povich, Montel Williams, ABC, Fox News, Geraldo, Dr. Ruth, Cosmopolitan (Jun '91), and NY Times (Jul '93).

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

Incredibly Cute Jewish Male—32, 5'11", 185, baby blues, funny, sensitive, fit, outgoing doctor - enjoys NY, music, travel, animals, sports. Seeking marriage-minded Jewish female, to age 31, nonsmoker, who is sweet, fun and lovable. Note/phone/actual photo is essential for reply. Hey, you never know. 7356 ✉

Lipstick Lesbian—45, comfortable in bedroom, boardroom and on deck. Values culture, sophistication, intelligent conversation, travel, sports and professional success. Seeks companion, lover. 7368 ✉

Very Pretty, Slim—NJ professional, great legs, mid 30s, warm and nurturing, seeks single, slim, attractive male MD, DDM, CEO type, for monogamous relationship. NJ preferred. Note/photo. 7338 ✉

Brenda Starr Looks, Emma Peel Style—Fit and fantastic 29-year-old with cool job, education and class, seeks smart, financially secure, sweet, athletic man, 29-42, for laughs and for keeps. 7261 ✉

Beauty Seeks Her Beast—To love and spoil forever. Beauty is a gorgeous, slender-curvy blond, 44, 5'6". She's affectionate and feminine, brilliant and talented. Beast should be intelligent, successful, monogamous and ethical. 7400 ✉

ENCORE, ENCORE

New York Magazine's Strictly Personals returns to the fabulous Copacabana,

Thursday, May 18, 5:30-midnight, for a springtime celebration.

We had a blast at our Valentine's celebration and want to give a repeat performance.

Admission includes a great buffet (still two food stations and no lines!), the ever-popular 25%-off Strictly Personals coupon - and a few other surprises too. So join us for a night of dancing, possible romancing and...who knows what!?

COPACABANA

617 W. 57th St. (easy parking and lots of cabs)
$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash bar.
Mail check or money order by May 12th to:
New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.
Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

For more information, call 212-545-3668.

Ready To Love Again?—This beautiful, vibrant, successful professional has everything except you - my counterpart man, 53 plus. We both value a lasting relationship of love and friendship. 7268 ✉

Sincere Man—Seeks petite, low-key and understanding female friend. I am 48, Jewish (not religious), 5'7". Photo and informative note helpful. 7265 ✉

Single White Female—Catholic, 31, 5'2", brunette, brown eyes, enjoys all that NYC has to offer. You are 31-39, single white male professional, who likes laughter, good conversation and dining out. Note/photo/phone. 7269 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Cultured, Athletic—Rugged, single white male, Greek Orthodox, 36, 5'10", financially secure - enjoys beach, skiing, horseback riding. Seeks slim, sweet, attractive female, 27-34, for world travel, romance. Prefer Christian or nontraditional Jewish woman. Note/photo. 7379 ✉

Handsome Wall Street Professional—39, would like to meet you. I'm 6'1", fit, athletic, and wish I could find someone to go to the movies with. Tell me about yourself. Photo please. 7284 ✉

Warm My Feet, I'll Warm Your Heart—Attractive, fit, sexy, professional Jewish woman, 36, looking for a man amongst men. You are intelligent, sincere, emotionally and financially secure, with a good sense of humor and a great smile. Note and current photo, please. 7327 ✉

Former GQ Model—6', 190 lbs, all muscles, black hair, blue eyes, Ivy grad, 33, Jewish - not religious. Currently very successful financial professional. Seeks really beautiful, sweet female, 23-30, for the real thing. Photo a must. 7393 ✉

Heart Of Gold—Tall, dark, handsome, fun-loving, divorced Jewish male, 44, no kids, easygoing, successful, adventurous and caring. This honest and romantic native New Yorker seeks a younger real woman who has heart and soul, smiles easily and is shapely and fit. Prefer nonsmoking woman who knows emotions are more important than titles and money. Note/photo please. 7389 ✉

Chemistry—Attractive, divorced, white Jewish female, slender, blue-eyed blond, seeks classy, divorced/widowed white male, 40s, over 5'10". Photo. 7313 ✉

THE PREMIER SINGLES PARTY
South Beach Singles
New York
at the hottest club...
EXPO
124 West 43rd St
(6th & Broadway)
THURSDAY, MAY 18th
7PM until...
Dress to Impress
Admission: $20

Dynamic Lady—Author seeks gentleman for keeps. 60 plus, Jewish. 7292 ✉

Shiksa Seeks Mensch—White, sexy professional seeks Jewish MD/DDS, 42 plus. 7321 ✉

Beautiful, Bright, Fit Midwife—Into biking, Lincoln Center, vegetarian cooking and WBAI - desires upbeat, accomplished, loving Jewish man, 35-45, who's ready to commit and start a family. Photo/note for response. 7278 ✉

Never Done This Kind Of Thing Before?

Don't worry, we won't tell anyone.

Nancy Kirsch & Andrea McGinty, Founder.

That is, except your dates!

About four years ago, we decided there had to be a way to meet a person that was low-pressure, simple and actually works.

And that's how we came up with *It's Just Lunch!*

You call us. You come in. We talk. You tell us about who you are and the kind of person you'd like to meet. (We're kind of like mothers, but with really good taste.) It's all confidential.

All you have to do is meet for lunch. So give us a call. Over 1,000 people are already members. People who now know the true value of *It's Just Lunch!*

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IT'S just LUNCH! Inc.

Life, Love, & Dessert

Physician, 59, Wants Woman—We love long walks/talks, to love, be loved. We're healthy, hard-working, easygoing. 7326 ✉

Youthful, Active Man—55, loves active life, with varied interests. Looking for active, outgoing woman, 35-44 - children could be a plus. Note/photo. 7373 ✉

Tall, Pretty Jewish Woman—Genuine, funny, seeks bright, trim, attractive man (39-47) to share warmth, beaches, inns, arts... Photo please. 7383 ✉ ☎

Heathcliff Looking For His Cathy—Handsome, successful entrepreneur, looking to explore the moors of Manhattan. 53 (looks 40 - verifiable by lie-detector test), 6'3", 190 lbs. Enjoy city walks, dining and theater, but without commitment, what does it all mean? 7385 ✉

Do You Have A Waspy Look?—If you are a NY woman, 45, tall, thin, love CT lifestyle weekends, you can share it with a tall, thin, 50s, world-traveled man, family oriented. Recent photo a must. 7280 ✉

I'm Looking—Jewish male professional, 53, 6', slim, nice-looking, witty and wise, seeks a special woman (late 30s-40s). She should be attractive, caring, with a wonderful sense of humor - for best friend, lover, wife. Photo/note/phone. 7347 ✉

Stunning Lady—Holistic health/fitness doc, with model-type looks, seeks refined, traditional gentleman (40s). Photo. 7355 ✉

Tall, Dark And Handsome—34, fit, Ivy JD/MBA, investment banker, who is an old-fashioned romantic, seeks bright, pretty slim, fit, sexy, career-oriented professional, (212) woman, 23-33 years old, with a heart of gold, for a lasting relationship. Letter/phone/photo. 7316 ✉

Lovely Woman—Manhattan professional, 42, tall, slim, pretty, smart, worldly and fun. Loves the NBA and the NFL. Seeks tall male counterpart, for keeps. Note/photo. 7364 ✉

Godiva Type—Genuinely pretty lady with very long hair - smart, spirited, sexy and in-shape - seeks intelligent man, 37-47, with looks, charm and integrity. Note/phone/photo important. 7319 ✉

Gay, Elegant Lady—Sought by a serious woman, youthful 44, caring, book editor with a variety of interests, for a special friendship. Note/photo optional. 7352 ✉ ☎

Dynamic, Blond Manhattan Beauty—With brains, keen wit, big heart. 30-something, slim - sophisticated but easygoing, fun. Stanford grad/INSEAD MBA. Great personal style. Multilingual - lived in France. Loves travel (especially to Italy), foreign films, dogs, Italian Renaissance art, sports, gourmet cooking and wine-tasting. Seeks successful, handsome, fit, white male, 40-60, financially secure, with intelligence, integrity, humor and similar joie de vivre. Letter/photo. 7255 ✉

Strikingly Beautiful Brunette—Tall, very young 42, never married, very educated, literate, warm, loving, sexy. Seeks very special man, 38-50, for one and only. Photo please and note. 7333 ✉

British Male—Seeking a provocative, desirable, shapely, Rubenesque, saucy lady, interested in sharing life's pleasures. I am mid 40s and seeking future marriage and children. Note/photo/phone. 7375 ✉

Successful Amateur—47, 5'11", slim, attractive, divorced male. Enjoys long, romantic walks in the subway - preferably late at night, as well as loud, raucous evenings at home. Seeks distinctly dysfunctional damsel under 87 who prefers prosciutto to Prozac. Send photo/note and two pieces of ID; will reciprocate. 7390 ✉

Asian Male—Mid 30s, 5'6", intelligent, handsome and strong, seeks an attractive white female. Photo/note, please. 7090 ✉

Attractive, Petite, Bright—Single Jewish female, in media, seeks ambitious, caring, single Jewish male under 33. Photo. 7330 ✉

Magnificent, Elegant, Sensuous—Andie MacDowell look-alike, Ivy MA, super-successful, warm, honest, fit, seeks male equal, 44 plus. Photo a must. 7342 ✉

Sassy, Sexy And Slender—Professional, single Jewish female, early 40s, fit, sophisticated and sincere, seeks friendship/romance with professional, single/divorced Jewish male, 40s-50s, with style, zest for life, sense of humor, ambition, and desire for fulfilling relationship. Photo requested. 7331 ✉

Businessman—43, 5'9", white, seeks honest, caring, slender woman, 32-39, 5'5" and under, who wants children, likes suburbs and is family oriented. Phone/photo. 7305 ✉

Terminally Pretty—Men say I intimidate them, but I'm only a 40ish, divorced Jewish goddess, looking for a sexy Jewish god - professional man, nonsmoker, 40-53, who appreciates warmth, humor, beauty and brains. Photo please. 7381 ✉

Attractive, Dynamic Male—Age 37, funky but chic, elegant but cool, extremely hedonistic, seeks attractive female, 25-40, who is of sound mind, physically fit, to explore life's hidden mysteries and pleasures. 7262 ✉ ☎

Exotic, Blue-Eyed, Brainy Brunette—Curious, thoughtful and a bit offbeat. Love languages, dance, photography, engaging dialogue, good friends and good laughs. Any race. Photo. 7378 ✉

Architect—Tall, intelligent, good-looking, combines sensitivity with masculinity. Enjoys museums, art galleries, theater, film. Crutches limit athletics - but not meaningful life experiences. Seeks intimate, committed relationship with emotionally open, affectionate, attractive woman, 48 plus. Photo please. 7329 ✉

One Of A Kind?—They broke the mold after they made you and me. We're spontaneous, passionate and have an appreciation of the arts. We love movies, long walks and summer fruit and the feel of someone special in our arms. I'm 6', 175 lbs, good-looking and successful in the visual arts. If you're a lively and intelligent, fresh-faced beauty with personal style, 25-33, then I've been looking for you. Photo and note. 7294 ✉

Across The Bridge—If the weather is fine. To the theater if it rains. White male, 42, tall, smart, prosperous, seeks intelligent, attractive, 30s female. Photo appreciated. 7387 ✉

People Who Need People—32, Jewish female, enjoys good conversation, politics, NYC culture and laughter. Seeks a great Jewish guy, to mid 30s, with a warm heart and keen mind. Let's be the luckiest people in the world! 7286 ✉

Somebody Loves You—(Maybe it's me!) Radiant, slim, very pretty film exec, arts lover and baseball fan, awaits harmonious, smart, successful man, 44-52, who's in tune with life. Maybe they're playing our song. Photo appreciated. 7312 ✉ ☎

Upper West Seeks Far East—Handsome, sensitive Jewish guy, 33, seeks slim, feminine, educated Asian woman, 25-40. Photo please. 7318 ✉

Stunning Professional—Hellenic ancestry, affectionate, sincere, seeks Jewish MD/DDS/JD over 40. 7322 ✉ ☎

Don't Take That Share—Spend summer (fall and winter) with pretty, slim blond venture capitalist, 40, who's great fun. Seeking really nice, super-bright, well-traveled, marriage-minded Jewish man, to age 52. Photo/phone/note. 7402 ✉ ☎

Are You An Unassuming—Topsiders guy? Quick wits/play(s)/fish(ing)? Here's your keeper! Southern/Midwest, green-eyed brunette, 45, sales. Photo. 7358 ✉

Dark-Haired, Sultry—Fun-loving, intuitive, 5'5", successful lawyer - deep laugh, love for the beach, books, cooking, not materialistic or looking for a high roller - seeks fine and fun fellow, 40s-50s, who understands how his baggage is packed, wants to start a new chapter. 7397 ✉ ☎

Attractive Jewish Widow—Had long, happy marriage. Youthful in spirit, plus appearance. A walker, water colorist, good listener. Hopes for healthy mate - sense of humor, loves children, humane spirit, in 60s. Nonsmoker. Recent photo. 7309 ✉

Auburn Beauty—40s, slim, together, loves spring, slow dancing, laughter. Looking to fall in love, forever. Photo. 7285 ✉ ☎

Heartaches Cured—Cardiologist, tall, slim, class looks, 41, plays tennis and jazz piano, has MBA, Catholic, sincere, successful, warmhearted. Seeks romantic, marriage-minded lady. Send note/photo. 7380 ✉

I Love NY—Attractive, petite, vivacious, Jewish brunette, 31, seeks intelligent, sophisticated man who likes to go first class. I like theater, movies, rollerblading, art. Let's explore NY again for the first time. Photo. 7141 ✉

Honest, Attractive Woman—28, with striking eyes and personality, seeking a romantic gentleman, 28 years plus, interested in beginning a future together. Confused need not reply. 7274 ✉ ☎

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Do You Know Her?—Successful, handsome executive, 35, 6', 170 lbs, seeks a very attractive, fit, well-educated (JD, MD, etc.) woman who is thoughtful, generous, trusting, trustworthy, unselfish, stable, confident, down-to-earth and athletic. She is also 29-34, Christian, optimistic, and interested in a monogamous relationship with this outdoor enthusiast (tennis, bicycling, scuba, running and skiing, golf, etc.), who is strong (emotionally, physically and *financially) and ready to share an upscale* life style, dogs, wine and weekends away. Our priorities are straightforward (happiness, sound relationship and two careers). Only the genuine woman needs to respond. I can't wait to hear from you! Letter/photo preferred. 7386 ✉ ☎

Springtime!—I love this time of the year. I am a handsome, successful, down-to-earth professional man, 39 (looks 33), with varied interests including keeping fit, ballet, horseback riding, cooking, sporting events, traveling. I am honest, interesting, ambitious, sometimes adventurous, passionate, fun, romantic and can communicate my feelings. I've never been married (but feel I am ready). I seek a petite, pretty woman in early-mid 30s, with good traditional values, who is fun, spontaneous, affectionate, giving, understands her feelings and has enough time to share life's joys, successes and disappointments with someone special. NJ/NY area. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 7388 ✉

Summer Romance—And beyond, I hope. Male, 40, tall, romantic, sincere, fun-loving, great sense of humor, music lover, major film buff, really into sports, reading, travel and dining out, seeks attractive, warm, 25-40, adventurous female, for honest, fun, romantic, committed, meaningful relationship, this summer and beyond. Note/photo please. 7307 ✉

Island Girl—White, blond, green eyes and attractive, 36, 5'8", athletic figure. I'm honest, loyal and dedicated, sensitive and caring. Successful, aggressive business woman, from good family, living on the paradise island of Aruba (Caribbean). Divorced, single mom of two (2 and 6 years). I enjoy traveling, good company, interesting conversation, affectionate people, humor, nature, sunsets, reading, dining out, good wine, swimming in the ocean, quiet walks on the beach, tennis, weight-lifting, treadmill and aerobics. Seeking soul mate: attractive, honest, faithful, fit, stable, successful and loving man, 36-42, willing to travel, strong personality, intuitive mind, sensitive, loves kids, single or divorced (kids are welcome), for friendship, laughter or maybe love, if the chemistry is right. 7366 ✉

Feminine With Gentle Audacity—Exciting, interesting, desirable, well-dressed, pretty entrepreneur, 40s, looking for that right man for a relationship, who can keep up with my energy - for ballroom dancing, working out, socializing, travel...and who values Jewish heritage. 7299 ✉

Incredible Lightness Of Touch—Sensitive, sensual yet rugged professional male, young 48, Jewish, 5'11", divorced dad, fitness conscious. Enjoys good comedy, jazz, fun times - energetic and passionate. I can make you laugh and know how to produce goose bumps. Seeks real woman, 30-43 years old, educated, physically fit, cosmetically sound, who knows what she wants and is not afraid of going for it. Must be comfortable in jeans as well as in a gown. Must have knowledge of caring and sharing. Note/photo. 7283 ✉

Tall, Dark And Handsome—Successful Wall Street professional, 30, 6'4", 205 and fit. NJ resident. This sensitive romantic loves Off-Broadway, jazz, traveling and hiking. Seeks fit, attractive, passionate woman (24-31) with an appetite for life. Note/photo please. 7138 ✉

What A Combo—Italian/Jewish brunette, divorced, 35, exceptional beauty, sexy, funny, smart, likes very fast cars, dogs, tennis, antiquing, 102.7, northern NJ-*based - seeks successful, smart, adorable,* funny, Italian and/or Jewish male with similar interests, 32-45, for friendship/companion and possible future. Photo/note/phone. 7279 ✉

Bright, Beautiful—And nice too!... 33, Jewish MBA with great looks and personality, seeks very handsome, smart, successful, caring man, 28-40. Photo. 7253 ✉

Sexy Attorney—28, bright and funny, athletic, successful and happy. You are 27-35, a nonsmoking Jewish male over 5'9", educated, athletic and fun to be around. Let's meet for drinks. Note/photo please. 7281 ✉ ☎

Engaging, Spirited, Slender—Fit and attractive arts professional woman, early 50s, kids grown and gone. Seeks counterpart - single gentleman, 50-65, for enjoyment, companionship and the flowers of friendship. Send note, perchance recent photo and phone number. 7295 ✉

Well Rounded With Big Heart—White male, talented professional, 35, seeks educated, petite Asian or white beauty for relationship. 7403 ✉

Beautiful, Smart, Sweet—36-year-old, athletic Jewish professional seeks sincere, fit professional male, 36-43. 7315 ✉ ☎

On March 29th, over 1300 young Jewish professionals attended our Premiere Manhattan Event at Le Bar Bat.

On May 10th, we're doing it again.

Utopia

Wednesday, May 10, 6-11pm
LE BAR BAT
311 W. 57th St.
New York City

Not just the same old parties
for young Jewish professionals

Admission: $15 with Preferred Invitation, $20 without.
To receive a Preferred Invitation please call 212.459.4321

Exclusive Listing—Classic beauty, passionate, slim, blond, blue-eyed, secure professional, seeks her knight in shining armor - chemistry vital: 45-55, educated professional, marriage-oriented, honest, sexy, champagne tastes. Resume with clear photo, please. 7359 ✉

Brown-Eyed Beauty—41, loves riding, travel, antiques, beach, theater, more. Seeks intelligent, successful, gentle man, 38-55, with solid values. 7273 ✉ ☎

Footloose And Fancy-Free Again—5'5", very attractive, good figure, great sense of humor. Looking for a best friend and companion to share my life. He should be Jewish, 53-63, warm, caring, emotionally and financially secure, love to laugh, enjoy music, theater, movies, dining, travel, tennis, and staying home too. So, if you do not fill your calendar by answering ads, write and send photo and phone. 7360 ✉

Sweet In CT—Sailing, tennis, golf, ski vacations, play and, oh yes, this 5'5", 112 lb, 37-year-old female MBA with long, straight silky mane and a mind and smile that loves to make you remember the urge to merge. Forever would be perfect. CT/Westchester. Photo. 7277 ✉

ENCORE, ENCORE

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Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

For more information, call 212-545-3668.

Best Bet—Happy, pretty, professional brunette, 34, slim, 5'9". Seeks marriage-minded, successful Catholic male, 30s, who also loves Venice, Vivaldi, fireplaces, creative cuisine, swimming, jazz and the zoo. Photo optional. 7398 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Wealthy, Giving—Single white male, 29, Harvard MBA, seeks attractive Asian or white female, 20-29. Likes exercise, museums. 7404 ✉

Lost In The Big Apple—Displaced LA guy (30s, Asian-American) wants to know if there's a good reason to not miss LA gals. Your best traits are like theirs and mine: shallow, immature, plastic. Prefer under 40, white female. Note/photo. 7371 ✉

Beautiful Asian Female—32, sexy, educated, kind. Seeks nonsmoking, marriage-minded, fit, very sincere and caring white male who truly loves Asian culture (especially Chinese culture) and enjoys world travel. 7194 ✉

British Businessman, Successful—Mediterranean-looking, 28 years old, 5'11", seeks nonsmoking lady for genuine relationship, marriage and children. Please enclose photo. 7308 ✉

Bearded, Bearish—Architect/photographer, 66, nonsmoker. Loves good music, movies, cats and puns. Looking for woman, 50s, for museums, concerts, etc. 7350 ✉ ☎

Sparkling Blue Eyes—That burn with desire. Beautiful, traditional Jewish female, 37, seeking single, Jewish, classy male, 35-47, who's loving, passionate and looking for "happily ever after". Sense of humor a must. Photo, please. 7394 ✉ ☎

I'll Make Dinner—39, 5'9", pretty, Jewish, fit, bright, traveled lady with class, wit and warm smile...will cook if you (39-45, tall, handsome, successful, confident, warmhearted, cultured man) will do the dishes. Photo/recipe. 7148 ✉

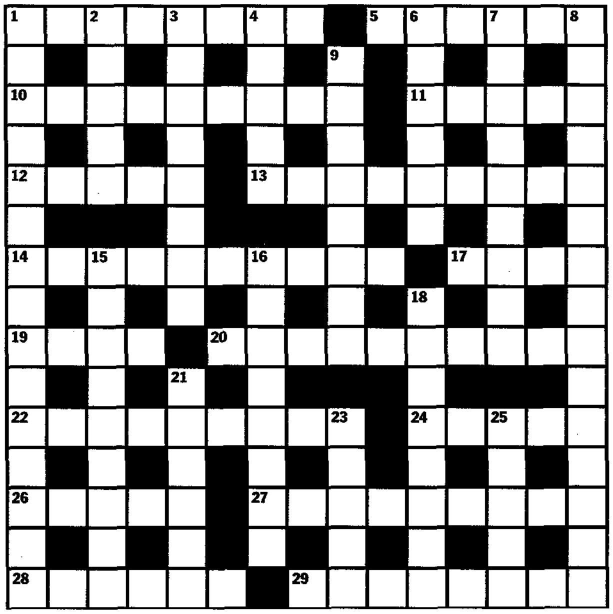
Cute, Warm, Fun-Loving, Successful—Japanese-American woman, 34, with Ivy League MBA, seeking soul mate. Looking for a true "gentle" man who attacks life with a focused passion. Prefer someone who is sociable and charming on the outside yet a homebody at heart. Only those who prefer being single to compromising on standards need reply...with note and photo. 7276 ✉

Continued on page 119

'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 With anger replacing love the poet has become a precious thing. (8)
5 Got mother to beg for stuff. (6)
10 Secrets make an airman weep with father about an hour. (9)
11 Detective who is not quite like a wolf. (5)
12 Decline when penniless go back after penny. (5)
13 Climb and try to catch something out of the sea. (5-4)
14 Organs which combine rawness with pep. (10)
17 Instrument for returning an objection. (4)
19 Fate encountered when a state of mind returns. (4)
20 After backing favourites, the old man goes with a payment for a relative. (4-6)
22 Boy about to endure being changed and washed. (9)
24 Shape which gives nothing priority over empty space. (5)
26 Discovers when in such openings. (5)
27 A vegetable, it is culture I stifle. (9)
28 Evaluating a hand. (6)
29 The listener goes in for writing and takes precautions. (8)



DOWN

1 In the end vandals tried a hold-up. (5, 3, 7)
2 Warm-hearted picture. (5)
3 Dance from a navy star in a place at Plymouth. (8)
4 Lines done quietly among the young. (5)
6 People on same side suffer reverse when sick in water. (6)
7 Size made due alteration to what electricity illuminated. (9)
8 Benevolence whether it is centrally heated on both sides of the river or not. (15)
9 Character displayed in giving animal a proper routine. (8)
15 Sentence carried out in a detective story? (9)
16 Old man left without a bird is behaving like a father. (8)
18 Carriage gives one painful expression when in the nude. (8)
21 Inventor gives up end of game. (6)
23 All the same, in England it took a beating. (5)
25 The smell is grim when one has nothing on. (5)

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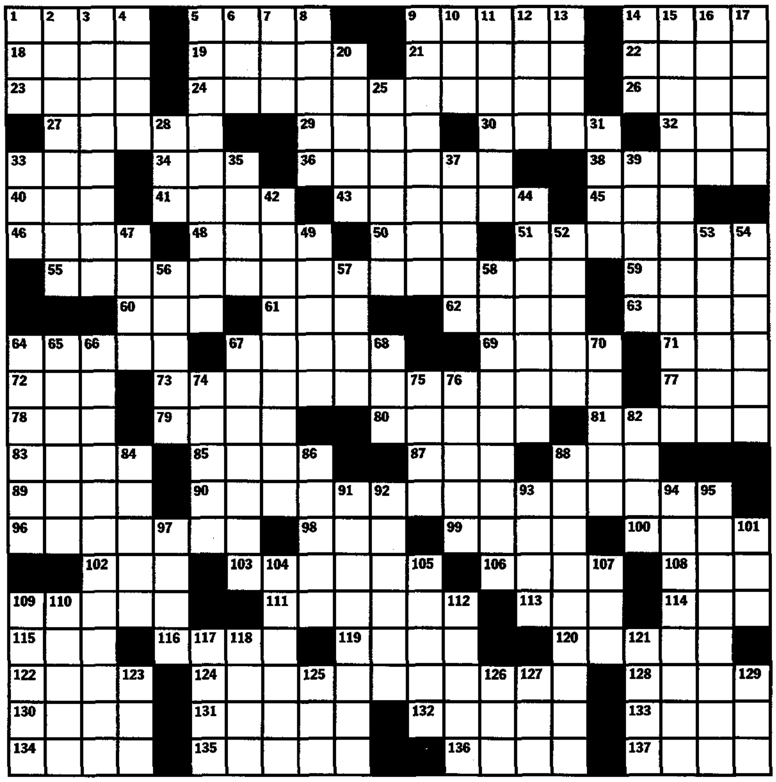
'C-Minus': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 "La Douce"
5 Openhanded blow
9 "Hedda Gabler" dramatist
14 Wilson's predecessor
18 Corp. VIPs
19 Forebode
21 Not a soul
22 Wight, e.g.
23 Saragossa's river
24 Oarsman's tune?
26 Do pull-ups
27 Customary
29 Fencing sword
30 Utah ski resort
32 Blushing
33 Southwestern Indian
34 Pull a scam on
36 Intense fear
38 Junkies
40 Page-bottom abbr.
41 Slower than a gallop
43 Did military duty
45 Kennel resident
46 Marquis de ——
48 Emporium
50 1773 Boston jetsam
51 Building
55 Be accident-prone?
59 "He —— Englishman" ("H.M.S. Pinafore")
60 Filial relative
61 Moo goo —— pan
62 Obscene matter
63 Longfellow's bell town
64 Out of whack
67 Fished for congers
69 On a cruise
71 Physics measure
72 Wasn't colorfast
73 Gossipy shoe salesmen?
77 Computer storage, for short
78 Le Duc ——, Peace Nobelist
79 Frosh lit. course
80 Sobersided
81 Jai-alai basket
83 Partner of hems
85 Suffer, Scottish style
87 Pitcher Guidry
88 The Reps.
89 Bear of the skies
90 Why Diana goes to the doctor?
96 Crib noisemakers
98 U.S. dam complex
99 Don Juan's mother
100 City of Normandy
102 Hasten
103 Witnessing
106 Sprouted
108 Novelist Josephine
109 Sports palace
111 Sloping
113 Ear: prefix
114 Blvds.
115 Mrs. Bell, et al.
116 Unpaid loan
119 WWII attack date
120 Tevye portrayer, onscreen
122 State openly
124 Bargain-hunter's failure?
128 Stir the dregs
130 Tevye portrayer, onstage
131 Sky-blue
132 Figure out
133 "—— Angel," Mae West film
134 Sir Anthony
135 Easy-gaited horse
136 Competitor of Neet
137 Top NCO

DOWN

1 Winter driving hazard
2 Counterargument
3 Telegrapher's poem?
4 Without —— (broke)
5 What Popeye is, in his song
6 Schisgal play, 1964
7 One's born days
8 Seattle's Sound
9 Buried
10 Halloween greeting
11 "And what is —— as a day in June?"
12 Chemical suffix
13 Name in the Washington news
14 Twitch
15 Smokers' gauges?
16 Advertising throwaway
17 Looks after
20 Lassoing needs
25 Cylindrical
28 Tread the boards
31 Autobahn auto
33 Elevator buttons
35 Biblical skipper
37 Elliptical shapes
39 Capital of Bulgaria
42 Serious dramas
44 Removed a bomb's potential
47 Relieve tension
49 Refrain syllables
52 Dissuade
53 Bugs Bunny's edible
54 Riddle
56 Use a divining rod
57 Honey, in Lyon
58 Picturing in the mind
64 Dudley Moore role
65 Arid Africa
66 Is a good dermatologist?
67 Absorb one's attention
68 Ger. currency
70 British race place
74 Agassi of tennis
75 Other, to Juanita
76 One of the Judds
82 Grand-scale tale
84 Wedding-gown material
86 Kefauver who ran with Adlai
88 Geographical dictionary
91 Malefactor
92 Coleridge locale for Kubla Khan
93 Fiddling emperor
94 Where cereals are kept?
95 Heckling
97 Pencil innards
101 Abbr. in Albany
104 Devours thoroughly
105 Mosquitoes' kin
107 Seek to wed
109 Dumbfound
110 Called it a big hit
112 Cicely or Mike
117 Israeli airline
118 TV clown
121 Like a schoolmarm
123 Got lucky
125 Afore
126 —— carte
127 Roman 56
129 Parking field



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 105.

Continued from page 117

This Could Be It—Jewish male, 35, handsome, athletic and very fit, successful, educated professional, down-to-earth and funny, is looking to meet someone, to 35, who is pretty, slim, warm and stylish in a natural way. Note/photo please. 7344 ✉

Attractive, Professional—Jewish male, 54, intelligent, seeks caring lady for friendship and more. Note/photo. 7264 ✉

Trim And Petite—NJ Christian professional, warm and upbeat, a combo of quiet country girl and outgoing, sophisticated lady with eclectic interests, educated and stylish, seeks like-minded male, 45-55, who is aesthetic, athletic and family-oriented, for fun, romance and more? Photo/note appreciated. 7374 ✉ ☎

Younger Man—34, intelligent, pleasing to the eye, incurably romantic, seeks attractive older woman, 45-60, for idyllic relationship. Note/photo. 7345 ✉

Handsome, Romantic—Summer-loving, successful man, 33, 5'11", seeks attractive, athletic lady for travel, theater, the beach and other endless-summer activities. Photo/phone please. 7297 ✉

Classy, Slim, Witty, Tall Lady—Interested in travel, the arts, dancing, seeks white male, young 50s (preferably 6' plus), with similar interests. 7335 ✉

To Place Your Ad In The
Strictly Personals Section,
Call us at **212-779-7500.**

The Girl Of Your Dreams—May be closer than you think... Ivy-educated, sparkling, beautiful, kindhearted Jewish girl-woman hasn't found the man of her dreams for love, romance, marriage and children. If you are honest, reliable and kind, easygoing with a great sense of humor, not over 48 years, not under 5'10", professionally and financially secure, with a deep soulful understanding of the way that things are, please respond with photo - and let's see if we can find our happily ever after. 7275 ✉ ☎

Assortments

DATE SOMEONE IN YOUR LEAGUE Graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Duke, Stanford, University of Chicago, Northwestern, meet alumni and academics. **The Right Stuff: 800-988-5288**

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FIELDS! The Matchmaker 212-391-2233 41 E. 42nd St., NYC 10017. Rm 1600. Est. 1920. Free consultation & booklet. 18-80. All religions. Nationwide. Visitors invited. Open 7 days. We arrange for your children without their knowledge.

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Dance Party, Fri, 5/19, 8pm, **Lipizzana,** 987 2 Av & 52 St. **AAPE: 718-549-4500**

The Missing Link—Dating service for tri-state area. For info: **1-800-701-8666**

Discerning Jewish Professionals—Fine Art of Matchmaking. Raizy: **212-877-5167**

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JOIN 1,000 YOUNG JEWISH PROF'LS in their 20s and 30s, on 5/10...as **Utopia Events** again takes over all of **Le Bar Bat.** Great live music on one floor, DJ/dancing on another. See our ad on page 117!

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH LADIES &
ELIGIBLE BRITISH GENTLEMEN
Seek friendship/romance/marriage with Americans! All ages! **English Rose Introductions** (Dept NY), 24 Cecil Sq, Margate, Kent CT9 1BA Eng Tel/Fax: **01144-1843-290735**

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Tropical Dance Party at GAUGUIN
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Young Model Seeking M/F Traveling—Companions. Nat'l Or Int'l. **404-851-2619**

14th Annual Jewish Singles
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If you are looking for love (or have already found it), you won't want to miss New York's newest romantic comedy: **FORTUNE'S FOOLS.** It's the very funny story of when Jay met Bonnie (and Chuck met Gail) and they all discover the true meaning of "for better and for worse." Now playing at the Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St.
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NY Contemporary League for United Cerebral Palsy - Young Prof'ls Group's **Spring Fling,** 5/11, Crane Club Amst/79 $20. Open bar 8-11pm. **683-6700, x 217**

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BEGINS
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"NEW ENGLAND'S PREMIERE SPORTS RESORT"
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SEIZE THE DAY—Looking for younger widowers, 35-50, with an eye to the future. We are four young Jewish widows who enjoy hiking, biking, theater, movies, travel, etc. Note/phone. 7341 ✉

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Crossroads—The Gracious Way To Meet Quality Single People. Praised By The NY Times... For Information: **212-972-3594**

QUEST JEWISH SINGLES PARTY
WED, MAY 10th: JUKEBOX, 6-10pm,
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Bright, Inventive, High Achievers: A low-cost singles network. About 700 current personal ads: NYC/LI/NJ/CT. Call for info: **(800) 400-4464**

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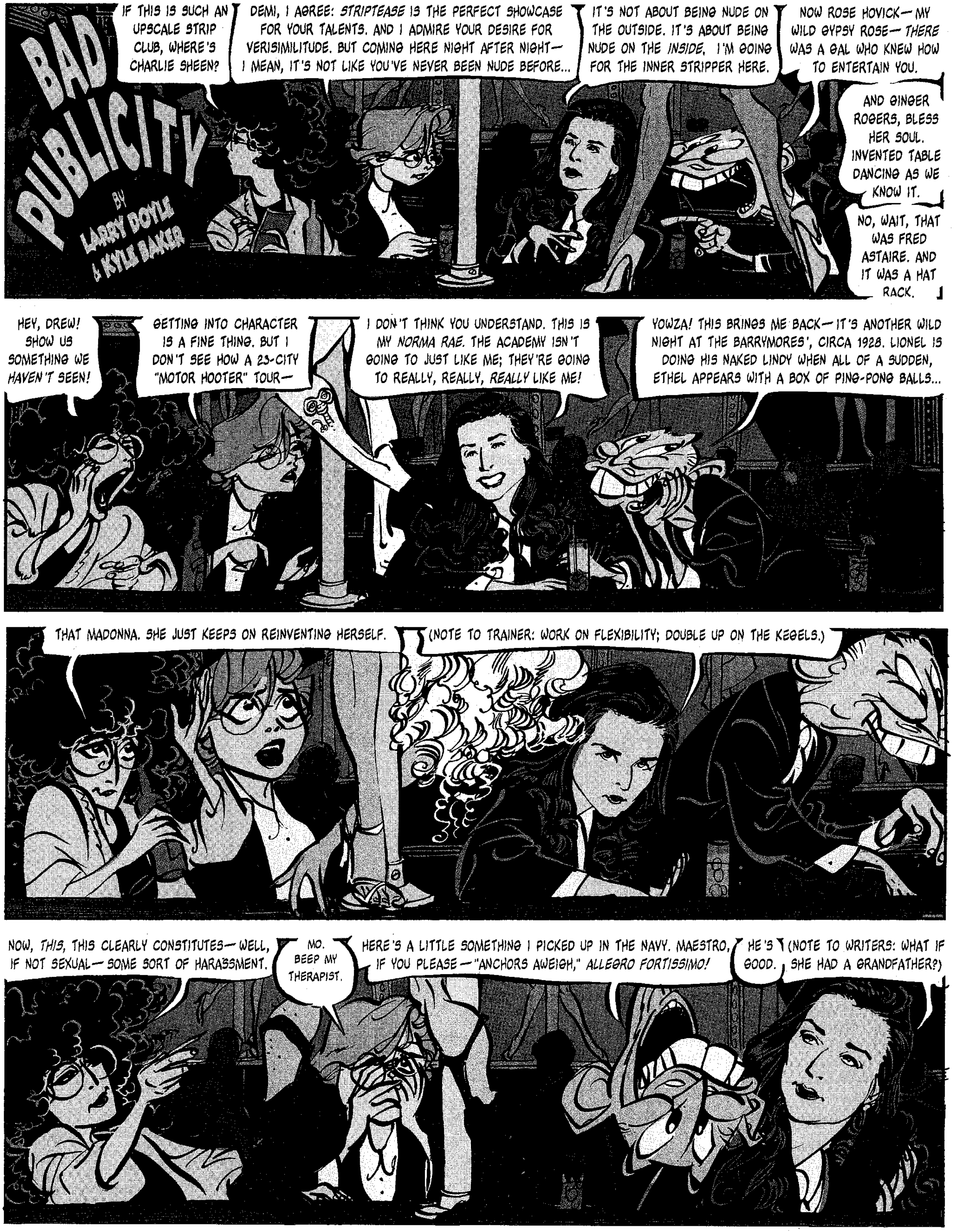
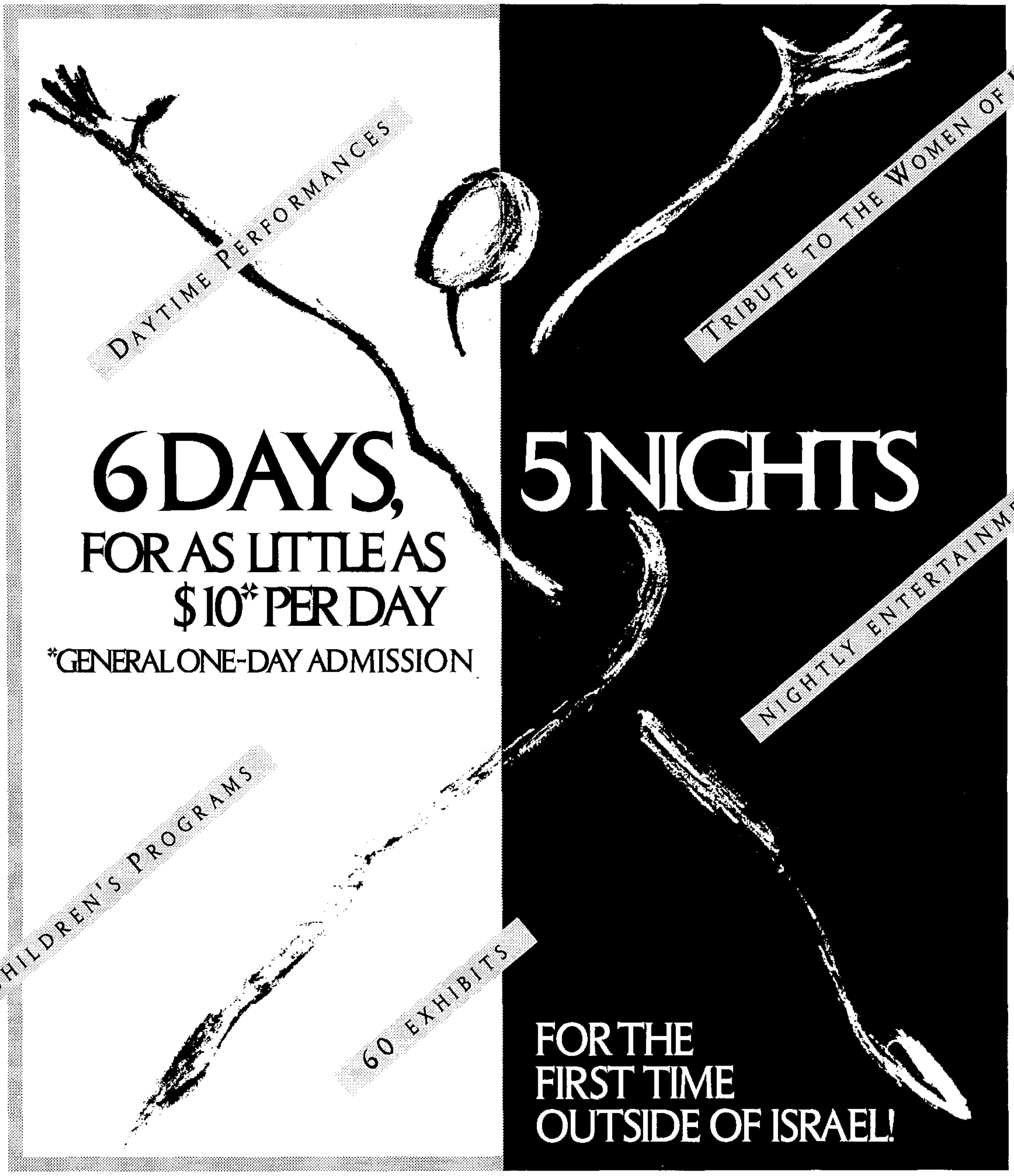
Bucks Nekkid

Sandy, Sydney, and Demi Moore hit the strip circuit to do some crucial research.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
IF THIS IS SUCH AN UPSCALE STRIP CLUB, WHERE'S CHARLIE SHEEN?
DEMI, I AGREE: *STRIPTEASE* IS THE PERFECT SHOWCASE FOR YOUR TALENTS. AND I ADMIRE YOUR DESIRE FOR VERISIMILITUDE. BUT COMING HERE NIGHT AFTER NIGHT— I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'VE NEVER BEEN NUDE BEFORE...
IT'S NOT ABOUT BEING NUDE ON THE OUTSIDE. IT'S ABOUT BEING NUDE ON THE *INSIDE*. I'M GOING FOR THE INNER STRIPPER HERE.
NOW ROSE HOVICK—MY WILD GYPSY ROSE—*THERE* WAS A GAL WHO KNEW HOW TO ENTERTAIN YOU.
AND GINGER ROGERS, BLESS HER SOUL. INVENTED TABLE DANCING AS WE KNOW IT.
NO, WAIT, THAT WAS FRED ASTAIRE. AND IT WAS A HAT RACK.
HEY, DREW! SHOW US SOMETHING WE *HAVEN'T* SEEN!
GETTING INTO CHARACTER IS A FINE THING. BUT I DON'T SEE HOW A 23-CITY "MOTOR HOOTER" TOUR—
I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND. THIS IS MY *NORMA RAE*. THE ACADEMY ISN'T GOING TO JUST LIKE ME; THEY'RE GOING TO REALLY, REALLY, *REALLY* LIKE ME!
YOWZA! THIS BRINGS ME BACK—IT'S ANOTHER WILD NIGHT AT THE BARRYMORES', CIRCA 1928. LIONEL IS DOING HIS NAKED LINDY WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, ETHEL APPEARS WITH A BOX OF PING-PONG BALLS...
THAT MADONNA. SHE JUST KEEPS ON REINVENTING HERSELF.
(NOTE TO TRAINER: WORK ON FLEXIBILITY; DOUBLE UP ON THE KEGELS.)
NOW, *THIS*, THIS CLEARLY CONSTITUTES—WELL, IF NOT SEXUAL—SOME SORT OF HARASSMENT.
MO. BEEP MY THERAPIST.
HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING I PICKED UP IN THE NAVY. MAESTRO, IF YOU PLEASE—"ANCHORS AWEIGH," *ALLEGRO FORTISSIMO!*
HE'S GOOD.
(NOTE TO WRITERS: WHAT IF SHE HAD A GRANDFATHER?)

I S R A E L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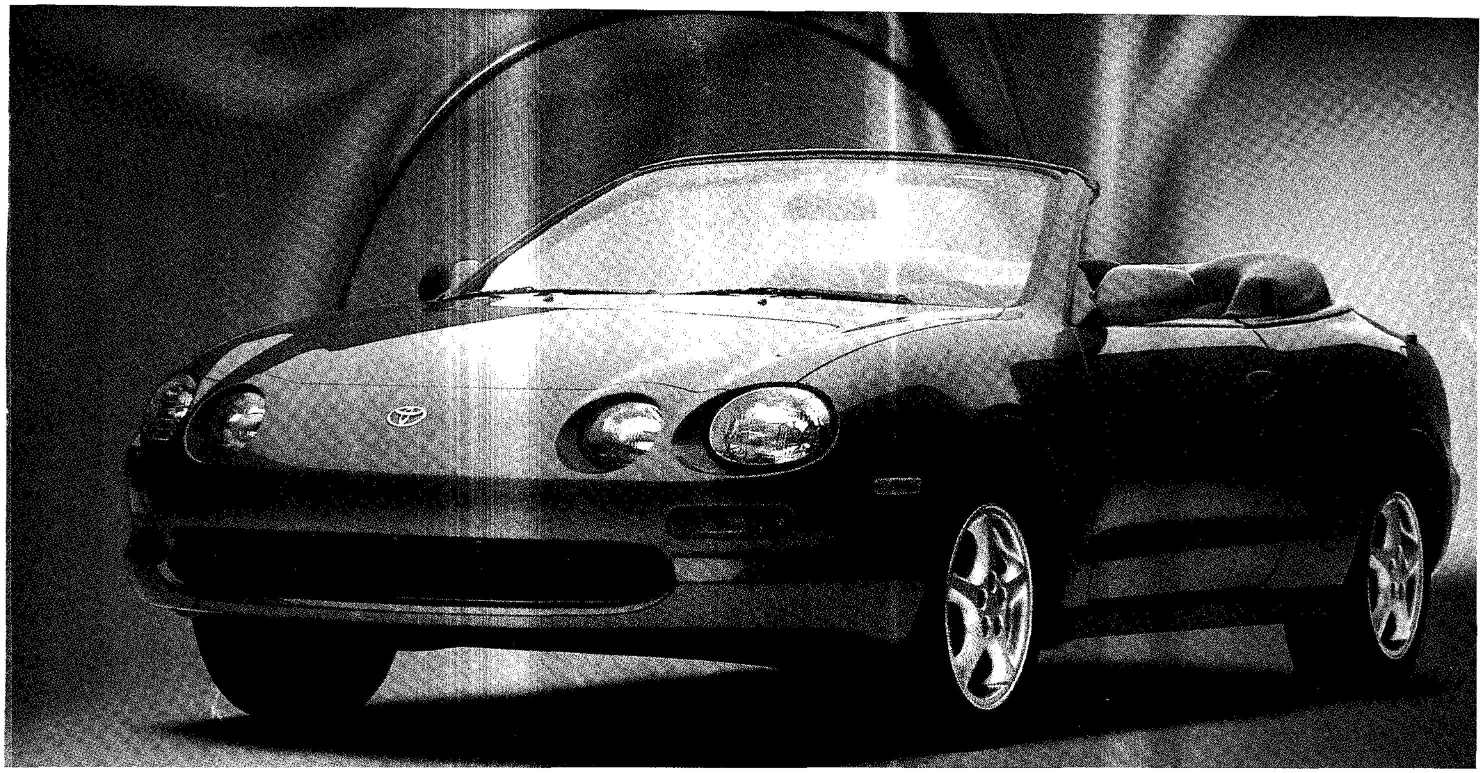

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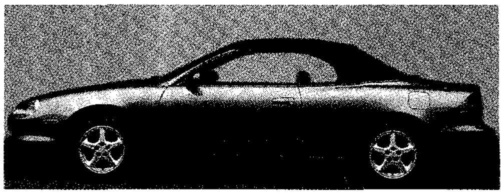
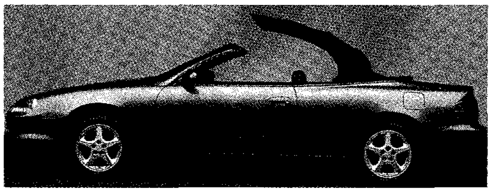
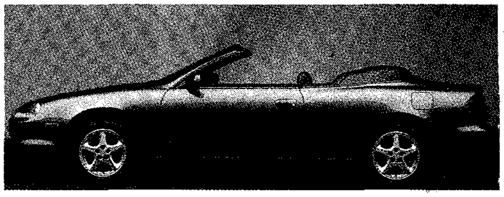


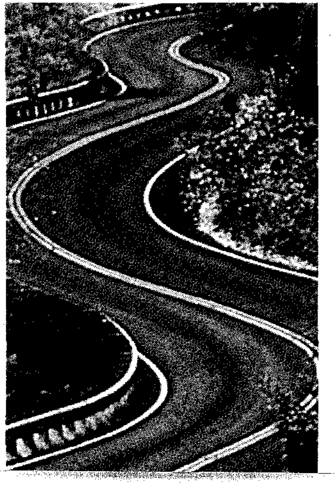
The convertible power top is made of thick Cambria cloth to help dampen extraneous road noise.



Opening is as easy as releasing two latches and pushing a button.



All traces of Celica GT Convertible's power top vanish under the boot.



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